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MONKS AND NUNS IN FRANCE.

THE believers in the metamorphosis of humanity, who think that the world has changed, are apt to fancy that monkhood is one of the institutions of the past. They imagine that its remains are slowly dying out, and that a comparatively short time will see the last of that powerful organization which was one of the great primal forces of mediæval Christianity, and through which the loftiest aspirations and the meanest passions of our nature were so successfully turned to account by the skilful men who controlled it. The philosophers and sociologists who indulge in these speculations know little of what is passing around them. It is true that the French Revolution secularized the immense monastic possessions of France and turned their whilom owners adrift, as Henry VIII. two hundred and fifty years before had relentlessly done in England, and as, some seventy years later, an united Italy has recently ventured to do; yet monachism is a hydra which quietly and energetically seeks to replace each decapitated head with two new ones. As long as it continues to respond to a want in the human soul it will flourish, and the world will yet have to undergo a long course of education before that want will cease to be felt.

It is impossible to conceive of a more thorough uprooting than that which was inflicted on the religious congregations of France by the storms of the Terror. Their wealth sequestered, their establishments broken up, their institutions prohibited, their persons subjected to every outrage, it would seem impossible that they could again take root in a soil over which so fierce a deluge had passed. Yet stealthily they have returned, and imperceptibly they have increased until the old territory is reoccupied. Readmitted under sufferance and barely tolerated by the law, they have succeeded in establishing an unwritten code which favors them; and in spite of the unyielding bureaucratic tendencies of French institutions, no one dares to make them conform to the exigencies of the written law. Conscious of the prejudices existing against them in the minds of a large portion of society, they carefully conceal their progress; but that progress has already been sufficient to render them virtually masters of the situation. In their schools more than half of the children of France are educated; by their confessors a large proportion of the faithful are ruled; through their systems of charity countless thousands call them blessed. The present generation and the next are

Entered, in the year 1869, by G. F. PUTNAM & SON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Southern District of N. Y.

thus under their control, and the myriad sources of influence thus placed in their hands are used with consummate dexterity by men whose training teaches that whatever means they may employ are sanctified by the holy objects to be attained. It is already a proverb that the arms of the reverend brethren are long, and that he who obstructs them is sure to rue his temerity, sooner or later. Practical immunity thus is obtained, which can only be overcome by a decided public opinion, and public opinion cannot be formed where the press is either partisan or muzzled. The tortuous policy of Napoleon III. in his efforts to consolidate a new dynasty, his alliance with Rome, the influence of the Empress and her ghostly advisers, and the dread of provoking the opposition of a most powerful network of organizations, ever on the verge of disaffection, lead the Government to bestow its favor on the religious congregations. Every forward step gives vantage ground for another advance; the power of attraction increases with the mass, and the growth of the monastic corporations is progressively rapid. So quietly has all this been managed, and so carefully have results been concealed, that few persons are aware of the progress already made, or of the danger to which liberal institutions are exposed by the reactionary tendencies of so vast a body, controlling so many sources of influence, owning fealty directly to the papacy as its superior, and sworn to carry out the principles of the Encyclical and Syllabus. A recent writer, however, M. Charles Sauvestre, has had the patience to investigate the subject thoroughly, and the hardihood to publish the results in a deeply interesting volume, where the heaviness of official documents and statistics is lightened by the sparkling good sense of the comments with which their significance is illustrated.*

In 1789, statistics which M. Sauvestre considers trustworthy, show that the monastic orders of France under the

ancien régime comprised but 52,000 men and women. From the census of 1861 it appears that at that date there were in France, officially recognized, 108,119 persons of both sexes bound to conventional life, and distributed among 14,032 houses, besides a large and indefinite number belonging to congregations which had not as yet obtained recognition by the State. It would thus appear that the ground lost at the Revolution has not only been regained, but that its boundaries have been doubled. How rapidly this growth is increasing, is evident when we see that in the eighteen years of Louis Philippe's reign, but fourteen authorizations for the founding of new congregations were granted, while in the first eight years of the second Empire, from 1852 to 1860, 982 were recognized, being an average of 119 new orders per annum. In the approaching great Ecumenic Council of Latin Christianity, it will be interesting to observe the enormous influence which the papal court will derive from the numberless and energetic adherents which it has thus so laboriously recruited and organized.

This prodigious activity of the monastic spirit in France is the more impressive, since few of these countless orders are devoted, as of old, merely to religious contemplation and ascetic observances. The practical tendency of the age manifests itself in the vast proportion of those who are enrolled as laborers in the tasks of charity and beneficence. Thus the total specified above is to be divided as follows:

Devoted to education,.....	71,728
Engaged in care of the sick and in charity..	20,681
In charge of houses of refuge and farm schools	3,569
Engrossed in religious duties alone.....	12,141

Thus the Latin Church, with its accustomed wisdom, accommodates itself to the new wants created by modern civilization, and acquires fresh influence by the vast good of which it renders itself the instrument. It recognizes how little human nature has changed, and it calls to its support those motives which more progressive forms of Christianity blindly regard as obsolete, or conscientiously condemn as incompatible with a

* *Les Congrégations Religieuses. Enquête par Charles Sauvestre. Paris, 1867.*

purser and more advanced state of moral responsibility. How surely it may rely upon its old machinery and how similar are the vices and the virtues of the present and the past can readily be appreciated by reference to a few instances in the recent career of monachism.

The comparative refinement of modern manners prevents such shameless exhibitions of individual rapacity as marked the career of the ancient Church in acquiring property; the limitation of ecclesiastical jurisdiction strictly to its spiritualities renders impossible the systematic and organized abuses which in mediæval times conveyed to the Church a certain portion of almost every man's estate. Yet the spirit which dictated them still exists, working efficiently, if in silence, and with more or less of decency. In 1860, the religious houses of France acknowledged the possession of 105,370,000 francs of real estate alone. How much they owned which was not registered, or which was held for them in individual names, is incalculable; nor can any estimate be made of their capital invested in personal property, which is not recorded. In Belgium, where they are not incorporated by law, and where they consequently cannot acquire title to real estate, they are not apt to hold more real property than is absolutely necessary for proper lodgment. The result is that the enormous wealth acquired within comparatively a few years by them has well-nigh absorbed all the state obligations and stock capital of the kingdom, and as they never sell, the stock exchange of Brussels, is nearly lifeless for want of shares to deal in.

How skilfully the monastic orders are availing themselves of their opportunities, and how great is the progressive tendency of wealth in their direction, is visible from the fact that in the fifteen years from 1830 to 1845, the gifts and legacies registered to them amounted to 6,804,000 francs, while in little more than half the time, from 1852 to 1860, they received 9,119,435 francs, showing nearly a three-fold annual augmentation. While a large portion of this

doubtless consists of the spontaneous offerings of benevolent piety, or is derived from the eager purchase of salvation by despairing sinners, there occasionally comes before the tribunals some disgraceful suit, which shows how actively the old influences are at work, and how little scruple is felt by men professing the disinterested religion of Christ in prostituting their authority for the benefit of their institutions or of themselves. Thus, in August, 1859, the Supreme Court of Montpellier confirmed a decision annulling the last will of a M. L—, executed under the most atrocious circumstances. From the developments of the trial it appeared that he had bequeathed the greater part of his fortune to a public charity of Villefranche, and a few weeks before his death had verbally confirmed before a notary this disposition of his estate, which had been agreed upon between himself and the rest of his family. For a fortnight prior to his decease his mind was utterly enfeebled. At the last moment, his confessor, the Abbé F—, came to his house with a sheet of stamped paper, and told the nurse that her patient had forgotten to leave money to pay for masses for his soul. Under the direction of the reverend father, she raised the dying man in bed, and held him up while the Abbé placed the paper before him and proceeded to dictate "I institute as my heir Monsieur M—." At this the woman made some exclamation of surprise, when the Abbé turned her out of the room, and succeeded in obtaining a will, which constituted this M. sole legatee. After it was over, the dying man repeatedly asked of those who came to his bedside to tell him who this M— was, having apparently never heard of him before. M— himself knew nothing of his good fortune, until it was announced to him by the Abbé, coupled with the information that the testator intended the money to be employed in founding an orphan asylum. It was in evidence that when the nurse talked about the circumstances which she had witnessed, the Abbé threatened to have her thrown

into prison, and that several instances of the same kind had previously occurred, in which he had silenced complaints in a similar manner. When those who are thus deprived of their inheritance, are private persons, they, for the most part, wisely prefer to suffer the wrong in silence rather than to incur the dangerous hostility of powerful bodies, in the doubtful hope of being able to prove undue influence, with witnesses liable to every kind of moral pressure and intimidation. Notwithstanding this, however, cases of the kind come before the courts with sufficient frequency to show how great must be the number of instances in which means more or less improper are used to swell the tide of wealth flowing into the coffers of the monastic foundations.

LES PETITES SŒURS DES PAUVRES.

It is not only the weakness and wickedness of old that are perpetuated in modern times. When we read how, amid the brutish selfishness that marked the opening of the thirteenth century, St. Francis of Assisi stripped himself naked and clothed himself in the ragged garments compassionately thrown to him, that he might possess nothing of his prosperous father's patrimony; and how he devoted himself to the tenderest nursing of lepers until his superhuman self-abnegation drew around him admiring disciples, who rapidly multiplied into the powerful order that bears his honored name, and that arrested the premature decay of the Church—when we read such a religious romance we might pardonably regard the story as one that could have no modern parallel. Yet it may well be doubted whether, if we could strip the history of its legendary ornamentation, it would show more heroic exaltation of purpose or more perfect abandonment to the will of God than the career of the *Petites Sœurs des Pauvres*.

In 1840, at Saint Servan, in Brittany, two young peasant girls, the eldest one not yet eighteen, felt impelled towards a religious life. Their pastor, the Abbé Le Pailleur, had long wished to found

an order devoted to the care of the aged and infirm. He counselled patience and the performance of works of charity to keep alive the zeal which animated them, and they accordingly undertook the care of an old blind woman, devoting to her comfort their scanty leisure and scantier wages. At length they were joined by two elderly women—Jeanne Jugan, a servant who had painfully amassed some six hundred francs in a life of thrift, and Fanchon Aubert, who likewise had a little money. They ventured to hire and furnish a garret, and then the ground floor of a tavern, where twelve beds were established as an asylum for the poor and infirm, to be maintained by begging alms. These came in slowly, and the infant enterprise seemed desperate, when Jeanne conceived the idea of going around every morning with a basket to collect the refuse remnants of food rejected by the careful housewives of the little village. This humble and self-denying zeal attracted attention, and contributions became more frequent, yet their vicissitudes were many, and more than once the struggling community seemed to be on the point of extinction. Still the reliance of the four helpless women on Divine succor never faltered, and in after times they loved to relate how often God had rescued them when human help seemed hopeless. Once their little stock of linen was exhausted, at a time when some local trouble had cut off their ordinary sources of reliance. They appealed to the Virgin. On Assumption day they raised a tiny altar and spread before it the half dozen tattered chemises which formed the sole supply of the establishment—for sheets they had none. The spectacle touched the hearts of the charitable, and the hour of distress passed away. Poor, penniless servant girls took off their finger-rings and hung them on the neck of the infant Christ, who, seated on His mother's knee, in a group three inches high, presided over the little altar. Richer votaries made more substantial offerings, and the wolf was kept from the door.

Ridicule and poverty, the scorn of their worldly companions, and the pinching necessities of a life of beggary were powerless alike to turn these devoted souls from their vocation. Gradually their field of usefulness widened, and the tavern floor became too small. In 1842, they bought a large house for 22,000 francs, having absolutely nothing with which to pay the purchase money. Their boundless trust in Providence was not deceived. The Abbé Le Pailleur sold his gold watch and the sacred plate of his chapel; the peasant girls redoubled their industry. At the end of the year the house was clear of all indebtedness.

In eighteen months more this new establishment again was found too small, and the four heroic women had but half a franc in their little treasury. Placing the solitary coin upon the altar of the Virgin, they unfalteringly undertook the erection of a larger building. They bought a piece of ground, and themselves set to work digging the cellars and laying the foundations. The example was contagious. Workmen flocked to labor for them, materials were contributed gratuitously, alms flowed in upon them, and a large and commodious asylum for their dependents soon rewarded their patient hopefulness. The little hamlet of Saint Servan was evidently too contracted a theatre for natures so nobly resolute. As their labors attracted attention, new sisters joined them. Branches were established in the larger towns, where they commenced as the founders had done, with no other basis than reliance on Divine assistance, and were more speedily successful. Rennes, Dinan, Tours were thus in turn occupied, and in 1849 the order extended itself as far as Paris. It now has fifty-five houses, numbers a thousand members, and owns more than twenty-five millions of francs invested in real estate. Yet the sisters have never abandoned the humble functions to which the order was consecrated in its infancy. When an establishment is newly founded, the sister carries around every morning the basket in which she

gathers the broken victuals of the rich for the support of her poor invalids. As her sphere of action enlarges, perhaps she may have a donkey with panniers, or when the city is large and her rounds extensive, a little wagon with baskets, and a few reservoirs for soups and coffee; but in all it is the same humble devotion to collect, by repulsive labor, the crumbs from the table of Dives to succor Lazarus.

ANNABELLA KOHRSCHE.

If the career of the *Petites Sœurs des Pauvres* shows that Christianity has lost nothing of its beneficent and self-sacrificing fervor in the lapse of ages, the case of Annabella Kohrsch proves that the fanaticism which kindled in the hearts of St. Dominic and Conrad of Marburg is still as active as of old. Fortunately, the laws which some centuries ago permitted this fanaticism to find expression in the torture and the stake, now force it to seek the salvation of souls in a manner less decisive; but the spirit is there, as fervent as ever, though it may perforce be limited in its manifestations. From the official record of the trial at Ghent, in July, 1860, as printed by M. Sauvestre, we condense a story that might have served as a ground-work for Mrs. Radcliffe or Monk Lewis.

A family of Lutherans named Kohrsch, consisting of a father, a son, and a daughter, moved from Pellau in Prussia and settled in Antwerp. On his death-bed, the father exacted of the son, Richard, a solemn promise to guard the faith of his sister steadfastly in the religion of her ancestors. Richard was a young man, earning a moderate livelihood as a clerk. Living in rooms from which his duties kept him absent throughout the whole day, he had no proper home for a young girl of seventeen, and as his straightened means imposed on him the necessity of economy, he finally placed Annabella as a boarder with the sisters of Charity of Melsele. Mindful of his promise to his dying father, however, he exacted a condition that no attempt at proselytism should

be made, and in July, 1857, he received from the superior of the convent a written declaration :

"En égard aux craintes que vous venez de m'exposer, je vous garantis que mademoiselle n'est obligée à suivre aucun exercice religieux et jouit d'une entière liberté, quant aux prescriptions de sa propre croyance."

Within a month after this, Annabella was a convert, secretly baptized in the Catholic faith, and a fortnight later was admitted to communion. So little connection did these fervent propagandists recognize between religion and morality that no resources of falsehood were spared to keep the truth from being known. On the very day of the baptism, Annabella received a visit from her brother, and the neophyte was trained to lie unblushingly in order to avert his suspicions.

At length Richard grew uneasy, and in May, 1859, he withdrew his sister from the convent. Her spiritual director, Pierre Gérard Bogaerts, curé of St. Augustine in Antwerp, and the principal instrument in her conversion, dispensed her from the observances of her religion, in order that she might continue its concealment. This necessary dissimulation, however, threatened too serious a risk to her salvation, and in company with a Jesuit father, Philippe-Jacques Schoofs, also deeply implicated in the matter, he plotted her abduction. In three days after her return home—three days of apparently uninterrupted affection,—Annabella disappeared, leaving behind her a most loving letter, in which she bewailed the necessity of separation. Richard, suspecting that a religious intrigue was at the bottom of the mystery, applied to the Prussian Consul, who set the authorities actively to work in search of the missing girl, but their efforts were vain, and for nine months all trace of her was lost.

Leaving her brother's lodgings at five in the morning of the 11th of May, Annabella went to the house of Marie Jeanne Lauterbaen, who had served as god-mother at her baptism. There she was disguised as a servant girl, and was taken thence to Marie Vandermolen, a

dealer in embroideries. Meanwhile Bogaerts and Schoofs had arranged to send her, under charge of a milliner named Rosalie de Duve, to Brussels with a letter asking admission for her in the convent of Jette. A carriage was procured, in which, to avoid detection, the two women were driven out of town to a way-station on the railroad, and they reached Brussels without molestation.

All this was a serious crime in the eye of the law, for Annabella, until she should reach the age of twenty-four, was yet a minor, under her brother's guardianship. The nuns of Jette apparently suspected that something was wrong, and refused to receive the fugitive. Rosalie then, after much difficulty, succeeded in obtaining permission for her to remain for a few days in another convent. The proposed asylum having failed, Bogaerts and Schoofs then determined to send their perilous charge to Paris. Under the name of Eugénie de Marie, and with a false passport, Annabella was accordingly conveyed by Rosalie to the house of St. Joseph in Paris, where she remained at the expense of Bogaerts until September. For some unexplained reason, Rosalie was then sent to Paris to bring her back. At Mechlin, the two were met by Schoofs, who conducted them to the house of the *Sœurs de l'Union au Sacré Cœur* at Hougaerde, where arrangements had been made for Annabella's reception. After three months of rest, something occurred to alarm the reverend conspirators, and Rosalie was sent to bring Annabella back again to Antwerp, where she was placed in the Carmelite convent. The superior of the Carmelites found that her nerves could not long endure the risk to which she had exposed herself, and she applied to a house in Bruges to receive the fugitive. The dangerous task was prudently declined, but a bolder spirit was found in the head of the Sisters of Charity at Eecloo. To Eecloo, therefore, two days before Christmas, was Rosalie despatched by Bogaerts, in charge of the luckless Annabella, to

whom the name of Marie Toinez was now given.

Thus far the plot had been successful, and if the object of these ceaseless cares had gratefully persevered in preferring heaven to earth, as advised by her ghostly counsellors, she might never more have been heard of among men. Unfortunately for her salvation, she was human. Thoughts of the brother whom she had been led to desert, and of the faith which she had been persuaded to abandon, would intrude themselves, and twice during her weary wanderings she had attempted to communicate with Richard, but fears of those around her had rendered her efforts nugatory. A third time she was bolder and more successful. On January 16, 1860, Richard received a letter, post-marked at Ghent, which, over an unintelligible signature, informed him that his lost Annabella was in the convent of Eecloo, under the name of Marie Toinez, and that she could be recognized there on Sunday during Mass, among the boarders behind the screen in the church.

The following Sunday, January 22d, a witness was sent, who saw Annabella in the convent church. On Monday, Richard presented himself at the convent and claimed his sister. The lady superior solemnly denied any knowledge of Marie Toinez or Annabella Kohrsch; but, as soon as Richard had left the house, she hurried Annabella to the residence of Jean-Antoine van Peteghem, the spiritual director of her community. The precaution was not ill-timed, for Richard speedily returned with the police. His search, of course, was vain, and to keep up the comedy, the superior feigned to be touched with the depth of his grief, promised to aid him in tracing his sister, and actually took his address, so as to be able to send news in case she should be so fortunate as to discover the hiding-place of the missing girl.

By this time the affair had created considerable scandal, and as the pursuers were so nearly on the track of the precious convert, it had evidently become dangerous to afford her a refuge.

Her soul was to be saved, however, at all costs, and the pious conspirators were not disposed to abandon the prize which had cost them so much risk and labor. Accordingly, at midnight, Annabella was taken, carefully guarded, to a retired spot near the cemetery of Eecloo, where a carriage was in waiting. Before daylight she had been driven to Bruges, and taken to a convent there. The superior, afraid to receive her, placed her with a trusty person named John Callaghan, who kept her until the evening of the 24th. Then, by the night boat, he conveyed her to Ghent, where, after one or two vain attempts to find a hiding-place for her, he succeeded in lodging her with Jeannette van Haucoert, a former pupil of the convent of Melsele, which, it will be remembered, was the scene of Annabella's conversion.

The quarry was now nearly brought to bay. The police had not been idle, and Callaghan's visit to Ghent was suspected to have some connection with the disappearance of the abducted girl. On a first examination, he eluded his questioners, and sent word to Ghent that his colleagues there might conform their stories to his own. The authorities, however, succeeded in proving the falsity of his statement, and at last he was obliged to confess the truth. Following up the clue thus obtained, Richard at length succeeded in recovering his long-lost sister, on the 28th of January, in the house of a peasant at Gentbrugge.

If all this were not prosaically in evidence before a court of justice in a criminal trial, one would hesitate to believe that such a fragment of the twelfth century could be grafted into the nineteenth. Nor, however guilty they may be before the law, are the actors in this strange history personally to blame, any more than Hindus, who might be concerned in a suttee, or in driving the car of Juggernaut, believing that thereby they were rendering acceptable service to their Deity. It is the system which is accountable. Priests and nuns, who had seen the abduction

of the boy Mortara defiantly justified by the Vice-gerent of Christ, might well consider it their duty to labor for the salvation of the young Lutheran whom God seemed to have placed in their hands for that purpose. If deceit, dissimulation, and mendacity became necessary to effect so holy a purpose, the fault was not with them, but with the irreligious laws which had deprived them of the power enjoyed of old to sunder all human ties in the name of a blessed Saviour.

ADÈLE CHEVALIER.

If, as we have seen, religious ardor still manifests itself as of old, in the extremes of self-abnegation and of fanaticism, we need not be surprised to see it degenerate into superstition with equally persistent vitality. In some of its grosser forms this may perhaps be extinct; but a system of belief which teaches the constant interposition of God and his saints in the daily affairs of life, and which builds up its vast structure of sacerdotalism on the power of intercession between man and his Creator, makes superstition so near akin to theology that the subtlest casuist might well be puzzled to trace the boundary line. When the divine mission of Joan of Arc, and the reality of her conferences with the Virgin are warmly maintained by learned men, we may reasonably expect to find enthusiasts who mistake their ecstasies for heavenly revelations, as well as sharpers ready to speculate on the credulity of reverend prelates.

In 1854, Adèle Chevalier, aged about nineteen, a novice in the convent of St. Thomas de Villeneuve at Soissons, was attacked with cerebral congestion severe enough to cause blindness. Given over by the faculty, she was miraculously cured by the intercession of Notre Dame Réconciliatrice de la Salette. Monseigneur de Garsignies, Bishop of Soissons and Laon, thereupon ordered an investigation into the authenticity of the miracle. M. Guyard, dean of his cathedral chapter, to whom the examination was confided, pronounced that

the cure was unmistakably the result of the supernatural interference of the Mother of God, and means were adopted to celebrate with becoming solemnity so auspicious an event.

Adèle Chevalier, thus brought into notice as the fortunate protégée of the Virgin, received still further manifestations of Divine favor. She continued to be frequently blessed with revelations from the same source, and of sixteen confessors who successively had charge of her conscience during her career, all without exception confirmed her in the belief of the truth of her inspiration.

In 1856 her voices called her to La Salette, and the superior of her community obediently made haste to send her there. At La Salette they are accustomed to such manifestations of favor from their divine patroness. It was there that in 1846 Our Lady appeared to Maximin and Melainie, two children herding cows among the mountains, and warned them that she could not much longer restrain the anger of her Son, incensed against the people for their sins in blasphemy and Sabbath breaking.* The visions of Adèle coming thus within the round of their ordinary experience, the good fathers of La Salette were readily impressed by her, and asked the Bishop of Grenoble to place her under the care of the Abbé Bouland. This gentleman was eminently fitted for such a charge. He was a doctor in theology, was the author of several books on canonical subjects, the founder and chief-editor of the *Rosier de Marie*, and had been at one time superior of a monastery at Strasburg. Bouland reported favorably as to the inspiration of Adèle, and the community of La Salette sent him to Rome to lay the matter before Pius IX. and the sacred college.

* This story is related as an unquestioned fact in a series of religious books for children, published by authority in Dublin, in 1864. It is from such works as these that one learns to realize the sources of the influence which the Church exercises over her votaries. However beneficial this may be in controlling those who can be controlled in no other way, still its results are beginning to form one of the political problems with which we in this country shall have sooner or later to deal.

What was the result of this mission does not clearly appear, but during his absence Adèle continued constantly to receive revelations from the Virgin. Among these was one commanding her to found a new religious order—the *Œuvre de la réparation des âmes*—the rules for which she drew up under divine inspiration. She was endeavoring to induce her confessor, at that time a canon of Amiens, to undertake this labor with her, when, after an interval, Bouland sought her out and took the enterprise upon himself. As a preliminary, they made together a pilgrimage to La Salette, to implore of the Virgin her final confirmation of the work which they had undertaken, and on this occasion their conduct towards each other was such as to arouse suspicion that they were connected by warmer bonds than merely mystic sympathies.

Bellevue, near Versailles, was selected as the seat of the new community. The Bishop of the diocese prudently held aloof, but other prelates of high rank were found to lend it their countenance, and many pious souls eagerly joined in the *Œuvre de la réparation des âmes*.

After a while reports began to circulate that the practices of the sisterhood were hardly consistent with received ideas of religion, and even of decency. The Abbé Bouland professed to cure diseases arising from demoniacal possession, and his remedial methods are absolutely unfit to be repeated. Still, Adèle's communication with the Virgin continued uninterrupted, and the house became a sort of theological tribunal, to which numbers resorted in order to have doubts resolved, or delicate cases of conscience settled; while new orders frequently submitted to the oracle their proposed rules, in order to secure for themselves the favor of the Mother of God.

Complaints gradually became numerous as to the scandals and immoralities perpetrated within the holy walls of the *Réparation des âmes*, but the ecclesiastical authorities cautiously abstained from action. At length there was a direct charge of swindling brought against

the inspired Adèle and her spiritual counsellor, and the police irreverently seized them. It appeared in evidence on the trial that a certain brotherhood of monks had quietly amassed from their alms a little treasure of twenty thousand francs. After canvassing many projects for its employment, they finally determined to take the advice of the Virgin, and the superior applied to Adèle. She wrote to him for a personal interview, and on his arrival, the Abbé Bouland ordered her to seek her accustomed monitress. She retired, and in a few moments returned with the information that the Virgin commanded the money to be lent to the *Œuvre de la réparation des âmes*, promising to reward obedience with blessings and to punish refusal with damnation.

The worthy prior returned to his brethren with the message, and urged compliance. Some of them hesitated, however, and addressed the superior of La Trappe for his advice. He recommended acquiescence, and, feeling sure of purchasing the favor of the Virgin, the community handed over the money. Notwithstanding the divine character of the transaction, to pacify some incredulous recalcitrants, it had been agreed that the loan should be secured by a mortgage on some real estate supposed to belong to the *Réparation des âmes*. The mortgage was not forthcoming, and, after fruitless demands, appeal was at length made to justice. Unfortunately for the defendants, their principal witness, the Virgin Mary, could not be reached by a *subpœna*, and the case went against them, both in the lower court at Versailles, and on their appeal to a higher jurisdiction in Paris. In July, 1865, the final hearing took place, when, after a patient investigation in which their whole career was thoroughly examined, the Abbé and his inspired votaress were sacrilegiously condemned for swindling; but, to the last, they both energetically maintained the divine character of their mission, and the faith of many of their followers remained unshaken.

In all this curious history, perhaps

the most significant fact is that stated by M. Sauvestre, that not a journal in Paris dared to publish a report of the trial.

Clever swindlers abound in all communities, and are ever ready to prey upon the special weaknesses of their neighbors. Isolated examples of hypocritical duplicity of themselves prove nothing, and a nation that has given birth to the fantasies of Spiritualism has slender claim to be overcritical with the credulity of other races. Yet the vital facts which are illustrated by cases such as we have sketched above may suggest many social problems worthy of more detailed examination than we can give them here. In the glitter and reckless ambition which characterize the society of the Second Empire, when the International Labor Congress at Lausanne indignantly rebukes its President for attempting to open its proceedings with an allusion to Divine Provi-

dence; when those who think appear to be divided between indifferentism, positivism, and infidelity, and those who do not think seem to be wholly abandoned to the mad pursuit of gain—if, in such a community, the spirit of mystic fervor is advancing with strides so rapid—if constantly increasing thousands are withdrawing from such a society, and are devoting themselves irrevocably to the beatitude of contemplation, or to the hardest tasks of charity and beneficence, is it not a protest worth heeding as to the insufficiency of our modern civilization? Human institutions are more or less perfect as they satisfy or obstruct the aspirations of immortal souls. The crude attempts of mediæval civilization could result only in either the grossest animalism or the superhuman refinements of mystic asceticism. Is it impossible for Latin Christianity to devise a system in which the demands of Nature and of Nature's God shall harmonize without conflicting?

THE BABY'S DRAWER.

THERE's a little drawer in my chamber
Guarded with tenderest care,
Where the dainty clothes are lying,
That my darling shall never wear.
And there, while the hours are waning,
Till the house is all at rest,
I sit and fancy a baby
Close to my aching breast.

My darling's pretty, white garments!
I wrought them, sitting apart,
While his mystic life was throbbing
Under my throbbing heart.
And often my happy dreaming
Breaks in a little song,
Like the murmur of birds at brooding,
When the days are warm and long.

I finished the dainty wardrobe,
And the drawer was almost full
With robes of the finest muslin,
And robes of the whitest wool.

I folded them all together,
 With a rose for every pair,
 Smiling, and saying, "Gem fragrant,
 Fit for my prince to wear."

Ah, the radiant summer morning,
 So full of a mother's joy!
 "Thank God, he is fair and perfect,
 My beautiful, new-born boy."
 Let him wear the pretty, white garments
 I wrought while sitting apart;
 Lay him, so sweet and so helpless,
 Here, close to my throbbing heart.

Many and many an evening
 I sit, since my baby came,
 Saying, "What do the angels call him?"
 For he died without a name;
 Sit while the hours are waning,
 And the house is all at rest,
 And fancy a baby nestling
 Close to my aching breast.

A WINE MERCHANT.

HAVE you ever seen a genuine Ostade?

Let me try to describe you one. Here is a small room, say eight by twelve, partitioned off, with boards only, from the ground floor of a large store. The walls of about one half of its four sides are occupied by rough pine shelves loaded with all sorts and shapes of bottles, large and small, labelled, for the most part, in hieroglyph. Mallets and oddly-shaped implements lie on a little table at one side. A large, old-fashioned, double, standing desk takes up good part of one end of the room, and an open stove the middle, opposite the only door. At one end, in a deep and massive brick wall, there is a single window, cobwebbed, plated here and there with a thick layer of dust, and clouded throughout with that demi-johnic complexion which long-neglected panes of glass at last acquire, through which the blessed light of Heaven struggles opalescent and bleary-eyed.

As a determined ray fights its way

into this interior over the old desk, it illumines an iron-gray poll of fine hair now verging on to white, a meagre and somewhat wrinkled profile, and a general contour of head which in some sort reminds one of Don Quixote de la Mancha—but milder in expression. If it be winter, there will be a cross-light of reddish-yellow fire-glare on the other side of the face.

This picture was, for a series of years, on exhibition in Vesey street, New York, number thirty-five. But it was finer than any Ostade, for the work had been done by a cunninger artist than any painter of them all. Time himself had drawn the lines of age and put in the rich and sombre tones of coloring.

It was a dirty place; that is, if you choose to stigmatize the accumulated respectability of years as dirt. I mean, no duster was ever allowed there. Moreover, there was upon the floor an incrustation, about half an inch thick, of a nondescript paste derived from many libations of wine. The whole savor of the place was vinous, and the poor man

mentioned by Rabelais, who soaked his crust in the steam of a cook-shop, might really have got quite exhilarated, if not decidedly how-come-you-so, almost anywhere in the atmosphere of this establishment.

The warehouse was on a large scale, and built with a solidity for a long while ignored in New York; and there were vaults in it that reminded you of the wine-cellar of Auerbach. It had been an extensive bakery once. Now it was a vast receptacle, and asylum, as one may say, of wines—here of pipes and hogsheads vanishing in dim perspective, there of parked batteries of innumerable bottles.

The little room heretofore alluded to was the business-brain of the concern. Herein the old gentleman, the master, did not smoke, but his chimney did; and, as he burnt "sea-coal" in a small antiquated Franklin, not seldom in the season, the flavor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne was happily blended with that of Oporto and Xeres.

Have I suggested enough of this "interior?" In the midst of all this queer deformity and from this dingy den gleamed forth a brightest jewel—a man of trade, dealing in the most tricky wares, whose word was always Truth—a wine-merchant who never knowingly deceived a customer. The poor man who brought his gallon demijohn, the rich man who laid in his yearly stock, each felt, and had reason to feel, perfect confidence in any representation made to him.

Here this wine-merchant moiled and here he toiled until he reaped fortune by sound judgment, economy, and a fair profit on fair goods. But it must not be understood that he did all this alone. Besides his carman, he had as assistants Old "Jimmy" the porter, and his son Stewart, the clerk, both characters in their way, as also were some of the cronies of the master and the frequenters of the place.

What say you there about Jack Falstaff? I knew him. I mean literally, in the flesh. That is to say, I knew a man that had all the mental characteris-

tics of the knight, modified only by different circumstances and surroundings. He was not such a tun of a man, to be sure (though he was not wanting in the adipose)—he paid his debts—and he was by no means to be classed among loose and disorderly folk. Still, the possibility of the entire character was there. He had that exuberant passion for a jest that he would peril his interest but he would have his joke; and there was the same fusion, if we should not rather say perversion, of all the faculties of an active and vigorous mind into the one faculty of wit.

The advent of this succulent genius into the office was a study. The chief stood too high to be troubled with the doctor's—(yes, he was an M. D., but no less a J. F.)—with the doctor's light artillery of badinage. But the old porter and the elderly clerk regarded him with a certain delighted awe, and would even venture passes with him; just as, by some strange association, I now call to mind a green Irishman who tickled a copperhead snake and styled him "a delicate little quirler." Only, these two knew the danger, and yet could not forbear running into it. Yet they had their defence in a kind of stolid humor; at least, Stewart had.

After playing a while with the pair, like a cat with a mouse, "Stewart," would the doctor say, with a most benign and delighted expression of countenance—(he used to thrust hard when he had to do with these two, for they were not very open to fine strokes)—"Stewart, how is that demijohn of Madeira getting along, we are to drink at your funeral? Isn't it 'most ripe?" After a moment of blank horror, Stewart would step to the desk, and, thumbing over the greasy ledger, observe, without any reference to the last remark, "Doctor, I think we have a little account against you."

"Ah yes, yes, yes, account current," and away the joker would toddle, as fast as his legs would carry him, which was not very fast, for he was a subject for Banting. Well, let him pass. He is gone, and all that is left of him is in

the memory of a generation which will before very many years only be known, itself, in the memory of another.

I have said that in this old store the master accumulated wealth, in a slow, and what some might call almost mean, way. This was the barren side of him, that the public saw. There was another which, like the interior of a Jew's house, was rich and magnificent.

There are those now living who could bear witness to his perfect probity of character and integrity of action; who could tell how by a many years' course of strict economy and attention to business he secured a handsome competency, far more than was needed for his frugal expenditure, and how thereafter he gave away thousands of dollars continually in a way that trebled the obligation of a mere present of money. For, despite his simple ways and simple exterior, there was in him the soul of a grand gentleman.

I have heard this story, and believe it to be true. I do not know that this wine-merchant cared a brass farthing for Art, *per se*. I do not think that he did. But he had the sentiment of a fine nature in the matter of buying a picture. It is now about thirty years ago that Chance brought a young, struggling artist into the same boarding-house with him. It is not necessary to mention the painter's name. He now gets his thousands for a picture, and is not astonished.

This artist solicited the wine-merchant to sit for his portrait, not in the way of business, but as a study.

"Pheugh!" said the wine-merchant—this was his expression, when any thing struck him as out of the way—"What do you want to paint *me* for?"

Nevertheless, the artist persuaded him.

When the picture was complete, this merchant asked this artist what it might be worth; and the artist answered, that he supposed "about fifteen dollars."

"Send it to my room," quoth our trader.

So said, so done, and the artist re-

ceived in return a check for fifty dollars. It is not a bad picture, now.

This was not exactly Leo X., and yet I do not know that, on the whole, the thing could have been more neatly done.

I should have mentioned before, that, despite his early devotion to business, the wine-merchant had not neglected worthier pursuits. Music and French had claimed his attention, and he had quite a valuable collection of scientific books, on Conchology and the like; and some mineral specimens.

This brings me to another peculiarity in this oddly-compounded character. Strictly a matter-of-fact man as far as the world went or knew, there was yet a latent fire of poetry in his nature, and he had an admirable faculty of improvising fairy, or, rather, Spenserian adventures for the amusement of little folk. I recall to mind one interminable series devoted to the fortunes of "The Green Knight," which he spun out, like a magazine novel, from year's end to year's end. I verily believe it might have held on to "the crack of doom," if his audience had remained to him and he to his audience. Into this stupendous narrative he worked his various scientific acquirements, and the knight voyaged from star to star, and journeyed from crystal bed to coral cave or what not, in a most reckless style.

Nor was he wanting in a certain dry waggery of his own, occasionally. Jimmy and Stewart had their faults, and he knew it, and would sometimes observe upon them, in a whimsical way. And, after he grew to be an old man, he would now and then be playful on his own bachelorhood. "There were three of us in New York," would he say: "There was 'the handsome Mr. P.'"—(some living yet remember "the handsome adjutant")—"there was 'the intellectual Mr. P.:' and, as for me, I was only 'the agreeable Mr. P.'"

Born in the country, though early sent to earn his daily bread in a store in New York, and closely confined there for many years, he had, happily,

still retained the rural feeling. This he had kept fresh, after the establishment of a steamboat line, by a weekly visit to Tarrytown, during the summer months. Here there were two old-fashioned houses close down upon the beach, one of which had been built before the Revolutionary war by his father, and the other subsequently for his brother.

The wine-merchant always came by boat. He lived till the railroad was completed, but he always despised it. And a most uneasy mortal he was after he had got there. In the first place, he was up at daylight the next morning. He had his quarters in the house of his brother's widow, but was generally in the older house, with his breakfast done, an hour or so before any one of the family was down stairs.

The first thing was, as he flourished an old bamboo cane he had, "Come, boys, now for a walk." Very pleasant walks they were. For thereabout was real country then, and every body knew us; and we stopped now and then to have a crack with an old acquaintance. Sometimes, in the autumn, we would stroll as far inland as the farm once belonging to "Mine Uncle John," and still in the family, to try the apples there. The wicked wags of the neighborhood used to bruit abroad that they were so sour that when the hogs were turned into the orchard to devour the windfalls, they would squeal all the time they were eating. It was an infamous libel.

These morning promenades did very well. But immediately after church on Sunday came his dinner; and, about an hour after, ours. Scarcely was this swallowed when our uncle and his stick would appear in the dining-room doorway. "Come, boys; now for a walk."

This would be about three or half-past three o'clock. Out we would go, broil through all the summer afternoon, and get home just toward the time it began to be pleasant. Often the expedition was to "The Cottage," afterward more generally known to the public as "Sunnyside," about two miles south of

Tarrytown. There were two ways of walking there, one along the river, crossing lots and climbing fences; the other roundabout by the post-road and lane leading therefrom to Mr. Irving's residence, but unobstructed. If you went by the river, the width of the Tappaan Zee just here at about this hour of an August day gave all the effect of the celebrated arrangement of mirrors by Archimedes at the siege of Syracuse. If you got into the focus you were instantly crisped to a cinder. This happened, several times, to the present writer. If you went the other way, there was a tall picket-fence for nearly half a mile of the route (now fortunately with the things that were), which, with the sun shining through it, produced on the brain the bewilderment of one of Wilkie Collins' plots.

Well, in due time we would reach our destination. It is not my design to invade the privacy of that house. I propose to be the one man that, having seen the proprietor more than once, declines to publish his reminiscences. He has been sufficiently anaed and anecdoted already; and we may well imagine the burly yet pleasant shade of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent., leaning back a moment from yonder scene of clouds to banter the well-intentioned tribe, in Homeric phrase, with some "inextinguishable" jest. Only let this be said, for I do not know that it has ever been as strongly stated as it might have been: Every body knows that on set occasions he was as mum as a blackfish; and though in the ordinary gatherings of society he was kindly and courteous, yet only by his own fireside and among people with whom he felt entirely at ease did that *bonhomie* which commended his writings during his life to all sorts and conditions of men, and that humor which was innate with him, and which must be his passport to future ages, come out in all their peculiar freshness.

But the inexorable wine-merchant kept an eye on the sun; and, when it had fallen so low as just to leave us time to get home before it slipped out

of sight, the summons would be heard: "Come, boys, time for us to be off." And off we went.

This supernatural punctuality, or rather prepunctuality, was a characteristic of the man. The house was south of the landing, and always of a Monday morning he was on the dock a good half-hour before the expected arrival of the boat for town. Once, only once, was he left. I witnessed the fact. We in the next house were all at breakfast, and he had come in from his own quarters to say good-by. Suddenly, with hands upraised, in rushed Mammy E. She was a character, too; but, if I pause on all that was odd in that household, I shall never get on. In rushed Mammy E. In my heart I believe she was delighted.

"MISTER Nathaniel! The boat's just going by!" We all hurried to the back door (on the river side of the house), and there, sure enough, we saw her steaming gayly along, a mile below the dock. Never shall I forget his look of dismay. He satisfied himself, by ocular demonstration, that the statement was true, and then—it was Blucher too soon at Waterloo—it was Napoleon assured of his arrival. A half-hour's earlier start of the boat without due notice, a heavy north-wester, and a strong ebb tide had brought about this catastrophe. And it was one. I do not suppose that his presence in town that morning was of any particular consequence, but his character seemed reft away.

For many years he kept up this oscillation between New York and Tarrytown, going up of a Saturday afternoon, and down on Monday morning. At length he determined to retire from the city altogether, and, gathering his books, his fiddle, his scientific specimens, and a variety of odds and ends (including a formidable compound blow-pipe), removed with bag and baggage to the house of a brother, at Hyde Park, in Dutchess County.

He met triumphantly this strongest test of character, the sudden and total change of mode of life; and used, in

yet later years, often pleasantly to say that he only regretted having lost so many years of life that he might have enjoyed.

But it was curious to see how in smaller matters the cobwebs of earlier days still clung to him. In a boarding-house experience he had acquired various habits, or shall we coin a pseudo-Latinism and say *habitula*, minute habits and ways, sparingnesses of coal and the like. In particular, his little bundle of soiled clothes always appeared at his chamber-door bright and early of a Monday morning, tied up in a red silk handkerchief; and no representation of the uselessness of this method of proceeding under altered circumstances had the slightest effect upon him.

On his first arrival, he burst into an explosion of horticulture, and, not being in very good health at the time, came uncommonly near cultivating himself into a better world. But this phrensy soon passed off, and he then settled into more moderate and judicious courses.

The brothers were fond of each other in their undemonstrative way. They agreed about railroads and finance; and there was but one real subject of discord between them. The one, the owner of the property on which they lived, was a devoted admirer of Nature, and appreciated the little master-touches she gives to every object; the rough and deeply-scored bark of an old oak tree, for example, and the light vines that steal along among those interstices, flinging out here and there a delicate tendril or a flashing spray to the sunlight, being dear to his very heart. The ex-wine-merchant, on the contrary, was an embodied agricultural newspaper in his notions, and for scraping every tree he could get at as clean as a water melon.

I shall not soon forget one autumn day, when he had sallied forth with a contrivance of his own, filled with the fury of an inventor, and, before any body suspected him, had done a good half-day's work in stripping from a

number of the finest trees on the place, not only every semblance of a vine, but all the loose bark as far as he could reach upward with his implement. I have always been of opinion that his brother exhibited more self-command on this occasion than many exemplary Christians do in a lifetime. Though of a somewhat hasty temper, he said nothing till next morning, and then merely indulged in a grave, but gentle remonstrance. I believe the old gentleman's conscience had smitten him before. At all events, this, and perhaps a little shame at his haste, and, not improbably, a notable pain in the back which he gained by the too enthusiastic use of his instrument on the occasion, or one and all combined, made this his last exploit in that direction, at home. Yet I knew a nephew of his that loved him well, but the beautiful also; and always trembled at his appearance.

And by-and-by he could no longer work much out of doors. Then he betook himself to his old fiddle, and sawed away as vigorously as he might at his old Scotch tunes. And he became, if possible, a more assiduous reader than ever, of what had long been favorite reading of his—the English Reviews and Blackwood. Here was another hitch (though slight) between him and his brother, who detested them all. Nevertheless, the wine-merchant would now and then recommend an article to the Anglophobist, who would take it with a "pshaw!" read it out of politeness, and sometimes acknowledge merit in it—perhaps even judgment and truth. The wine-merchant also, in these years of his life, attacked one or two tremendous metaphysical works; but I am bound to say that I think they were too much for him.

And, by-and-by again, the fiddle was silent; for he was wearing out, and all the strength he had was needed to keep up the simple processes of life. But he

never complained, or gave way. Weaker and weaker. Still, sustained by a strong will, he would not yield the day, or accept of any help. Self-reliant and economical of others' labor to the last, he dressed himself, and sat up in his easy-chair, but twelve hours before he cut adrift from earth. He even was thoughtful, ere he departed, to save survivors trouble as to the disposal of his vacated shell. Then he went.

A kindlier heart or a purer spirit has not made happy my experience.

"Mine Uncle John" (of Salmagundi) said of him when a lad: "Jimmy was a pretty boy; but as for *Natty*, he was a *maracle* of a fellow." And, when the testimony of earth could have flattered him no more, it was written of him, as follows, by one who had known him for eighty years, who never praised when he was conscious that praise was not due, and whom no relationship or partiality could have persuaded to affirm what he did not believe to be the truth—that same "pretty boy," Jimmy:

"The world will never know his worth, but those to whom he was all his life a benefactor will cherish his memory while they live, as one of the most upright, just, and generous men that ever lived. He spent his better days in saving pennies that he might give away tens of thousands. To the world he appeared anxious to make and save money; to his friends and relatives, only, he was known as the most generous of men, as one who saved only to give away. He might have died a millionaire, but preferred leaving behind him hearts that will cherish his memory with affectionate gratitude as long as they beat."

Let us all go down upon our knees, and pray that we, in our time, may deserve to have the like record made of us, when we too have passed into the shadowed valley which, in due time, engulfs us, every one.

ENGLISH SHOW-PLACES.

DESCRIBED IN FAMILIAR LETTERS.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

NOTTINGHAM, May 29th.

WE left Peterboro' yesterday, but I must not omit to tell you that J— was made perfectly happy there by seeing some knights in armor, who had come from Astley's in London. They were careering through the market-place, and they brought back to him the days of chivalry and romance, and turned common life into poetry at once. * *

We hissed away at about half-past two, and had gone but a few miles, when we passed a house covered with double roses, in full bloom—May roses—of a lovely crimson, and giving an air of supreme elegance to the whole place. They were the first I had seen this season, and were the more precious for that, and I rendered due homage to the Queen of flowers.

We were happy as usual in having the carriage to ourselves, and it has been almost invariably the case in all our travels. Once a gentleman came into our private boudoir, and after sitting a few minutes, seemed to be conscious of intruding into domestic sanctities, and left us again, for which I was much obliged to him. This arrangement is very pleasant, and somewhat like posting. The great plate-glass windows are as good as the air to look through, and one can have the prospect without dust. We passed the town of Tallington, and the country began to be less flat, and rich and beautiful.

The hawthorn trees hereabout were enormous—as large as the largest horse-chestnuts!—and so loaded with bloom, that each one seemed to have had a separate snow storm upon it. There was a station at Bytham also; and near this the grounds of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby stretched down to the track, and were exceedingly stately, and most daintily cared for. Picturesque old villages abounded as we went on—clusters

of ancient cottages, gathered lovingly about a pretty church, which was often a gem of beauty. No doubt many of these are of remote antiquity, and the cottages often looked to have grown round them, mossy and lichened, and not to have been built by man at all. At last we came to Grantham, and as we were to remain an hour, we left the carriage, and walked into the town, because Sir Isaac Newton went to the grammar-school there. There was an old market cross, with several well-worn steps leading to it, which J— ran up, in memory of Sir Isaac, for no doubt he had stood and played on them many a time. We wandered on to a church, which seemed beautiful afar off, and proved very much so near by. It had a lofty spire, 273 feet high, and painted windows, of which I should have liked to see the right side; but we had not time to get admittance. It contains a curious font also. Grantham had a monastery once, and there are ruins of it, which I wish we could have searched out. The Angel Inn was a strange old place, approached by an arched entrance, and we should have enjoyed staying at it all night. The inns have singular names, and were all blue—the Blue Ram, the Blue Lion, the Blue Horse, the Blue Man, the Blue Cow, the Blue Bear—and so on, through the animal kingdom, and I marvel it is not the Blue Angel as well.

Our way was over a sumptuous country now, and for a great many miles we saw afar, on a high hill, Belvoir Castle, the residence of the Duke of Rutland, a magnificent structure, and it must be of vast size, it looked so extensive at a distance. Towers and turrets were numerous enough to supply a small town. I wish his Grace could have received us; for he possesses one of the most valuable galleries of pictures in England.

On we hastened through Sedgebrook and Battisford, where was an exquisite little church,—then to Elton and Astlockton, where a gentleman intruded upon our family circle. He was a peculiar-looking man indeed, and as he sat directly opposite to me for many miles, I could not but see him well, so that his face was stereotyped upon my retina; his eyebrows were lifted into a high Norman arch, crumpling his forehead into ribs, like the sea-sand after the ebb of the tide. His collar was like a carving of marble, so stiff and polished, and his toilet was altogether elaborate and without fault; but frozen, like the wonder in his face. What could be his history? I was inclined to exclaim to this persistent, unmitigated look: "Really, my dear sir, it is not, I assure you, so *very* surprising. Pray compose your mind and smooth your brow, and regard the matter with a reasonable degree of becoming inference."

Meanwhile we steamed into Bingham, which possessed one of the prettiest of churches, and herds of perfectly white cows. And now we had left Leicestershire and entered Nottinghamshire, and so into Nottingham. We asked the guard which was the best hotel, and he strongly recommended the Maypole as "a hotel every one admired," so the driver was ordered to take us there. It was close by the market-place, through an alley, and did not look inviting at all. I feared it was a pot-house, and fortunately they had not room, so we drove to the George the Fourth, which the coachman said was the first in town. It has no show outside, but like the "Clarendon" in London, it proves within the nicest one we have chanced upon. Our waiter is unexceptionable. He would on no account smile unseasonably, but it is very evident that he can smile in a decorous manner, at the right time. Every thing is quiet and elegant, and the table perfect in style and quality.

This morning we took a cabriolet, and drove to Newstead Abbey. It was a fair day, with dim sunshine and no

wind. I had never associated Lord Byron with Nottingham, and yet I could think of no one else after I arrived here. No doubt he came here often, as it is the nearest town to the Abbey of any size. As we drove on towards Newstead, we had a view of Nottingham Castle, and nothing else of interest, till we got within the precincts of Sherwood Forest. This was poetical ground. Richard, the Lion-hearted, jolly Friar Tuck, the king of outlaws, and all the merry men were then in my mind's eye, though there are now no thickets or century-trees, but new growths of pine and beech. Newstead Abbey was once all surrounded with Sherwood Forest, and when we came within its boundaries, there were fine old trees left standing among the younger growth. Generally, the Newstead forests were exceedingly gloomy in aspect. There was a great uncle of Lord Byron, called "the wicked Lord," who was the terror of the country, and it seemed as if his ruthless spirit darkened the woods, and as there was no subsequent light nor joy in the fortunes or character of the family, the heavy, motionless evergreens looked like stern frowns of doom, and fixed clouds of melancholy fate.

We drove ten miles, and then drew up at a small, nice-looking little inn, called "The Hut," and our coachman averred that he was not allowed to take us any farther into the private park. I supposed we should have but a short walk to the Abbey, and so was nothing loth to leave the carriage. We unlatched the hospitable gate (Colonel Wildman being a very kind and open-handed gentleman), and wandered along the broad avenue, winding over undulating ground, at first through woodland scenery, floored with violets, which J— began diligently to gather for memorials—and then to open hunting-grounds, covered with ferns,—coverts for small game—then again to woodlands. We went on and on, I looking, at first, to see the towers of the Abbey on some eminence, forgetting that religious houses were always hidden in vales,—

indeed forgetting that Newstead Abbey ever was a religious house, till reminded. Presently a light gig came up behind us, with a lady and gentleman and little boy. We were astonished at this, because we had been led to suppose that no vehicle was allowed to approach in that way. They passed us; but stopped at an inner gate, which we now saw ahead, and the lady alighted, and the gentleman and boy returned. The lady climbed up a steep path on the left, evidently to obtain a view of the place, and we entered the gate, trusting now that we were near, for I was foot-weary.

Soon we saw a gleam of water, and a small flag flying from a tower. This is a sign always in England, that the family is at home. When we arrived at the lawn before the front, I was surprised that the Abbey was not much larger. I had imagined a very extensive range of buildings, and a broad, glittering lake before them. But a wide lawn intervenes between the house and a small lake, near which are the stables, a row of low, stone, castellated edifices. On the lawn we met an old man, who said we had only to ring at the porch-bell, and some one would admit us. A small footman welcomed us with a smile and cordial "Oh yes," when we requested entrance, so that it was plain what the master's spirit was about receiving guests. We entered a low gallery, with a groined stone roof, rising from thick pillars, like the columns and arches of a crypt. There was a boat of light material and construction on the pavement, and I meant to ask what its history was, but entirely forgot it. Heavy oak-carved chairs stood against one side, and every thing was scrupulously exact and ordered. After the boy left us, it was some time before we saw any one, but at last a highly respectable dame appeared, and after requesting us to write our names in the visitors' book, she preceded us up-stairs. And the very first room she ushered us into was Lord Byron's bedchamber, precisely as he left it, excepting that a table and a huge ewer on a stand have been added to the furniture. I do not know what some of

our fashionable young men of fortune in America would say to the plain and simple arrangement and upholstery of the "noble lord's" private apartment. An oriel window, the only one, commanded the lawn, water and woods beyond. Two large arm-chairs, covered with embroidered silk, stood on each side, and I sat down in one, and I endeavored to believe that I was really there, sitting exactly where the poet sat, my eyes resting on the same landscape which his had so often dwelt upon. Over the mantelpiece was a looking-glass, into which I gazed, for it was the very same at which he dressed his hyacinthine locks, and met his own melancholy, defying eyes. Prints of the colleges of Cambridge hung on the walls. There was not a luxury nor an adornment of any kind to be seen in the room, and no attempt at any unusual comfort or ease; but it is just a chamber with bed, toilette, chairs, tables, wash-stand, in ordinary style, not even large. Next to it is a smaller room, where his Lordship's page slept, and once there was no access to it, excepting from his own; but now Colonel Wildman has cut a door into it from the corridor. This page's apartment is the famous haunted one, where the ghost of a monk was often seen. It has a deep window, the thickness of the walls causing an embrasure of several feet; but otherwise there is nothing remarkable about it. It is left, like Lord Byron's, just as it was in his time. In the corridor, leading to these two chambers, hung two pictures, one of Murray, the faithful, attached servant of his Lordship, and the other of his fencing-master. The face of old Murray is very interesting; he looks good and loving, and it is an excellent painting. We lingered about this part a long time. An uneasy feeling of sadness was caused by the sense of his former presence; for there was no peace nor true happiness in him at any time, and so the mysterious *Od* left by his footsteps, his touch, his glance, his life, must impart a sense of unrest and gloom. It was pleasant to see the kind face of the old servant, who loved

him so devotedly, that it proved a power in Byron of deeply attaching others to him, when in a simple relation to them. I doubt not he had a warm and fiery heart, wretchedly embittered by the circumstances of his early life, which only cultivated the evil in him, and by no chance unfolded and increased the good, and he died in early manhood, attempting to do a generous deed.

Leaving this most interesting part of the Abbey, the housekeeper led us into all the state chambers of the former Abbots, now most sumptuously restored, and made delightfully comfortable and habitable by Colonel Wildman. One is Charles the Second's chamber, another Henry the Seventh's, another Richard the Second's, either because these several kings had occupied them aforetime, or because their portraits are in them. There are fine portraits by Sir Peter Lely and Holbein of these kings and their queens, and of other remarkable persons of the age of those painters. I was particularly arrested by a portrait of Charles Second, which was hung in his chamber. It was not the dark, animated, forceful face I have always seen and become acquainted with; but it was pale, haggard, thin, joyless and worn, as if he had exhausted all his human life, and saw no happy future before him of rest and blessedness. It also had singularly a more kingly look than any other, and resembled, more than any other, the right royal head and air of his unfortunate father. A portrait of Henry the Eighth, by Holbein, was unspeakably ugly and jolly, with eyes as small as a pig's, and with no better expression. He was unwise to sit for his portrait, when he had become so much swallowed up in his body, that he could scarcely see out of it. I almost think that Herr Hans Holbein revenged himself at this sitting, for having been obliged to paint the "Defender of the Faith" so many times, and hoped to cure his Majesty of the desire to be repeated again. Artists have, to be sure, a terrible power in their hands. Richard the Second look-

ed like a fool in the picture, but it was not a master who executed that. In all these rooms were superbly carved cabinets, chairs and tables; and in one was a cabinet, toilette and looking-glass which belonged to Queen Elizabeth, very rich, with plate-glass mirrors all over them, mounted with gold. They were magnificent. Every fire-place, or rather all the wood-work over them, was cut into the most extraordinary heads, in high relief, and some half figures seemed starting horizontally out of the wall, and both figures and heads were brilliantly colored and gilded. They were portraits generally, and were there in monkish days. The effect was gorgeous, but, upon examination, the work was not superior. Gobelin tapestry of the finest kind, beautiful and finished as paintings, covered the walls. One tapestry face, in a little boudoir, belonging to Henry the Seventh's chamber, was one of the loveliest I ever beheld any where. I have never before seen such Gobelin tapestry as that. One of the beds was hung with it, but wrought with silk, not wool. In every room was a centre-table, furnished with every convenience for sitting down to write, so tempting, that one could hardly resist doing so.

While we were standing in Henry the Seventh's, the housekeeper said that when Lady Lovelace, Lord Byron's daughter, came to Newstead, two years before her death, she slept in that room. She said Lady Lovelace asked of Colonel Wildman a great many questions about her father, and I wished to hear every thing she could tell me; but she had not much to say. The lady staid three days.

"Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart!"

There were a great many corridors of polished oak, dangerous to walk over. These had richly carved chairs and couches and cabinets, and one was adorned with two chairs and a sofa that had belonged to Charles Second. They were of ebony, sculptured into flowers.

I think we next went into the library, a long, rather narrow, and charming

apartment, with study tables dispersed through its whole length, delightful lounges, and deep chairs to nestle into, with precious books; and above all the book-cases hung fine pictures by Sir Peter Lely. One was of Nelly Gwynn (a famous person in the time of Charles II.). She is exceedingly beautiful in this portrait, with small, graceful head, and perfect features, a mouth pouting with lovely curves and coral red, and cheeks like roses, and every line of face and form delicate. There were also marble busts upon the book-cases, one of Lord Byron, and some of other poets and of philosophers. From all the windows of the state chambers and library, the landscape was a picture not painted by human hand, combining wood, lawn, gardens, and water, in every variety of beauty. It was to the state dining-room we went next, formerly the dormitory of the Abbey. Now, it is a superb hall, panelled with rich oak—military weapons, corselets, helmets, stags' heads disposed around—a vast chandelier in the centre, and gauntleted hands and arms thrusting themselves out on every side, each one grasping a vase-shaped, ground-glass socket for holding a large wax candle. In the upper portion of each archer window was painted glass, commemorative of Colonel Wildman's and his brother's war triumphs. At one end of the hall stood a knight in complete armor. Opposite was a gallery for a music band, sculptured in oak, with Gothic panels and a carved balustrade, making a magnificent effect. Lord Byron used this room for a shooting gallery. The Colonel must have a fine perceptive taste and a vivid sense of fitness, for every thing he has done seems to be the work of past ages, with a new polish on it. From this large and stately banqueting hall, we went into Lord Byron's dining-room. It is exactly as he left it, one or two things added; but nothing taken away. There stands his very dining-table, rather low, but of tolerable size, where he sat and passed round the grim drinking-cup, made of a skull, and mounted with silver. There hangs the picture of his

faithful dog Boatswain, one of the few friends who never disappointed him. The same chairs remain, and the wine-coolers and the sideboard; but over the sideboard, where, in Lord Byron's life, there was a door, a great mirror is now inserted in the wall, so as to brighten and reflect the room. The ceiling is heavy and lower than in other parts of the Abbey, and it is very plain and simple in its furniture and arrangement, and there is but one window. It must have been very gloomy, and the kind Colonel felt as if he must give it another bright spot. As the mirror is opposite the window, it repeats it, and gives unexpected light, besides making the room appear twice as large.

The drawing-room came next, and there hangs the famous and authentic portrait of the poet, very handsome, and yet not so handsome as my fine mezzotint makes him out to be. That shows a faultless head and face; but this true likeness, though intellectual, noble, proud and sensitive, is not quite as symmetrical and Olympian as my old print. The eyes are not so large, the mouth not so Apollo-like, the brow not so spacious and throne-like. This has the clustering hair and beautiful throat, however.

William of Orange and his Queen Mary also are there, and several portraits of the Wildman family, and full lengths of the Duke of Sussex and of George III., and of a stern and fierce lord, with a child, whose pale, thin, gentle, sweet face, makes wonderful contrast with that of his father. The father holds a stick over the head of the boy, and the housekeeper told us that with that stick he struck his child upon the head so violently, in a passion, that he became an idiot for the rest of his life. This seemed to me quite a fit picture for the Byron halls; for Lord Byron's mother was so passionate, that she would strike him with tongs, or shovel, or whatever she could find.

All kinds of rich and sumptuous furniture and ornaments were lavished about this vast drawing-room. Cabinets of turquoise-shell and ebony, and

turquoise and silver; but nothing interesting as connected with Byron, excepting the far-famed skull cup. This skull Mrs. Shepherd took with great care out of a cabinet, and I held it in my hand a little while. A grim and ghastly goblet indeed it is.

Before this, we had been into the chapel, a very small, but lofty apartment, most comfortably arranged for the family. Up a few steps, on one side, is a thickly carpeted dais or gallery, where Colonel Wildman sits with his relatives and friends. Even a fireplace is there, to make it entirely luxurious. Below sit the servants and tenants. I cannot reconcile myself into this division of human beings into high and low, rich and poor, noble and simple, in a house of prayer and worship of the one loving Father, who is no respecter of persons. In this the Catholics behave more like humble Christians than the Protestants.

This room was once the Abbot's Holy Place; but Lord Byron had used it for a dog-kennel, until Colonel Wildman restored it to its original purpose. There is now a dim, religious light in it, and a quiet, which makes it seem like a sacred spot. Divine service is regularly performed there now.

The cloisters are all perfectly in repair, and surround a quadrangle, which contains a fine stone fountain, that once stood in the gardens. Various strange and monstrous beasts are sculptured on it, and probably they once spouted water. It is a very ancient work, a memorial of the monks of past time, who were, perhaps, the artists, and they amused themselves with cutting out the most fantastic forms and heads. It was removed into this small, snug quadrangle to keep it safe. The utmost ruin prevailed when Colonel Wildman purchased the demesne; but now every mullion is restored, every broken stone replaced. One of his nephews is his heir, and will inherit all this. The present Lord Byron is a cousin of the poet, and belongs to her Majesty's household; but though he and other members of the family often visit New-

stead, they no longer have any right to it.

Now we were again in the crypt-like entrance hall, and the housekeeper said that if we wished to see the gardens, we should gain admittance by ringing a bell, just round the Tower. * * We were first led over the grounds which Colonel Wildman has brought from a wilderness and pasture into lovely lawns, shrubberies and woodlands of all varieties of form.

In our way we came to a well, which the man called "the Holy Well," and at that moment appeared a little boy with a crystal cup, and he dipped up for us the pure cold water, and we drank of it. There were very aged yew-trees, also, and I asked a cutting from one of them for a memorial. The gardener said that the long, straight path near the pond, was one of the monks' promenades. Turning to the right from this comparative wilderness, we went along an avenue of trees into a garden, called "the garden of the wicked Lord." In the centre of the principal walk were two statues, one of Pan, and the other the guide called, strangely enough, "Pandora after her fall." Pan looks very jolly, with his reed pipe, his hoofs and his horn, and "Pandora after her fall" responds with a broad grin and correspondent hoofs. These works of art are made of lead, and were brought from Italy by "the wicked Lord," and when they were seen by the people, they excited great horror and fear, for they believed them to be Mr. and Mrs. Satan, embodiments of their Lord's wickedness. The form of the fallen Pandora is very beautiful, and her hands exceedingly lady-like. But we were taken to this avenue especially to see the twin trees, upon one of which Byron cut his name, when he was last at Newstead—his own name and that of his sister Augusta. This tree, so precious to all who value the poet, has withered from the root, I believe. At any rate, the trunk is sawed off a few inches above the inscription, and a bit of India-rubber cloth is carefully tied

over the place. The twin tree flourishes finely, so that the doom of the race involves the other, with the illustrious name. Colonel Wildman thought once of putting the portion that has such a melancholy interest into a glass case, so as to preserve it more effectually; but the old gardener told him he had better let it stay in its original position; for it would be more valuable to all who came to see it, to stand on the spot his lordship stood upon when he carved it, and that it would certainly last as it is now during the Colonel's own life. So it remains. When Barnum, the American showman, came, he sent into the house to request Colonel Wildman to sell it to him for five hundred pounds! The gardener took the message, and the Colonel returned word that he would not take five thousand for it, and suggested that the man who proposed such a monstrous thing should be shot.

We then entered another garden, in which is an old clematis vine, clinging round a tree, and the vine is as large in circumference as the trunk of a common tree, and seems all resolved into threads. But it is alive, and the gardener said no man living could tell its age.

Looking up from this endlessly old clematis, I saw at an oriel window of the Abbey, looking earnestly out, an elderly gentleman, and Mrs. Shepherd by his side. It was Colonel Wildman, trying to see his guest, whose name he had read in the visitors' book.

In an open lawn, near the house, stands the storied oak, planted by Byron. It is trimmed bare, far out of reach of human hands, and when I asked the gardener for some leaves, he exclaimed, "Oh, I daren't." He was forbidden to touch it. We saw also the grave of his Lordship's dog, Boatswain. There is a monument erected over it, consisting of a broad platform or pedestal of several steps, upon which is placed an urn upon a column, and on one side of the column is a long inscription. Byron intended that his sister, Augusta Leigh, old Murray and himself should be buried there with the dog, when he erected this mausoleum, but

the dog remains alone, and Lord Byron's tomb is in Hucknall church.

The last thing the old gardener did was to lead us into a cellar-like apartment, containing a large stone piscina, where the monks used to wash their hands. It was a part of the church once, and from it we went into the nave, which now has the sky for its roof, and grass for its pavement. Choir, chancel, all is gone utterly, except the beautiful West Front, which is in a line with the front of the Abbey, and has a noble arched window in the centre. Beneath it is the great door, and two smaller arched openings on each side, all richly hung and garlanded with ivy, springing from roots as large round as my arm, or even waist. I asked for a bit of this reverend vine, and had permission to take what I would. The effect of the ivy is lovely, as one stands before the façade, on the lawn. Fancy a decoration of deep lace around the edges of all the arches—a deep lace of green, for the wall inside is wholly covered with the rich foliage. I have never seen any print of this ruin that gave the least idea of its beauty, and I wished excessively to try to sketch it, but had no means. I did not wish to come away. There was a spell about the spot, very difficult to analyse; for I could not tell whether it were more pleasant or sad; but it was the spell of genius and beauty, at any rate. I felt a poignant sorrow when I thought of Byron, brought so near as he was by standing on his very homestead-ground—when I considered his ruined life and poisoned genius—his fiery heart, once innocent and true, turned to wormwood with hate and indignation, and the golden promise of his dawn darkening into a lurid storm before his noon—and no purple sunset when his mortal life sank into the night of death. It is certainly one of the saddest of all histories. But his Father in heaven alone could know all his temptations and all the hindrances to the development of his better nature, and He only knew all the gracious aspirations and motions of his spirit, veiled from the world, which

so sternly repelled and scorned him, and too savagely dishonored his remains, even when they were brought from Greece, where he endeavored to do a noble deed. I hope that those persons who rejected him were quite sure that they were holier than he, and it is just as well for him that his body lies in Hucknall church, instead of in the glorious old Westminster Abbey. I remembered the divine words, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone."

The gardener told us that our coachman might have driven us to the inner gate, and that the reason he did not was probably because he wished to have a jolly time at "The Hut." So when we arrived at the aforesaid inner gate, I sat down, for I was weary, and obliged the man to meet us there, where he ought to have driven us.

After we had dined, our landlady came suddenly in upon me. She inquired kindly whether we had had a pleasant day at Newstead, and I civilly answered "Yes," and remained with suspended pen, that she might retire, as time is precious. She talked on, however, and presently asked if she might sit down. I was much annoyed, but, of course, I said "Yes"—yet I found

she was a perfect mine of interesting facts about the Byrons. By degrees she informed me that she was Mrs. —, and that her mother was very highly regarded by all the aristocracy, whom she was in the habit of entertaining. She was especially intimate with two of Lord Byron's aunts, who lived in Nottingham, and when Mrs. — was a young girl, she was often sent to them by her mother with messages. And once she was going through the Market Place, when she met a little sweep, upon whose bare black toes some one trod, just as she was near him, and the boy squealed out "Oh Lord!" when she heard a voice behind say, "Is it I you want?" Looking round, she saw Lord Byron, who had thus responded to the poor boy in very gentle, musical tones, with great kindness.

Two years after Lady Lovelace's visit to Newstead, she died—and her body was brought to this house and lay in state in the great drawing-room, covered with a violet velvet pall, embroidered with silver; and twelve wax candles burned round it during the watch. She desired to be buried by the side of her father at Hucknall church, so there lies her body now.

THE BASSOS.

AN ITALIAN TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

WHAT are we to think of a vocalist, consumed with jealousy at the success of a rival, and yet appealing to our tenderest sympathies in the most plaintive and delicate notes? Is there not something dreadfully hypocritical in such conduct? Can a tenor be so base? With a voice whose "linked sweetness long drawn out" soars to the highest pitch in the scale, can he sink himself to the lowest depths of envy? Think of such a man, delivering his clearest notes from a cloudy conscience, and only lowering himself when he is going higher. Jealousy towards other per-

formers is twisting his very bowels with discord, in the midst of his harmonies. Why should a sweet voice ever go with a sour humor? Have we not often admired the beautiful lines to a lady, singing—

"Oh, it was not the spell of her dark ringlets
wreathing
Around her white neck so surpassingly fair,
Nor the music that seemed from her soft bosom
breathing
Revealing how kind was the heart that beat
there!"

Very pretty, upon my word! very pretty! but is it true? As a general thing, do ladies utter their finest chest-

notes from the heart, or from the art? Do they breathe forth their dulcet strains simply to comfort the listeners, or to challenge the other lady singers? Are those flute-like cadences we admire so much the offspring of genuine emotion, or do they come from an organ as wooden as the wind instrument we compare them to?

Now from a series of careful measurements of the impulses that govern great singers, made with our pocket operameter, we are convinced that vanity, envy and jealousy are in very large proportions in the breasts of these kinds of show-people. And that this is a universal law is easily proved by analogy, for we trace it even in the lower orders of animals. Does not the canary bird trill its loudest in the neighborhood of its rival? Do not two tom-cats on a midnight ridge-pole make four times as much noise as one when he is alone? Go into the silent poultry-yard at noon, and set one chanticleer crowing, and hark to the chorus that follows! The chorus in an opera is constructed upon the same principle—after a solo, the other opera-tors must set up their pipes too, or perish. Do you know how many katydids can make a large grove brilliantly vocal? Only half a dozen! You can easily silence them by gently touching the few trees upon which they are perched. Then comes a pause—a dead silence. The K. T. D. is a timid fellow, a trifle queer perhaps, shy; and his tribe not numerous, and so all is quiet on the Potomac.

By-and-by one querulous half-note is uttered by an individual, as if he had dreamed it out aloud. It is followed by another who wakes up, and proceeds to chirp. A third gauze-winged chap strikes in—clear, shrill, and sharp,—another and another; and then the sound is as if some thousands of cicadæ had tumbled out of heaven and were holding revelry in the tops of the tall trees. But there are only half a dozen—or less. Such is the force of rivalry in music. It even invades the peaceful pool, where the bull and cow-frog, in alternestrophe and antistrophe,

join. How musical upon the ear of night seems the North river tow-boat, coming down, with its freight of adolescent ruminants! The bagpipe rouses the Highlander to fury. Hostile armies rush to glory or a grave, to the music of their rival brass bands.

Once a favorable opportunity presented itself to me to witness a contest for superiority in vocal acquirements, which was peculiar, although very natural. It was a sultry day in summer, just in the hottest part of noon; the sun beat down upon the streets,—no shade on either side; and my fate was to walk amid the glare to the upper part of the West-street side of the city. The river piers in that region are beyond the big ships, the square-sailed vessels, and the steamers. They are generally occupied with the up-river traffic, with schooner and sloop-freights, with shingles, and other building materials, hay, cement, straw in bales, and the like. Such river-craft usually discharge their cargoes on the day of arrival, and are off again in the evening to the sequestered nooks that indent the shores of the Hudson. At the end of one of these piers a solitary schooner was lying; a few bales of hay were standing on end near her, as if waiting for a truck to be carried away. There was not a soul on the pier, the sun was shining on it in full lustre, illuminating every broken brick, chip, or wisp of straw that was strewed about the pier. Just then a voice from behind the bales uttered a note of the very first quality of basso-profundo. It was so melancholy, so plaintive, and so deep, that I walked out to the end of the pier. Not a soul on the schooner either. All hands had gone ashore. But on the burning deck there lay a full-sized calf, with his four legs tied together; so lean, that his bones seemed to be loosely wrapped up in his hide. No doubt he had been discarded for being so lean. He, fixing his large and beautiful eyes upon me, began to warble like a Troubadour. There were about five notes in his scale of double bass, that were never excelled, even upon the stage. Just then, to

get out of the intolerable heat, so as to enjoy this vocalist, I got behind the hay-bales, where there was now a little shade, and, as I did so, I saw another person, followed by a large pointer dog, walking rapidly up the pier-head. As he was intent upon his own thoughts, and did not see me, I slipped out of sight behind the bale, to observe what he would do. He had evidently been attracted by the same voice, for he walked straight to the schooner.

He was about thirty-five or forty years of age, and had so good a figure that he might have stood for the model of a fat Apollo. His head was sheltered by a Panama hat of the finest texture. The creases of packing were still visible in it, and it had no ribbon. Under it his round, smooth face, unwrinkled, and as yellow as a banana, was finely set off by a moustache of studied elegance, and a pair of small, but piercing black eyes, with eyebrows of due proportion. His hair was black, curly, and oily. Around a handsome, full neck, which was nearly bare, he wore a short stand-up collar with a gold button, entwined with a crimson thread of a cravat that was tied in a natty bow. His boots were of patent leather; his pantaloons of thin, pearl-colored cassimere, were tightly fitted to his well-rounded limbs, and his vest of spotless white amply covered his majestic abdomen. The vest was cut very low, to exhibit his delicately embroidered shirt, which, like his wristbands, was finely garnished with studs of opal and diamonds. One well-formed, plump, yellow hand was bare, and on the forefinger a large emerald ring did ornamental service, as he nervously puffed the cigarette which was held between it and the thumb. The other hand was well-gloved in saffron kid, and carried a small Malacca stick, with top of gold flagree and agate. His black cassimere sack was of the finest and most imponderable wool, and his pointer dog was a white and liver-colored thoroughbred, with a chain collar. Altogether, the appearance of the gentleman and his dog were what our boys would call

"*knifty!*" But the pointer had the most singularly human expression ever seen in a dog. It was a puckerous gathering of the eyebrows into a reproachful frown,—ever directed towards his master,—at times relaxing—the frown a little, and opening his eyes. You can see the same odd look in the portrait of old Michael de Montaigne.

Well, down jumped master on the deck of the schooner, and pointer followed. An empty candle-box stood there, and upon this the gentleman seated himself. Then he rolled up a fresh cigarette, lighted it, took one, two, three, vigorous puffs, and looked at the calf, who was regarding him, with sidelong interest, and then he gave utterance to a note, so deep, so prolonged, so clear, and so bassoon-like that it completely filled the wild solitude with its sonorous cadence. The calf then, preparing himself for a mighty effort, did so sweetly exercise his vocables in a double B flat, that the pointer puckered up his eyebrows, and looked with sorrowful visage at his master. He, in turn, taking another succession of whiffs from the cigarette, swelled his capacious bosom to the utmost, and poured forth a stentorian echo that seemed to rend his very diaphragm. Then the pointer opened his eyes and gazed in curiosity at the calf. Then the latter animal uttered a sort of Lablache quaver, but his voice seemed as if it had partly given out. Then did his rival, in great triumph, tunefully ravish the air with a deep sea note, a reedy semibreve, that was nearly an octave below his former efforts, and inserting the stump of his cigarette between his teeth, with a contemptuous smile, he levelled his little black eyes at his fellow-performer, and switched him slightly over the hind legs, as much as to say, beat that if you can. Again the pointer gazed at the calf. But what will not contempt from a rival accomplish? The insulted one, with a horrible convulsive shudder, gave one mighty tug, and breaking the wythes that bound him, as a thread of tow is broken that is burned by the fire, stood up! Then

trembling with emotion and indignation, he burst forth into a cantata—*bim, bom, bell*—at least a full fathom and a half lower than his rival's plummet had ever sounded! The sound did not seem to come from his throat, but from every part of his body. The Italian looked at him in amazement, and the dog looked at the Italian. The former was the greatest basso in Europe,—he had thought to win fresh laurels in the New World, and here was an American who could beat him all hollow. Mortified ambition could not survive the shock; he threw the remains of his cigarette over his shoulder, gave a little tap to his Panama hat, ran frantically to the side of the schooner, and plunged, head foremost, into the water. His pointer sprang to the place, but not

being a water-dog, stood with his forepaws resting on the bulwarks of the vessel, gazing with sorrowful, puckered-up eyes at the circles his master had made in the water.

How different were they from the circles he used to hold spell-bound in the splendid auditoriums of European capitals!

As for his rival, nothing remained of him but four broken rope's ends. But his marvellous notes—

"O love, they die on yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, on field, on river."

Never shall I hear freight-boat descending the majestic Hudson passengered with his bovine brethren,—*"deep calling unto deep;"*—or listen to the chief basso on the boards of the Italian Opera, without recalling them.

DECEIVED.

OFTEN I marvel : has she learned at last
The secret of my memories ? Does she miss
No sweetness of love's fervor in my kiss,
Find in my gaze no shadow of the past ?

Glooming her tranquil joy, has there not crept
A dim, half-shapen dread lest I withhold
Full fealty, and give not gold for gold,
One spirit lavishing what one has kept ?

Shall her pure thought serve steadfast, while it lives,
That faultless faith which questions not my own,
Nor ever dream that I have merely shown
Love's meagre semblance for the love she gives ?

Shall not unpitying Truth, in future years,
Lay bare the mercy of my falsehood ?—Peace,
Too timid heart ; a truth like hers shall cease
With life alone ! Assuage thy foolish fears !

Doubt's cruel whisper shall not break the spell,
O thou whom to deceive is to befriend ;
All shall be well with thee until the end,
Until the end believing all is well !

TO-DAY: A ROMANCE.

"But we—we are—to us the breathing hours."—Schiller.

CHAPTER III.

HOLT'S EVENING WALK.

ON reaching the street, Holt took his way across town, and kept on almost to the East river. He stopped before one of the poorer class of tenement houses, went in, mounted to the top, and knocked at the door of the back room.

It was opened by a young fellow eighteen or nineteen years old.

"How is your mother to-night, Abel?"

Holt entered the room without waiting for an answer.

It was a familiar place to him. During three years he had occupied with Abel a trundle-bed placed every night in an adjoining closet. Abel was the boy whose menial duties he had been permitted to share in Abbott's factory. And here it was that Holt found a home. I say *home*, for he found good feeling and kind treatment and companionship in poverty. At that time Mrs. Frost had five children. Now she had but two. Bad air, meagre food, and a scanty supply of clothing were what the three died of. The doctor reported pneumonia, dysentery, and scarlet fever. This poor woman had suffered from the same causes; but by the medical man her ailment was pronounced to be "general debility."

A girl sixteen or seventeen sat by her bed. She was thin and pale. By close application she earned thirty-five cents a-day, out of which she had to board and clothe herself.

I am recording no new tale. Indeed, it is so trite and commonplace that you will exclaim that I have no originality to touch on so hackneyed a theme. Yes, you know all about it. You read just such accounts in the newspapers, with the variation sometimes that the policeman of his beat finds the woman

dead; and no one who can afford to bury her.

Yes, you have read and heard a great deal constantly repeated. But tell me, in God's name, what have you *done*, what *are* you doing about it? You give to societies. You build marble retreats for the suffering. These are well enough, for aught I know. But the poor want your *human* sympathy. They require *personal* words of cheering, showing you *feel* an interest, not that you are performing a duty in what you do for them, proving that whatever your condition is, you recognize the truth that you are partners with them in the heritage of sin and death, and in the great redemption which overcomes both.

"Mother is asleep."

"Good."

"She has seemed better to-day."

"I thought she would be better."

"And she has more appetite."

"All right."

"Dr. Castleton has been here."

"He has, has he? Well, what did he say?"

"He said there was nothing the matter with mother. She only needed rest and nourishing food."

"I told you so. What else?"

"He said to throw away the medicines; not give her any."

"Better and better. There's a doctor for you."

"He said she did not need any doctor."

"Good again. Abel, I must go now. Come down to the street with me."

Holt said "good-night," and followed by the other, retraced his steps down the four flights of stairs. Coming where the gaslight enabled him to see

more plainly, he counted some money into Abel's hand, and gave him directions how it should be applied.

"Better times for you in the factory after the first of January, Abel."

He turned on his heel and took his way homeward. He did not perceive, neither did Abel, that two cut-throat looking fellows were watching them from a doorway opposite, whose eyes gleamed malignantly at the sight of the money.

Holt walked along slowly. He felt more cheerful than usual. The night was fine and clear. Such a night as is the glory of our New York climate in the early days of December. Holt buttoned his coat to his chin (he wore no overcoat) as he went on.

"Do you run up the other side, Jim, and cut over and ask him what time it is, and I'll sail in."

It was arranged accordingly.

The man passed rapidly along, got in advance of Holt, crossed over, and sauntered down to meet him.

The latter at this time slackened his own pace still more. He seemed to be enjoying the cool air.

While "Jim" was preparing for his demonstration, the other ruffian advanced with stealthy steps in Holt's rear. As Jim drew near, he attracted Holt's attention. The man's aspect even at that distance put him on his guard, so that when he came up and was about to address his victim, he was met with a look so sinister and dangerous, that the ruffian cowered before it and passed on.

"What the h—l is the matter?"

"Nothing. Only just *you* try him, if you wants to."

Terrible oaths followed; but the explanation was probably satisfactory, for the men turned down the next street and disappeared.

Holt pursued his way, unconscious of the peril he had escaped. He entered Broadway at Twenty-third street, and stood where he stood ten years before, when he launched himself resolutely at fate.

It was a fine spectacle. The lights

from the hotels and shops and saloons shone brightly. The street was full. The air was just bracing enough to put every one in spirits. Even the mendicants forgot their customary whine and begged in a cheery tone. The consequence was, they got a great deal more than usual—pity they did not remember it.

Overhead the stars glittered brilliantly. Few in the great city looked in that direction. Holt certainly did not. He cared nothing for the stars, nor indeed for any thing above, below, or BEYOND. He thought only about the earth he stood on; thought fiercely, vindictively. His last chance interview with Virginia Randall (the reader may recollect it) had made him desperate in that quarter. Outside his home he cared for none, except Castleton—he had helped him to his place—and the widow Frost and her family—they had harbored him. Toward every body else Holt cherished bitterness. He had as little sympathy with poor as rich. He looked at the world's movements as those of some great machine, urged by a force he could not understand, and did not care to understand.

"Give me a penny, Bos, just for luck."

"Get out of my way, you little devil," exclaimed Holt savagely.

The boy—he might have been ten—uttered a yell as if he had received a blow. He put himself quickly at a safe distance. Then he stopped and pointed with his finger, screaming out, "Squint eye—old squint eye."

"Come here," said Holt in a pleasant voice, while he felt in his pocket.

The boy approached warily; he was not to be caught by chaff.

"Take that," said Holt, extending toward him half a dollar.

The boy advanced very cautiously.

"What are you afraid of, you little fool? I give this to you because you are a young Satan, and know how to call names."

The lad took the money without a word and ran off. Holt's manner made him "feel queer all over." He stepped

into the first shop and changed the piece for two quarters, and then his mind was easy.

Just at that time Graves came out from Slaack's famous saloon. He had been indulging in a julep.

"How are you, Holt?" he said. It was neither "Bill" nor "Cockeye."

"Look here, Graves," said Holt, "I was rather in an ill-tempered mood when we met a few weeks ago. I told you not to call me Cockeye. That was all nonsense. The fact is, I had as lief you would call me so as not. Indeed, I think I had rather you would. It seems more like old times."

"Well, you *were* a little rough with us," returned Graves; "but I thought about it afterwards, and made up my mind we were getting too old for nicknames; so let it be Holt," he added carelessly.

"Cockeye; really now I prefer you would say Cockeye," answered Holt in an insinuating tone. There was something in it that made Graves feel uncomfortable; but he replied, "All right." Then, for the sake of saying something, he exclaimed: "Mrs. Enos Foote gives a blow-out to-night, and I must be off. Good evening."

"And that's the jackass Virginia's in love with," muttered Holt.

He walked along Fifth Avenue—it was not the route he generally took,—and as he advanced a few blocks he passed the residence of Enos Foote, and encountered the usual preparations of carpeted sidewalk, and temporary enclosure.

His first impulse was to cross the street, the next to keep on his course. As he came up, two or three handsome women were descending from a carriage. The door of the house was thrown open, and a strain of exquisite music struck his ear. He inherited his father's

love for sweet sounds, indeed much else which made the artist's life very happy, but which, with his son, had turned to bitterness.

The music entered his soul, "between the joints of his armor." He could not resist its power. It carried him out of himself, and made him forget who and where he was. As he paused insensibly to listen to it, the way was stopped by the passage of the ladies, who had descended from the carriage.

The one nearest Holt was Virginia Randall. She noticed him, and bowed amiably. It recalled the man to his present recollection. He returned the bow and pushed rapidly on.

It was many years before he saw that beautiful girl again, and Holt could not help, in after time, remembering that it was when they were quite alone together, that she treated him brusquely, or, as he fancied, contemptuously, but that her recognition of him, as she came to Mrs. Foote's, in full dress, with all the surroundings of wealth and display, was prompt and unmistakable.

When Holt reached Thirty-ninth street, he walked along it and stopped before an unoccupied house. He appeared to regard it with interest. He looked into the area and up at the cornice.

His movements attracted the attention of an old gentleman going into the house opposite. He rang his bell, and when the servant came to the door he said, "Thomas, keep watch of that fellow across the way, he looks to me like a burglar. If he does not move on, tell the policeman."

The old gentleman had no idea it was the person who would soon occupy the house, and whose mother was his niece, whom he used to call daughter, and on whom, while a young, affectionate, and lovely girl, he had shut his door.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW DU BARRY BECOMES DISTINGUISHED.

DU BARRY made good his word pronounced to Clara with an air of so much profundity. He prepared a series

of articles for the *Copernican Monthly*, entitled the "Divine Cognation," and which the publishers of that famous

magazine hailed with great satisfaction, regarding it essentially as foreign matter. For in their predilection for such material, they showed how liberal were their views and how entirely unprejudiced.

I have never read those articles, having been much occupied at the time of their publication; indeed, I confess I do not quite understand the meaning of the title. I only know, for three or four months, they occupied the place of honor in the *Copernican*, and that they were "very highly spoken of" by the "press," and that the editor of the — *Blätter* (with whom Du Barry had become well acquainted over their daily lunch of *kartoffel-salat*, and a copious supply of lager) translated each month several sentences from the "Divine Cognition," with extraordinary commendation. "There was something to be hoped for (I quote verbatim) from the literature of this country when such articles as these appeared in a New York magazine, written by a native-born American." The *Copernican* printed this commendatory opinion in their advertisements, and took much credit for "discerning and appreciating the presence of a great scholar and genius among us."

An essay on "Subjective Fitness" was equally well received, and also an article on the "Infra and Supra."

After these important successes, Du Barry was persuaded to descend sometimes to lighter themes. The result was the *Copernican* published a romantic piece called "The Brocken and the Rhine." I read it at the time. It was really admirably written, and very interesting. What further satisfied me that my judgment was correct was that a little after, being myself on the other side, I saw the very same article in an

old German weekly newspaper. Really, I could not imagine how it could have got there, except by being translated from the *Copernican*, which doubtless has a respectable circulation in Germany.

Miss Digby gloried in these publications—that is, privately. I have stated distinctly that she was a very clever girl, and it was not easy to propose any thing she could not comprehend. But the "Divine Cognition" took her off her feet. She could no more fathom it than if it had been written in the original tongue of the builders of Babel. But she saw the praises bestowed on it, and was content. She could not help looking up to Du Barry as a superior being.

Between ourselves, I do not wonder that Clara was somewhat mystified, for Du Barry had compounded his series from several abstruse lectures of several abstruse professors in such a curious way, that neither, I think, could ever have recognized his own property.

It was a great bore to our hero, the getting up of these articles; but he saw in it a way to impress Clara Digby.

In this, we see, he succeeded. "The Brocken and the Rhine," by-the-by, she enjoyed immensely. After reading it several times to herself, she asked Du Barry to read it to her. The fellow had a fine and well-intoned voice.

"Oh, how I wish I could see the Rhine!" exclaimed Clara. "I have been looking a whole year for a suitable opportunity to go to Europe, and I have met with none. It is too bad, when there is nothing else to prevent."

Du Barry wanted exceedingly to suggest a way, but he felt it would be premature. "I must wait. I must be patient, and I shall secure her."

That is what he said to himself.

PART II.

CHAPTER V.

HOW CASTLETON CAME TO VISIT EUROPE.

THAT was the gayest season ever known in New York. Many of my readers will remember it—the year

Fooley absconded and Terwilliger committed suicide by blowing his brains out on his wife's handsome carpets.

He did it to spite her, so she always declared, for he knew her attachment to that particular piece of *tapisserie*. I never believed it. I have always thought the man was driven to desperation by difficulties and perplexities in his business and torment at home. It is a hard thing to withstand *both*, and many strong men break down under the "home influence."

In my opinion, what hastened Terwilliger's end was his wife's determination to give a grand ball, which should exceed in splendor one by her hated rival, Mrs. Peter Crawworthy.

Terwilliger had said flatly that he could not afford it.

"You must afford it. Have you no regard for the social position of your family? Here is Louisa just come out, and you are so mean and avaricious that you grudge us the means to enable us to live respectably."

Terwilliger turned sadly toward his daughter, in whose presence these harsh words were spoken. He fancied she looked as if she were sorry for him, but she did not speak.

"Wife," he replied, with a firmness he did not usually display toward her, "I *cannot* let you have any money. My affairs are in a desperate condition, and I do not know what to do." He uttered this as if suffering agony of soul.

"Pshaw! it has been the same story ever since we were married. I don't believe you are any worse off than you always are. You are perpetually groaning and complaining."

"But, Jane," he said, in a tone calculated to soften her, "you have no idea what difficulties I am in."

"It is a man's business to have difficulties, and to surmount them," retorted his wife, and not whine about them at home."

"I do, I have surmounted them," gasped Terwilliger, "up to now; but I am now in great trouble, and I fear I can't get through."

"Can't get through! What do other men do? They get through, and don't trouble their families about it, either."

"For God's sake, Jane, don't go on

in this way! I cannot do more than I can."

"Suppose you can't! What are four or five thousand dollars more or less? I don't want a great deal of ready money. A large part of the expense we will have credit for. Give me three thousand dollars this morning, and I will try to get along with that. In fact, I *must* have it."

"I *cannot* give it you; I have not got it."

"Then borrow it."

"I *cannot* borrow it."

"We have come indeed to a pretty pass. You are getting to be an imbecile. This party I shall give. The cards are ordered, and the time fixed. Every body knows about it. Let me see if you dare disgrace us."

Terwilliger glanced at his child again; she said nothing, but sat with downcast eyes. It was a very unhappy spectacle.

He left his house, unable to speak. He was choked. He endeavored in vain to swallow. His lips were becoming parched, and he frequently tried to moisten them with his tongue.

This crisis might come any day. He was terribly involved in his operations; but his courage would not have failed him, if he could have found any comfort or sympathy at home. And now, as he was walking to his place of business, it was not the troubles which he knew he must meet when he reached his office, that he was thinking about, but the scene he had passed through before leaving his house.

An hour after her husband left, Mrs. Terwilliger received an unexpected call. A friend of the family, an old lady not at all in society, sent in word she would like to see her for a moment.

She was admitted. With many apologies for coming in at so early an hour, she stated that she was to quit town for Boston at twelve, and she wished to leave with Mrs. Terwilliger a package of bonds to hand to her husband to put in his safe.

How much was in it?

Five thousand dollars.

Would she be long absent? She did not intend to return before Spring. She would write to Mr. Terwilliger where to send the interest when collected.

"I will put the package in our private safe, where our silver is kept," said the lady, "until my husband comes home."

"Many thanks. Good-morning."

No one was present at this conversation, save the parties engaged. After it closed, Mrs. Terwilliger sat a few minutes absorbed in thought. At length she took the package, tore off the covering, and examined each bond, to see if there were any marks to indicate the ownership. She found none. She next went to her room, and put on a plain walking-dress. She did not order her carriage, but took an omnibus to her husband's office.

He saw her enter, and dreaded what was to follow. She had come for the three thousand dollars. What *should* he do? He took her in a private room.

"George," she said, and no one could speak more winningly when she chose, "George, I have good news. Here is something which will help us both. Take these and give me three thousand dollars."

Terwilliger looked over the bonds.

"Why, Jane," he said, "how did you get them?"

"Never mind how I got them. Give me the money, quick. It is all right."

"But what am I to do with the bonds? To whom do they belong?"

"It is enough that I bring them to you. Ask no more questions, or I shall go somewhere else to transact my business. On the whole, give me thirty-five hundred dollars. Louisa will require the other five hundred." She knew the child's name was potent with her husband.

The man was quite taken aback, so that he almost mechanically followed his wife's directions. The money was procured and given to her.

"I wish really," he said, as she was leaving, "you would explain this to me. I ought to know about it."

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"I will tell you by-and-by. I say it is all right, and that's enough."

In this way the woman raised the necessary cash outlay for the ball that was the talk of the whole town.

The old lady who left the bonds with her wrote to Mr. Terwilliger sooner than the wife anticipated, about where to remit the interest when due. The letter arrived the day after the ball, and the day (it never rains, but it pours) which proved a final collapse in the poor fellow's affairs. He saw the thing at a glance; saw how he had been made to take the widow's substance; he knew he could not make it good to her; there could be no explanation except that he was a deliberate knave—a robber—worse, he had plundered the widow and the orphan.

The ball was a damning circumstance; all his creditors were talking about it. Every body was talking about it. The accumulated trouble was more than he could bear. He may have been seized with a sudden frenzy, or he may have acted deliberately when he committed suicide. God forgive him.

I said that was the gayest season of all, and, despite the indications to the contrary, old Enos Foote weathered the storm, while the purlieus of the stock exchange were strewn with the wrecks of the terrible contest in which a powerful combination attempted to drag him down. Young Prince, the millionaire, forged other millions to sustain the corner. The crime was discovered. He was sent to the penitentiary, and thus the siege was raised.

These events brought an accumulation of business of the most lucrative kind to the law office in Nassau street—now Pulsifer & Castleton—for the former had changed his idea of only allowing his single name to appear, as he had changed in many other things.

It was high time for him to look after his junior partner. He was working too hard; absorbing himself literally in what he had to do. Terwilliger in his lifetime had important relations with some of Pulsifer's foreign clients. His sudden death complicated them

seriously. It would be well that some one familiar with the affair should see them at once. Pulsifer decided off-hand.

Without any sensible break in their friendship, Castleton, since the party at Mrs. Foote's, had gradually seen less and less of Clara. I really think she tried, when they did meet, to preserve the semblance of their old friendship. But what would you have? Du Barry was entirely devoted to her, and she was becoming more and more interested in him. Lovers are selfish beings, and that is all need be said about it.

At times Castleton would come back to his old resolution of having a full understanding with Clara. He felt that it would be a relief, if he could tell her how much he had always loved her. His pride saved him this avowal. Besides, Clara did her best to avoid an *eclaircissement*. And possibly the influence of Mrs. Delaine helped to prevent it. Castleton had gradually come to see more and more of her. She was adroit enough not to make further allusion to Miss Digby. But she quietly did every thing in her power to cause Castleton to feel at home in her house. He would often drop in in the afternoon, when the arduous work of the day was over. At such times, he could not help enjoying the atmosphere of that palatial residence and the society of its fascinating occupant.

She, on her part, was very careful not to do any thing to frighten him away. She concealed her own feelings perfectly. She did not at first profess to sympathize with him. She treated him just for what he was; a young man of genius and intellect who promised to become great. He was made to feel at home in various ways. If Mrs. Delaine was not in when he called, he was not permitted to turn away. There was the library, the evening paper with the lounge, or the picture gallery. Or if she were in, she did not always come immediately into the room, but would leave him quite to himself, sometimes for half an hour. In this way she secured frequent visits, and the happiness of

seeing him learn, by degrees, to treat her with a cordial and natural familiarity.

It was a blissful triumph. She dared not betray herself, lest she should alarm him; but she continued to throw her delicate toils around this neophyte in love, hoping to secure him in the end.

You do not wonder, do you, that our hero yielded insensibly to an influence so subtle and insidious that no trace of its design was tangible? To have a life's devotion suddenly passed on with indifference, or with the calm of friendly pity, will shake the soul's foundations and stir the pride. To be at that moment recognized for what you are, and treated accordingly, is very satisfying, especially if there is not mixed with it any show of conscious sympathy. Besides, beauty, fashion, wealth, with all their surroundings, *are* seductive, and always have been.

"Castleton!"

"Yes."

"This is Tuesday morning."

"Yes."

"The Scotia sails for Liverpool to-morrow at twelve. You must go in her!"

"I?"

"Yes. I have thought it carefully over. The — Trust Company are involved in this dreadful business. This will complicate the affairs of Staller & Marks, and I don't know what next. You must run over and see them."

Castleton's heart beat high at the thought of a sudden change of scene. He had always entertained the idea of a short trip to Europe before settling to work, but had come so imperceptibly in harness that the voyage was not made.

"How can I possibly leave at this time? Norris' case is on for to-morrow, and we never had so much to do."

"I will take care of every thing. I can say what I have to say to you in thirty minutes, and this evening you can make out a full memorandum for me."

Thus the matter was settled, and Pulsifer went straight to his work. Be-

fore the half hour had gone, he had finished.

"All this will occupy you twenty-four hours after you reach London, possibly forty-eight hours, and your work will be done."

"No doubt. I will be with you again in a month."

"Not under three months. That is the extent of your vacation. I am going to lay out your tour."

"But three months will not give time for a trip over Europe. I may see London and Paris, although, I am told, it takes a year to know much about them."

"That is some of Du Barry's folly, I know. The idiot has been in Europe all his life, and I will be bound, when you return, you will know more about it than he does."

"Rather an extravagant statement, that."

"Not at all. I mean what I say. It takes a wise man to understand that a part is better than the whole; often a very small part. Glimpses are every thing. They awaken, they excite, they stimulate; we enjoy them without satiety. I have been twice abroad. Flying visits, both times, which I enjoyed to the utmost. Glimpses, nothing but glimpses. I never shall forget passing at midnight through the old town of Rouen, in Normandy. No railways then. The diligence was brought to a halt for twenty minutes. It was a bright night. After swallowing a cup of coffee, one of the hangers-on of the cabaret told us the cathedral was but half a block off, and we should have time to go to it. No one stirred but myself. I gave the fellow a few sous, and he pointed out the spot. I hurried to it. There stood the magnificent pile, marvellously conspicuous by the light of the moon. I looked at it a moment, and went in—Catholic churches are never closed, you know—I walked the entire length of the cathedral, through entrance, nave and choir. I stood, and saw how the moonbeams, falling on the painted glass, displayed the old illuminations, saw about me pictures,

and chapels, and statues of saints, and the Christ, and the Virgin, and just then heard the conductor's horn sounding for departure.

"I sprang out. I had seen enough. Do you think I would exchange that glimpse for a whole day of careful inspection? No, indeed."

Any one who had listened to Pulsifer at that moment would have given full credit to his assertion that he had been a romantic young fellow.

"So through life. I speak of enjoyments," continued he. "We should sip, not quaff; delicately touch, not handle. To come with delight, to leave with regret; to feel you never see enough; to not investigate—I mean, no picking flowers to pieces to find the perfume—to keep always a reserve force and something perpetually before you, is the secret of enjoyment. Glimpses, glimpses."

Castleton smiled. "I half suspect," he said, "that you have improvised this whole affair out of a not very necessary or urgent business. I shall assuredly follow your suggestions in partaking of the entertainment, since you are my host."

"Good. I want you to do what folks are always laughed at for doing. When you are in London, drive around two, or three, or four days like mad. You must scamper to Rome. Your most enthusiastic glow will be when, like Paul, you will get a sight of it from the Three Taverns. You might almost afford to turn back at that moment, but you may as well look inside St. Peter's and tread the Coliseum, but no investigations, mark me. Quit by the Appian Way, and think over your classics. After that, look at the Nile. You will readily get to Cairo, not further up, though. Keep on the go, and muster all the guide-books that can be had into your service. Not for use then, but when you return. Then for years you may have a charming occupation, in reading up on where you have been. With your glimpses to aid your imagination and the guide-books to help you to locate your fancies, you will have secured the

true charm, the very aroma of travel. I will look in on you about nine this evening. And, let me make a suggestion, we will say nothing about this little trip till you are off."

"I don't think there will be much opportunity," said Castleton, smiling.

"Ahem! you know what I mean, no bidding good-by, &c., &c. Not worth the trouble."

"I think I ought to run in and see Du Barry, he lodges very near me."

"As you like, but——"

"Miss Digby, you were going to say; she left town yesterday for a week's absence.

"How exactly he knows all about it," said Pulsifer, musingly. "Well. I will not keep you longer. This evening at nine."

Castleton spent an hour at the office to put certain matters in shape. Then he started on his walk home.

Perhaps it was by sheer habit, as he came to Mrs. Delaine's house he stopped and rang the bell. Perhaps he felt that courtesy required, after her many attentions, that he should tell her he was about to leave town.

He passed into the library, no one was there, he turned into a species of boudoir adjoining, it was a favorite place where Mrs. Delaine liked to sit. As he came in, her musical voice greeted him.

"You are late."

Very simple words, but interpreted they meant a great deal. They showed that Castleton came so often and so regularly that this deviation was noted and spoken of, spoken of familiarly, with a pretty touch of reproach.

She was seated in an exquisite little fancy chair, a book lay upon her lap, and as she looked up at Castleton, her very eyelids were suffused. She had never before permitted herself to exhibit such signs of intense feeling. She had them always at command, but they had been kept in abeyance.

Why she had concluded to advance her lines on that particular day, I do not know; but I do know she had been an hour deciding just what pose to assume.

"You are late." She held out her hand as she spoke; a beautiful and very white hand, with fingers tapering in a perfect proportion, without rings of any sort, just the simple, warm flesh and blood hand.

Castleton held it in his own for a moment, and made no reply. He felt, he hardly knew how. Suddenly her relations seemed to have changed toward him. How young she looked that moment, how innocent, how loving and trustful!

I cannot tell what would have been the result of the interview had Castleton's head not been full of his trip—some sort of denouement, doubtless, for it is evident the lady had been preparing for it. As it was, after the moment's pause, the spell was broken.

"I have come to say *adios*. I am going away."

She turned very pale. "What do you mean?"

"I sail in the Scotia to-morrow."

"With whom?"

"A large number of passengers in general, with no one in particular."

"Do you really go alone?"

She was still mortally pale, but her eyes flashed dangerously.

"Why not? Don't you think I can be trusted across the sea?"

"And you will not sit down?"

"It is but two hours since this was decided, and I really have not a moment."

He sat down, nevertheless.

Mrs. Delaine rose quietly and took a seat by him on the sofa. She suddenly assumed the appearance of the greatest interest. "Tell me about it," she said in a low, intense tone, which implied confidences between them.

At any other time Castleton would have noticed it, but his thoughts were on the voyage and on nothing else.

Mrs. Delaine sat very still, listening in a timid, child-like, half-frightened manner to his brief explanation. This manner was partly assumed, partly as she had of late really begun to feel.

"And what am I to do if you go? What will become of those dreadful business matters?"

Castleton could not help laughing.

"You seem to forget that Mr. Pul-sifer is still here."

"No, I do not; but I have learned to rely on you so much in every thing that I cannot bear to have you leave me even for a few months."

The tears were starting. She put her handkerchief to her eyes in the prettiest manner possible.

Castleton was decidedly embarrassed. A more experienced man would have understood the scene. He did not.

Mrs. Delaine was vexed at his stupidity, and piqued by it; but she could do no more than keep her beautiful lace kerchief to her face, and utter a pretty little sob.

Castleton took the hand which was not employed, and which lay innocently near him, as if waiting his touch (he was really sorry for her), and pressing it kindly, he said, "I am much grieved that you feel as you do. You know I am to return very soon, and then we will totally rout your enemies, depend on it. Good-by."

She did not look up nor change position, except to raise the hand which Castleton released, so that her face and kerchief were now buried in both hands, adding to the effectiveness of the scene. In this way she allowed him to leave without a word. When he had gone, the lady kept her posture for a minute from sheer vexation.

"What a strange man! frigid as ice! but he is not frigid, I know he is not; else his presence would not tantalize me so. I am glad he is going abroad. He will learn something. And when he returns, ah——"

Once outside the house, Castleton breathed more freely; though he felt as if a coil had in some way been thrown around him. Hurrying on, he came where Du Barry had his lodgings. He caught him just as he was going out to his dinner, and told his errand in a word.

Du Barry was astonished. He fancied he had the monopoly of Europe, and here was his old friend about to trespass on his territory.

"When do you return?" he asked.

"In about three months."

"Three years, you mean."

"Three months."

"Really, Castleton, for three months it is not worth your while. Trust me for that, who *know* Europe."

"I dare say, but I have decided. You speak too late. If I pass through Nuremberg, I will have my eye out for the Commissionaires who infested your way so much."

"Nuremberg!" exclaimed Du Barry, suddenly changing color. "Nuremberg! You really don't expect to get to Nuremberg?"

"I am sure I don't know. I shall be all the time on the run; but if I can spend a day in your favorite town, I would like to do it, for our *auld lang syne*."

"Oh, there is nothing which would interest you there for a day, nothing; besides, it is out of the beaten route."

"That is why I should like it. If I do go there, I will leave your card with your friends, and try to treat the commissionaires as you did."

"I would not recommend the Baierischer Hof. You will find the Wittelsbacher Hof, near the post-office, much more convenient."

"Thanks. I have not the least idea whether I go there or not, but I will not forget."

"Let me put the name of the hotel down for you."

Castleton, long after, had reason to recall the fact that Du Barry appeared particularly anxious when he spoke about Nuremberg and of the hotel, but at the time he thought nothing about it.

He said "Good-by," and the visit was over. Neither took the least satisfaction in it.

When Castleton announced at home that he was to leave the next day, the doctor gravely proposed to give him letters to Velpeau and Louis, and his mother suggested an excellent preventive for sea-sickness. To Americans, unexpected changes are such a matter of course, that Castleton's announce-

ment produced only some congratulatory remarks about his pleasant vacation, and a few directions in the laundry, relating to the young gentleman's linen. The next day Castleton was on the steamer, tossed up and down in a manner not altogether personally satisfactory, but which he was content to make the best of, since there was no help for it. He was cut off from all relations and associations with the world. Outside of the ship every thing appeared to him a blank. And in becoming interested in what was immediately around him, the vessel, the crew, the passengers, and the element they floated on, he seemed to forget he ever had, or ever felt an interest in any thing else!

Two or three weeks after the sailing of the Scotia, Pulsifer met Miss Clara Digby as he was leaving a house which she was about to enter. The two were always pleased to meet, for the lawyer's remarks were fresh and entertaining, and Clara's replies piquant and attractive to him. On this occasion Pulsifer did not exhibit his usual disposition to stop for a brief chat with his fair enemy, as he used to call her.

"A very charming day," that was all he said, as he was passing down.

"Very. Pray tell me, Mr. Pulsifer, what sent Mr. Castleton to Europe in such a hurry?"

"Why do you think he went in a hurry?"

"I saw him just as I was leaving town, only two days before he sailed, and he never spoke of it."

"There it is again. Woman's logic. Put your two statements together, and tell me how it proves he did go in a hurry."

"Because," retorted Clara with provoking coolness, "I think he would have told me had he known he was going."

"Well, well, if that is the case, it is time to look into it. A very safe young gentleman I have for a law partner, whose relations with a lady are such that no important move in our office can be kept secret from her."

"I am glad you have discovered the danger; forewarned, forearmed."

"Have you no further questions to ask?"

"I dare say, but you did not answer my first. It was perhaps a little impertinent. I withdraw it. Is it consistent with the rules of your office to tell me how long Mr. Castleton is to be absent?"

"Between seven and eight years," replied Pulsifer, gravely.

"I think I once heard you say there is nothing so beautiful as truth," returned Clara.

"Then you will appreciate the beauty of my observation. Time is measured by events, emotions, experiences. Castleton will stay abroad till he has seen as much and learned as much and felt as much as an ordinary person would in seven or eight years."

Clara was piqued. She knew Pulsifer referred to Du Barry, when he spoke of seven or eight years, yet she was not willing to show what with her nature it was difficult to conceal.

"I am glad the Sphinx permits some sort of explanation to escape him, even if it is a ridiculous one."

"Wherein ridiculous?"

"In assuming that Mr. Castleton is superior to every body else."

"Don't you think he is?"

"No."

"Tell me frankly, don't you think Castleton superior to every young gentleman of your acquaintance save *one*?"

"And if I do?" defiantly.

"Why you are nearly right. Throw out that *one*, and you would be quite right."

"Thank you." She began to look angry.

"You won't do it, though?"

"Really, Mr. Pulsifer, I do not understand you," with much hauteur.

"Nothing so beautiful as truth."

"What do you mean, sir?" ireful and indignant.

"I mean to say this, Miss Clara Digby. You are carried away, infatuated, I may say, by an unworthy object. You are about to make shipwreck of

happiness—total shipwreck. Be warned in time. Good morning."

The old lawyer hurried down the steps and walked away, muttering, "That's off my mind. It won't do the least good, however."

Clara was in a towering passion. The insolence of the man was insufferable. She wished she had a brother to resent such impertinence. The next time she met Pulsifer she cut him in the most decided manner.

The latter was right. What he said did not do any good. It only confirmed Miss Digby more firmly in her feelings toward Du Barry.

I do not say she did not miss the presence of a noble spirit, who was to her always the same high-minded, disinterested friend. But if she did, it is because the sex are never ready to give up an admirer, but engross, without conscience, all who will worship them.

Du Barry continued his devotions, but he was too wary to be precipitate, and Miss Digby, infatuated if she were, was not to be won by a *coup*.

It often occurred to Du Barry to allude to the time when he took leave of her at Scotenskopt, but he reserved this little bit of machinery for some very telling occasion. His idea was to treat it with seriousness, and at the proper time to avow that from the period of his boyhood, when he went

into exile, up to that very minute, his heart had remained entirely devoted to her.

An observation of Clara's one day made him alter his course. She was ridiculing a desperate love affair between two very young people—a mere boy and girl—without thinking it might well apply to the old incident between them.

Du Barry joined in. "The Germans," he said, "call this 'calf-love.' I have often amused myself," he continued, in the most careless manner possible, "thinking of my grand attempt at leave-taking when a mere lad I came to bid you good-by before sailing. You have forgotten it, I dare say. I am sure I shall always remember it, your repulse was so up to the mark. You could not do it better to-day," and Du Barry laughed heartily.

Clara was considerably annoyed, for she had laid this little affair up as one of her heart treasures, which young ladies keep very sacred; and she disliked to have it profaned by such an allusion. She felt obliged also to laugh, but she made no reply, and looked very serious the rest of the interview; and when Du Barry went away she tormented herself with the idea that he really did not care for her.

Du Barry was certainly victorious on that occasion.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. HOLT MOVES INTO A FASHIONABLE QUARTER.

THE house in Thirty-ninth street, between Madison and the Fifth Avenue, was finished by the middle of January. Mrs. Holt had been engaged for several weeks previous, selecting the furniture, porcelain, plate, and et ceteras.

Notwithstanding the long years of seclusion and poverty, she took readily to the task. It was a happy sight to see the little woman, dressed still in black, but with exquisite taste, driving from shop to shop, to accomplish her pleasant duty. She encountered a good many of her old acquaintances, who

were not slow to recognize her changed fortunes. She had already renewed her acquaintance with two or three of her most intimate school friends, and when the house was furnished, and she had moved in it, she was astonished at the number of cards that accumulated on her table. Still the widow Holt did not forget the days of her adversity. She would have preferred a more retired, a less ostentatious life; but to please her son I think she would have undertaken almost any thing, hardly excepting the round dances.

The old gentleman over the way appeared to take a great deal of interest in what was going on. He inquired of his man the name of the new comers, and was told it was Holt. It did not, in this connection, even raise a thought of his niece, whom he had for years utterly lost sight of. But when, one day, he met Mrs. Holt point blank at the corner of the street, she had thrown aside her veil, and with the freedom of age had stared curiously at her, he was struck with the extraordinary resemblance to his niece. He went home in a brown study. He began to catechise Thomas. "Do you know any thing about our neighbors opposite?"

Now gossip flies fast, and our servants are apt to know much more than we do ourselves. Thomas, long since, was in possession of the whole story; Mr. Dezing's coachman had told him the very romantic history. It had been told the coachman in the most sentimental style by his mistress' lady's-maid, who had the story from Mrs. Dezing herself. That lady was very intimate with Mrs. Holt when she was Gertrude Lansing, and had sympathized with her in her love affair with the artist, and was in raptures to hear of her reestablished fortunes. You may be sure, therefore, that the tale was not told to the advantage of Mr. Lansing, the uncle, and that it lost nothing in the transmission from one servant to another.

When, therefore, Thomas was directed to ascertain something about the new comers, the occupation was that of carrying coals to Newcastle. But he betrayed no knowledge of the subject till a few days later, when the old gentleman, still pestered by the resemblance which continued to haunt him (I don't wonder it did haunt him, for his wife was an invalid and he was childless, and it made him recall Gertrude's happy, innocent face). I say, when aroused by this, he again put some question to his man, the latter looked queer and hesitated, and finally ventured to speak.

"I did hear, sir, but folks do talk strange, you know, sir, that the gentleman and his mother be some relations to

you, sir, that is to say, sir, used to be, sir, a great many years ago, sir, but in course, sir, you would best know about that yourself, sir."

"Relations? what sort of relations? Tell me just what you heard, Thomas."

"Well, sir, you will excuse me, sir, but I did hear how that the lady, that is Mrs. Holt, sir, had been formerly, I mean very many years ago, sir, certainly by no means now, sir, leastwise not of late years, sir——"

"Out with it. What the d—l are you hanging back about, twisting yourself into a double amperand!"

Thomas looked frightened.

"Why don't you say what it is? Do you think I care for the tittle-tattle of the neighborhood?"

"In course not, sir, that is why I never spoke about it, sir, but I will inquire, since you tell me to, sir."

"Inquire! Why, you have the whole story at your tongue's end. What the d—l is the matter with you? Proceed!"

"It is nothing at all, sir. They only say the lady used to be your niece, sir, but that was a long time ago, sir."

"Used to be! I should like to know, if she used to be my niece, what she is now."

"I really cannot tell, sir," replied Thomas demurely.

"I tell you what it is, Thomas, other people seem to know a good deal more about my family affairs than I know myself, and I advise you, for the future, to be careful how you listen to their nonsense."

With this reprimand, Thomas was dismissed; but the old man was uneasy.

That night he woke up, and thought how happy it would be if such a sweet-looking little lady, as he saw opposite, formed a part of his family. And for the first time it occurred to him he had made a mistake.

He would not have thought so had he been told his niece continued to struggle with destitution, or had died in the struggle. There would have been no repentance then. But to see

her emerge into the world his equal in society, so attractive, and with so many friends, why, in this view of the case, he was ready to acknowledge his error. He went to sleep again, cogitating how he could bring about a reconciliation.

It seems he formed a very simple scheme to effect his object. He observed that Holt invariably walked home. He managed, therefore, to put himself in his way one afternoon, as he was coming along the Avenue.

"Good evening, sir," he said blandly. Holt nodded.

"I think, young gentleman, we ought to know each other."

There was no reply.

"I say I think you and I ought to be acquainted."

"Do you?"

"I feel quite sure now you don't know my name,"—very good-natured and quizzical.

Holt stopped short, and looked fixedly at the old gentleman, who also stopped.

"I do know it, though," he replied, presently.

"But you don't know who I am, for all that,"—a little triumphantly.

Holt again turned on the questioner.

"I know you," he said, "for a bad, selfish old man, who treated with a refined cruelty a young, tender girl, who had been taught to call you father. Don't flatter yourself that I am ignorant. I have kept watch of you all my life, waiting for just this moment. Go your way. Do not dare speak to me again, else I shall be tempted not to regard your gray hairs."

Without waiting for reply, or further demonstration, Holt strode rapidly across the street, his face working with rage, his hands clenched, and his long arms swinging to and fro defiantly.

It was some time before Mr. Lansing could recover sufficient self-possession to proceed. He stood looking after Holt as the latter walked furiously on, and exclaimed several times, "God bless me." Thomas, who had witnessed the whole scene from the corner, as he was returning from an errand, related to Mr. Dezing's coachman, that when his master came home that day, he was "completely flabbergasted!"

CHAPTER VII.

HOLT AT CHURCH!

WILLIAM HOLT came and went to their new house as he formerly came and went to their rooms in the Sixth avenue. He avoided the acquaintance of all his mother's visitors, while he took the greatest pains to provide for their reception, and appeared to glory in the success of his plan to restore her to society. His mother knew this, and did not attempt to interfere with his moods. He occupied a back room in the upper story of the house, where was placed a single iron bedstead, covered with a hard mattress. Two or three necessary articles made up the furniture. Here he slept, and here, with the book he happened to be engaged with, he would go and spend the time, if there was company in the house; when they had left, he would descend to a little sitting room, his mother's favorite

resort, and remain there. No matter what he was doing, he preferred always to be near her. And so time passed.

One grievance filled the widow's soul. It was William's unbelief. She dared call it by no other name. He never attended church. He shrank from any allusion to religious subjects, and a sneer was on his face at the mention of a clergyman.

In their period of unrelenting poverty, Mrs. Holt forbore to remonstrate with her son. But when his fortunes had changed, and wealth flowed in on them, she could no longer postpone what seemed to her an imperative duty.

One evening, therefore, as they were sitting together, she approached the subject.

"William, do you never intend to go to church?"

The young man's frame appeared convulsed by some internal emotion. He knew that his mother had resolved to open a subject he hoped would be forever sealed.

He did not at first answer; but seeing that she waited for a response, he said in a low tone, "Why ask me?"

"Because, William, I *must* do it. It is the source of great unhappiness to me that you exhibit a disregard of sacred things."

"I do not disregard things I consider sacred, but I detest priestcraft and all other hypocrisy."

"And do you never intend to go to church?"

"Never."

Mrs. Holt rose and essayed to leave the room. She really hardly knew what she was doing. The stern, severe "Never" fell on her ears like some terrible irrevocable doom—doom for her child. It was the first harsh word he had ever spoken to *her*. Through all their hardships and sufferings, despite his fierce, ungovernable temper and passionate outbreaks, he had never spoken to her a word before with *such* an emphasis. She felt she could not endure it, and attempted, as I have said, and scarce knowing why, to leave the room.

She only reached the door. Then leaning against it, she gave way to her grief in a burst of passionate demonstrations, in sobs and tears and hysterical groans.

Holt rose quickly and walked up and down the little apartment. His look was hard—hard as stone. Up and down, down and up, with an expression which got to be almost demoniacal.

Suddenly it changed. He stepped up, and laid his hand on her arm.

"Mother, I will go."

She did not appear to regard him. The paroxysm had got control of her.

"Mother," he repeated, "do you not hear me? I tell you I *will* go." She appeared a little quieter, but it was evident, for the moment, she could not respond.

"Mother," exclaimed Holt, "for God's sake, do not go on so. Speak to me!"

"Why do you say for God's sake, William, if you don't believe in a God?" she asked, looking at him for the first time.

"Nobody dares say I do not believe in a God. Did you hear me tell you I *would* go to church?"

"No, no; *did* you tell me so, William?"

"I did."

He passed quietly out of the door as he spoke, unwilling to prolong the scene. He resorted to his usual method for restoring his composure, a walk.

"I would go into hell to save her a single pang," he muttered between his teeth, as he descended to the sidewalk, "why not into a church? To be sure, there is my oath to the contrary, but I will break it, if it is to make her feel easier."

When he came home, about ten o'clock that night, he was in his ordinary mood, and greeted his mother quite as usual.

"Abel, where do you go Sundays?"

"Do you mean to what meeting?"

"Yes."

"Same one always."

"I forget about it."

"Methodist meeting-house in — street."

"What time does it go in?"

"Half-past ten in the morning, half-past three in the afternoon."

"Good preacher?"

"First-rate. Ain't afraid of any body. No kid glove nor fancy soap. Won't you come and hear him?"

"I rather think I will." And Holt went.

He saw a small, middle-aged man enter the pulpit, not in any way remarkable in appearance. After the usual exercises, to which Holt paid not the least attention, the preacher announced his text: Matthew vii. 20. "*Wherefore, by their fruits ye shall know them.*"

The subject was one which would naturally attract Holt. The discourse was fragmentary, but practical. I subjoin some brief extracts from it.

"My friends," said the minister, "people are all the time trying to make forms answer for good deeds. As I have often told you, there is no virtue in a mere form, there is no piety in the mere act of coming to church. I don't know the various motives which may bring you here to-day; but the great question is what *fruit* do you produce on week-days? Answer me that! Never mind Sundays. It is the six days of the week I ask you about, and if they are spent in a perpetual selfish strife without a thought of doing some good, do you believe you will be any the better for coming here on the Sabbath day? I doubt it. It only goes to show your hypocrisy. It is as much as to say, I will pay up for six days' service of the devil by putting on my Sunday coat for a few hours, and crying, 'Lord, Lord.'

"Look over the world, and apply these words, '*By their fruits ye shall know them*,' fruits which bear from day to day and year to year not a single last gasp crop. There is a great deal of that going on. A man, after a long life of selfish acquisition, with no generous emotions even, but always having the one object, namely, how to get the best of a bargain, or an 'operation,' when he finds it is time to leave this world, and he knows he cannot use his capital in the world to come, I say such a man often turns philanthropist, and gives money here and gives it there, and his name appears in the newspapers, and monuments are raised for him, and he goes down to the grave with great glorification.

"Now what would our Lord say to such a man. He would say, 'Friend, you had no right to amass all that

wealth. You are now three score and ten, and during the fifty years in which you have been getting it together you have neglected my work, you have done and permitted much evil all those fifty years, and have become, by reason of these great possessions purse-proud, vain, and selfish, and now, as you are about to die, you seek still to aggrandize yourself by giving away what no longer belongs to you."

"Ah, brethren, do not put off your good performances till fear of the judgment urges you. Let your daily lives overflow with kindness to one another. Then we shall have the true heaven upon earth. Seek not to acquire great wealth. If you are prospered, distribute as you go along. It is by the personal effort of every human being to be good, and not by preaching that the world is to be reformed. A great preacher, or a great lecturer, or a great moral essayist cannot do half the good that one sincere disciple of Christ does who lives according to the law of love."

Holt was a good deal surprised to find he had been listening to the sermon, and that it was already at an end. He stopped, curious to look at the preacher as he passed out, but he could discern no mark of consciousness or self-sufficiency in his bearing.

He turned away as if disappointed with the scrutiny. He had calculated on discovering something in the preacher's face which should not accord with what he had been saying, possibly which might give the lie to it.

He walked home slowly with his long arms thrown behind him. The next Sunday he went to hear the same man again.

THE OLD HOSPITAL—GONE.

THAT most veracious of chroniclers, Diedrich Knickerbocker, is said to have written his famous History of New York in a room of the Independent Columbian Hotel, "which commanded a very pleasant view of the new grounds on the Collect, together with the rear of the Poor House and Bridewell and a full front of the Hospital, so that it was the cheerfullest room in the whole house." The Poor House is gone, the Bridewell is gone, and now, alas! the old Hospital is gone. With what emotions, if New Yorkers have any emotions, must our old citizens have seen the sight which I saw to-day! What once was green sward, studded with trees, whose leaves have withered and opened for a hundred years, is now excavated earth, and at the hands of delving Milesians the ivy-entwined front of the New York Hospital is fast being demolished, and before these pages reach my readers, there will scarce a trace be left of the venerable pile.

Let us go back, and, while we may, tell the story of this land-mark of old New York. What we are about to write may sound like a lament, and so we would have it; for we believe that this hospital of such glorious memory, for its relief afforded to the sufferings of humanity, has been needlessly sacrificed to the Vandalizing spirit of new New York. Were it the Emperor of Erie, Mr. James Fisk, Jr., or men of his ilk, who had razed these foundations, we perhaps should have felt no surprise; but when we consider that those who have done this are the governors of the institution, men of historic name in New York, we cannot but be amazed at the deed of desecration, which we see committed at their command. It is said, and it is undoubtedly true, that the hospital did not support itself. Who wants a hospital to be self-supporting? Who ex-

pects that it will? When it does, it is no longer an hospital, but a private boarding-house, where medical attendance is included in the bill. Shall we build an hospital for the reception of wealthy tradesmen, who find it a little inconvenient to be ill at home, and for bachelor millionaires who have no home? Shall we place it on Fifth Avenue, where an accident happens about once a month, or in the green fields of Bloomingdale, in going to which a man might die twenty times over before reaching a ward?

It cannot be denied that the location of the old hospital, or of the *City Hospital*, as it was very often called, was one of the very best that could be found for the purposes for which it was intended.

In close proximity to the wharves and piers, where the mighty engines of commerce are constantly crushing so many in their revolutions, in the very heart of lower Broadway, with its countless sources of accidents, in fact very accessible to the places where half the casualties and the crimes of the metropolis occur, could it have remained where it was, it would have been for the next hundred years, as it has been for the last, a true place of succor, or when it must be, of calm death to the suffering poor.

If the money for the support of this time-honored and successful charity were not forthcoming by ordinary means, such as appeals to the State and City Legislatures, extraordinary ones should have been adopted. Whatever may be the faults of New Yorkers, want of liberality certainly cannot be said to be among them. We have carefully read the two especial reports which the governors have caused to be printed in regard to the removal, and we fail to find in them either any evidence of its necessity, or any proof that any vigorous

steps were ever taken to obviate any supposed need of this kind. The policy of the governors seems to have been drifting, or, Micawber-like, until at last it has culminated in this tearing-down process, which was undoubtedly a great surprise to those who vainly imagined that the Hospital had grown into one of the best possible locations for its needs.

When the city of Paris removes the *Hotel Dieu*, for reasons that do not at all apply to our magnificent old hospital, surrounded as it was by green grass on every side, a new one is erected in the very centre of the city on a beautiful island, and on land most valuable for other purposes; but the governors of the New York Hospital tear their buildings down, to allow the Board of Charities and Correction to replace it by a receiving ward, which will be the only hospital in the lower and middle part of the city. But we cannot dwell longer on this theme, and we must leave the subject of the removal, or rather of the annihilation of the New York Hospital, with the final remark that many believe that it was unnecessary, and more than that, cruel to those who have a right to expect that the civilization which demands the sacrifice of health and limb, yea, even of life in its service, will furnish an asylum in the place where it is needed, for the amelioration of their woes. But, old building, hail! and farewell! and now for thy epitaph.

The charter of the New York Hospital was granted in 1770, when "George III., by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, sent greeting to his loving subjects, Peter Middleton, Samuel Bard, and John Jones, physicians, by their humble petition presented unto our trusty and well-beloved Cadwallader Colden, Esq., Lieutenant-Governor, and granted a charter for the society of the Hospital in the city of New York, in America." Among the names to whom this trust was conveyed, besides the officials of the city, are many that are still familiar and dear to New York. How Knickerbock-

er-like they sound! Watts, De Lancey, Livingston, Duane, Lispenard, Bayard, Rutherford, Colden, Van Cortlandt, Morris, Bogert, Clarkson, Beekman, Provoost, Duryea, Stuyvesant, Verplanck, Roosevelt, De Peyster, Rutgers, Le Roy, Du Bois, and Buchanan. These were the honored men of New York, who just about one hundred years ago undertook the work of founding the New York Hospital. What a pity that the present governors did not wait at least till the cycle was complete, before beginning their work of destruction! A proper poetic sense, would have constrained them to wait another year, when they might have celebrated the centenary by putting the axe to those old trees, planted by their forefathers in the vain hope that they might be left until the Father of Nature should cause them to die.

The twenty-six governors held their first meeting on the 28th of July, 1771. Considerable contributions were made through the exertions of Dr. John Fothergill and Sir William Johnson, eminent physicians in London, by many of the inhabitants of that city, and other places in Great Britain, and in 1772, the Legislature granted an annual allowance of eight hundred pounds. In 1773 five acres of ground were purchased of Mrs. Barclay and Mr. Rutgers, and the foundations were laid on the 27th of July of the same year. On February 28, 1775, when the building was almost completed, it was nearly consumed by fire. The war of Independence prevented the completion of the edifice, but it was used during the war for barracks, and occasionally as an hospital. It was not until January 3, 1791, that the house was in a proper condition to receive patients. It is at this point that the real existence of the hospital begins. The building thus erected was the one fronting the main entrance on Broadway. Some additions and improvements were made in it, however, from time to time. It was known as the Main Building. In it were the apothecary's shop, the office, the dining-rooms, and the governors'

rooms, where met the various committees. In its amphitheatre were achieved the surgical triumphs of Wright Post, Kearney Rodgers, Valentine Mott, and Alexander H. Stevens, names which have made the surgery of our country respected throughout the world. The south building on Duane street was erected in 1853, replacing one that was erected in 1806. This noble building was in many respects a model of hospital architecture. The north building on Worth street was erected in 1841. The main and north hospitals are now torn down, while the south is to be left cooped up by a solid block of warehouses, with noisy streets on every side. It certainly will not be an hospital when thus situated. Pest House would be a more appropriate name.

We cannot imagine why all the buildings were not torn down at once. "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well."

It should be stated that the Bloomingdale Hospital for the Insane on the borders of the Central Park, is also part and parcel of the Society of the New York Hospital. It does not, however, fall within the scope of this paper to give any more than this passing notice of that excellent asylum, which is about to be removed to White Plains.

Since 1829, more than one hundred thousand patients have been treated in this hospital, of whom more than seventy thousand have been cured, while ten thousand have died. More than nine thousand were relieved. The remainder were discharged at their own request, or eloped. There are no published records prior to 1829. In the year 1868, two hundred more patients were treated than in 1867.

There is a valuable library of more than eight thousand volumes, relating to medical science, connected with the hospital. Just one word more about the destruction of this hospital and we pass on to give a sketch of the inner life in such an institution, as seen by a member of the resident medical staff.

As the writer was lately passing the remains of the old building in a Broad-

way stage, a young lady sitting near him, on seeing the ruins,—the workmen were just pulling the ivy from the front wall,—exclaimed, "That is the work of those horrid doctors; they ought to be strung up." Now this expression is but a fair type of what is generally believed by the people of our city and country who do not have accurate information as to just how much the doctors have to do with the management of such hospitals. The fact is that the Physicians and Surgeons of the New York Hospital have no duties in connection with the institution, except the care of the sick. There is not a physician in the Board of Governors. It is true that this Board confers with the physicians, and asks advice as to the care of the institution; but so far as is shown by the two reports before referred to, while giving a great deal of deference to the opinions of medical men who died some seventy years ago, they paid no attention to the advice of their own board; at any rate, to the governors, and not to the "horrid doctors," should be ascribed the blame or awarded the credit of the tearing down.

This hospital would not have had an existence, without the efforts of the physicians, Doctors Bard, Jones, and Middleton, who founded it. It could not have been sustained if the labors of the long line of physicians and surgeons who visited the sick within its walls had not been gratuitously given, and yet medical men have not participated in its management.

Many of the mistakes in the financial care and success of such hospitals may have depended on the want of coöperation between the medical staff and the directors. We believe it to be a radical error in the management of such institutions that the doctors are excluded from their full share in the directorship. The best hospitals we have ever had in this country, were those that were exclusively controlled by the medical officers of the United States Army. We disclaim any idea, however, in this article of speaking by the authority of the medical staff of the hos-

pital. We merely know that the demolition has been undertaken independently of them, and that the financial or general management is in no sense shared in by them.

Among the names of those who have served this hospital, we find some that have much more than a New York reputation: Wright Post, Samuel L. Mitchell, David Hosack, Alexander H. Stevens, Valentine Mott, John C. Cheeseman, J. Kearny Rodgers, Joseph Mather Smith. These were honored names throughout the land, and their successors, who are watching the throes of dissolution, have quite sustained the reputation of the medical and surgical staff.

It is a common mistake to suppose that an hospital is a gloomy place. Gloom was not a common idea among the dwellers of the old pile, sad as were many of the scenes that there transpired.

The patients lay in cheerful wards, chatting with each other, they were covered by the whitest of bed-spreads, and attended by cheerful nurses; the most of them had better food than they ever had before in their lives, and, what is better still, the great majority were getting well. Some of them, I am sure, relished so simple an injury as a broken leg, as an excuse for a good vacation. There is a story told that a man, who was admitted to the hospital in consequence of having been bitten by a rattlesnake, and who, in accordance with the then idea of proper treatment, was kept constantly plied with brandy, remarked, on paying his bill and going out, that it was the cheapest and best hotel he was ever in, since he had all the liquor he could wish, and was drunk for two weeks, all for the small sum of ten dollars.

The nurses were not unhappy, certainly not the females. They grew fat and lusty in the service, as the result of their good living and ample opportunities for gossip. Some of them served the hospital for twenty years, and then were pensioned off with the dignity of a room to themselves, and nothing to

do. How some of them used to make the medical students stand around! Tradition says, that years ago one of them applied a strap vigorously to the shoulders of a luckless wight, who, in his anxiety to hear the clinical lecture, leaned upon and rumpled one of her best made beds, on which castigation the grave attending surgeon smiled approvingly. The Superintendent, certainly, was not miserable, for he was an autocrat of the first water, and on the most confidential relations with the governors. There was one person about the institution who may have been unhappy, that is "the man at the gate." He certainly had enough care to make him so. Tuesdays and Fridays, at three o'clock, the gates were open to all who had friends in the hospital. They began to gather about noon, and sometimes in such force as to make the gate-house look as if it were in a state of siege. Before these visitors entered, they were obliged to yield up all surreptitiously introduced cognac, and whisky, apple-jack, cider, cigars, oranges, and peanuts, with which creature comforts they intended to solace the tedious hours of their suffering friends. It was an amusing sight to look in upon the gate-house after such a foray, upon the first-class grocery establishment which had been set up from the pockets and skirts of anxious visitors. On other days than those mentioned, only the friends of the Superintendent, of the Home Staff, medical students, high officials, or those who had special passes from the doctors were allowed to enter. It was remarkable, however, that frequent attempts were made to pass, by those who fulfilled none of these requirements. Distinguished gentlemen, claiming all sorts of relationship with all sorts of dignitaries, from the Governor of the State down to the keeper of the City Hall would daily apply for admission, but "John" was inexorable. Occasionally, indeed, he had been humbugged so often, "the man at the gate" denied admission to really distinguished strangers or citizens, whom curiosity had led

up the broad walk between the old trees to the gate-house, which prevented any nearer approach to the famous old place.

John's contentions and watching were finally ended by his death, and since then the name of "the man at the gate" has lost all its force.

The doctors, we mean the house-doctors, were not unhappy; nine of them, solemn young men, so young in appearance that we remember that many an indignant patient, on seeing his medical attendant, would vow that "none of them 'ere assistants should ever practise on him."

It should be known that what are called the attending physicians or surgeons are eminent practitioners in the busy city about, who visit the hospital daily, give the clinical lectures, perform the great operations, and direct the treatment of the serious cases. The "young doctors," as the patients call them, who are the resident staff, are divided into three grades, those of each grade serving a term of eight months. All of these young men, however, are graduates in medicine, having spent three years in its study before being admitted, and then only after a successful competitive examination. In the first eight months the "junior walker," as he is called, has no responsibility, but he receives his orders from the house-surgeon or physician, according as he is on the medical or "surgical side." He dresses wounds, bandages limbs, cups, copies cases into a notebook, lunches every day at the expense of the hospital, but goes home at night.

The senior walker dresses fractures, writes the history of cases as he takes it from the patient's lips, which the junior copies, while the house-surgeon, the only one of the three who lives in the hospital, has the general supervision of all the patients, subject, as before indicated, to the direction of the attending physician, or "head doctor." He often, however, has to act, in cases of emergency, requiring considerable experience and skill, which he has acquired in the previous sixteen months of

pupilage. It will thus be seen that every precaution was taken by the by-laws of the hospital, to secure careful and skillful attention of the sick. There were three sets of these doctors, two on the surgical and one on the medical side, to care for about three hundred and seventy-five sick.

Let us now go through with a day as passed by a house physician or house surgeon of the New York Hospital. We may suppose that the young gentleman has breakfasted in the pleasant dining-room, from whence he has gone into the office, whose windows look out upon Broadway, where the clerk, a rare gentleman of the old school, has regaled him both with the odor of a fragrant Havana, and with some very well-told stories of the ancient *régime*, when New York was so small that all the good fellows knew each other; and that he has looked out and seen his two assistants coming up the walk from their uptown boarding-house, or home. He then buckles on his armor, or, in plain English, he seizes his case of instruments, and with the senior and junior walker at his side, he starts on his rounds. The Emperor of Russia, the Viceroy of Egypt, or our late President, Andrew Johnson, never felt more acutely the weight of supreme power than did the house-surgeon, or physician, of the New York Hospital, as he was about to pass into a realm over which he was the undisputed master.

How the doors fly open! Obedient nurses greet him, towel in hand, and he passes from bed to bed.

"Well, John, how do you feel this morning? Nurse! what sort of a night did the man pass? What did he eat for breakfast?" and at the same time feeling his pulse, putting his hands on his face to note the temperature of the body, while the senior walker is making rapid notes; these are the questions, and this is the manner in which our young doctor attends his patients. No nonsense, no fuss, no haste, but calm sympathetic questions and gentle manipulations.

Perhaps it is a stab, or perhaps a

broken limb, or, if it be the house-physician, a case of rheumatism or fever. A card at the head of the patient's little iron bed tells what diet he is having, what stimulant, if any, he is taking, and the doctor adds a beefsteak or chicken soup, or takes off a bottle of porter, or in his own way continues or changes the treatment. If he prescribes any medicine, he writes the prescription in a note-book, which goes to the apothecary's after he has left the ward. And thus he goes through the seven or eight wards under his charge, seeing each patient personally, paying due regard to the ventilation and cleanliness, administering praise or rebuke to the nurse, advising with his assistants about the dressing of the injuries, noting in his mind the cases to which he will ask the particular attention of the attending surgeon when he comes at noon, until about 11 o'clock, when his round is finished. Then the work of the senior and junior walker begins. They follow the house-surgeon, but in a much less ceremonious manner, and carry out his directions as to bandaging wounds, dressing fractures, and so on.

The house-doctor has gone back to his room, where he receives calls of various kinds, now from a patient whom he has ordered to go out, and who wants his board signed, the one which was at the head of his bed, with his name, date of entry, and his disease. On this the doctor writes "D. C.," that is, discharged cured, or, "D. R.," discharged relieved, or perhaps it is brought to him by the nurse, who says that its owner was out on pass yesterday, and failed to come back, and then "eloped" is written, or perhaps he is obliged to write "died."

It may be a policeman who calls, with the compliments of Judge Finnigan of the Police Court, who wishes to inquire how that man is who was brought in the night ward stabbed, last night, or (if it was in the palmy days of the volunteer fire companies) who was hit over the head with a speaking trumpet. The Judge desires to know the man's condition, in order to bail the

assailant, if the wound be not dangerous. Perhaps the caller is the Coroner; he asks when the doctor will be ready to make that *post mortem*, the technical name for an examination of a dead body; or it is a nurse, who says that Hans Breitman, in ward 6, demands an extra beer to-day, which he claims was ordered for him, but which the nurse cannot make out. Hans was probably right, being the more interested of the two. Or perhaps it is the senior walker, who requests his chief to come and look at Mulligan's fracture, now that it is undressed. It may be "Aunty," an old colored nurse. Here we must pause an instant. "Aunty," as black as any black could be, dear old Aunty, the doctors' pet, who died in the service of the hospital, after many years of faithful work,—no history of the New York Hospital would be complete that did not mention her. An ardent abolitionist, she was yet particularly sweet on any Southerner, who might chance to be a house doctor, lest she should hurt his feelings by the obtrusion of her peculiar and obnoxious sentiments. Aunty nursed one doctor through the small-pox, another in typhoid fever, and was handed down from generation to generation as one to be carefully tended and humored. Her services were manifold. She mended the doctor's clothes, she lent him money, and sold him pickles and blackberry brandy. In the little cubby-hole off the ward, over which she presided, was a grotesque collection of chinaware, a daguerreotype gallery of the various doctors, and a full length picture of *John Brown*, who became one of her patron saints after the affair at Harper's Ferry. Aunty was an earnest Christian, and calmly passed to her rest a few years ago. At her funeral at St. Peter's church, amid the throng of her own race, who had assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to the old lady, were to be seen many of the governors, and officers of the institution which she had served so long and well.

Now comes a visitor in the shape of some particular friend of some poor fel-

low in one of the wards, who wants to know what the doctor *really* thinks of his case; or perhaps it is "Old Jimmy," the man at the Duane-street gate where the carriages enter, who knocks at the door, and exclaims, "A man with a broken leg," or, "A man fell down a hatchway." No matter what occurs, old Jimmy's face is perfectly calm, unless it is a case of bleeding, when his pipe stays a little longer from his mouth, as he says, "He's bleeding, sir, and they'll be wanting you quick." Then the doctor goes out, glances at the case, and if it be serious, and require immediate attention, he passes with it into the ward, carefully examines the wound or injury, revives the patient with brandy or the heater, that is, a hot-air bath, if suffering from what the medical men call shock, ties the bleeding vessels, calms the friends, tells the policeman the nature of the injury, and passes out. Thus the morning goes on, until a quick step, and a brief knock, and in comes the attending surgeon, the grand medical Mogul. "Any thing new to-day, doctor?" he asks. "Yes, sir, a man has just come in with a stab in the chest," or, "There is a railroad accident case that came in on the Erie last night," or, "Only a fracture, or a burn."

And then the students, who have been gathered about the halls, follow them into the wards, where the round is made once more, the clinical lecture is given, and perhaps an operation performed in the amphitheatre; but, at last, all is done; the students disappear, the attending surgeon stays behind a few moments for a word or two with the house doctor, and at last the door shuts, and the poor fellow knows that if it is his week for the night ward, or if he has many serious cases, his work is but half done. But first he dines, often not till five, on lecture-days, although the hospital hour for dining is half-past two. He then goes out for a walk, and at evening makes another, this time a hurried, visit to the wards, takes tea, smokes a cigar, perhaps; and at ten o'clock the Broadway gate is shut, the watchman begins his

rounds about the wards to see if the nurses are at their posts, and the "night ward" begins. Eleven, twelve, one, and then a rap at the doctor's door. "A man in the night ward, doctor!" "What is it?" "I don't know; he's bleeding, sir." With hastily donned slippers and dressing-gown, down goes the house-surgeon to the night ward, a room in the lower part of the main house, with four or more beds, for the reception of patients who are brought in between 10 P. M. and 6 A. M. There he is apt to meet the apothecary, an educated Irish gentleman, himself a good surgeon, who lives in the house. What sights that old night ward has seen! There lies some rowdy, quivering in his last gasps, stabbed nigh to the heart by an infuriated fellow, while his lately drunken, but now sobered friends stand by, for once shocked and appalled. Perhaps it is some poor wretch, who, after having made himself a beast with rum, has lain down in his vile den to sleep off his debauch, whose clothes have got on fire from the stove, or the over-turned kerosene, until he has been terribly burned, literally charred. Still unsobered, he lies cursing and shouting until the breath becomes feebler, and the poor soul passes away to give up its account. It may be that it is one whose dress and air show that he is one whose position in life is better and higher, but whose steps have run to evil, and who is here the victim of a midnight carousal. Or it is

"One more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death,"

but who now would call back the spirit she had just before endeavored to set loose, as she wildly calls for the antidote that may save her life. Life! why should she wish to go back to it? With her it means but a career of shame and suffering. But at last the work is done, and the doctor goes back to his bed, perhaps to be called again by the exclamation, "This man is dying, sir, in ward 4;" or, "Mrs. Smith is keeping the whole ward awake by her talking, and says she won't go to sleep,

unless I give her another draught;" or, it may be that the doctor is keeping vigils over some poor fellow, to whom it is necessary to give so much opium, that he must be carefully watched lest he become narcotized. If so, every hour or two he passes quietly into the ward, counts the pulse, made wondrous slow by the drug, puts his hand on the chest, which heaves so slowly that there is a solemn pause between the respirations, notes the number by his watch, and with a grim smile of satisfaction that his dangerous remedy is so faithfully doing its work of subduing the action of that heart, which would else run riot and wear out its victim, creeps back to his room. And so, at last, the morning comes, and another day is to be gone over; and so on, for his term for eight months, until the poor fellow gives up his honors and his cares, to go out and tread the quieter walks of private practice, while the senior walker gladly, in his turn, goes through with the same earnest and exciting life.

Many of the incidents of the daily life in such an institution are thrilling enough to form the bases of romances; but the events succeed each other with such rapidity in a large hospital, that they receive very little attention after they have once passed by, and the actors and witnesses are too busy to record them. Thus they become a part of the unwritten dramas of the world.

The ward devoted to the sufferers from *mania à potu*, or delirium tremens, the "Del. Trem." ward, as the nurses and house doctors were apt to call it, would alone furnish scenes for the pencil of the artist, which might surpass those of Hogarth or Holbein, so frightful is the demoniac appearance of man when the victim of his passions, and overcome with awful dread at the horrid shapes which his diseased brain has pictured. The visitor to such a ward, when it is well filled, would almost imagine that he had entered one of the portals of the region of the lost.

One poor victim lies muttering to himself, and constantly picking his bed clothes, now and then rising up and

fixedly staring, with horror delineated in every feature, on some fancied demon emerging from a crevice or corner. Another is hurling back, with awful blasphemy, the taunts and jeers with which his imaginary enemy is tormenting him, while in the grated room off the main ward, reserved for the most violent cases, a poor fellow is rushing madly about, fighting a mortal combat with what seems to him a real enemy. The strait jacket and well-padded walls, however, protect him from doing himself any harm, while the strong men chosen as nurses for these patients cow them down with a steady look, and preserve a Satanic order in this pandemonium. Occasionally, however, a sufferer from the effects of strong drink, instead of fearful shapes and imaginations, sees gentle spirits and dreams delightful dreams. A smile is constantly playing on such lips, and he seems like a child dreaming of angels. I well remember a poor artist, who had often suffered from delirium tremens, who told me that in his hours of insanity he saw images that Raphael or Angelo might have traced, and that visions of artistic beauty floated before him, which he could never execute in his sober hours, and yet the period of remorse and intense physical suffering came to him all the same.

It is said that one patient has been in the hospital more than a dozen times; but, as a rule, two or three attacks finish a career. The writer once heard an eminent Professor of Medicine say that he had no hopes whatever of the reform of a man who had once had delirium tremens. But this was before the days of inebriate asylums.

The two wards that were devoted to little boys (very few little girls applied for admission) were very interesting places. The good women who took care of them were as kind to the waifs as if they were their own. The rooms were ornamented with pictures, and texts of Scripture on illuminated cards; and after the doctors had made their dreaded visits, and the danger of being hurt was over, it was a right cheerful

place. The little fellows who were able to be out of bed would hobble around to those less fortunate, and chatter over their toys as cheerfully as boys who were well. They were mostly gamins, uncared for by father or mother, or, at least, very poorly watched over; who had suffered accident from heedlessly jumping on or off street-cars, or playing on the track, or from similar carelessness. Occasionally, there was the victim of a carousal. One little Italian music vender, I remember, who was shot in the face and head with slugs from a revolver, in the hands of a man sitting nearly opposite him, in one of the dens of Baxter street. The motive for this terrible crime on the poor little child of some twelve years was never known. His swarthy father held him tenderly in his arms during the three or four days that he lived, responding to the wail that now and then came from his lips, in agonizing accents which rang through the ward.

The slaughter of the innocents, as it takes place in our large cities from carelessness and filth, is never more painfully seen than in the waiting-rooms of our dispensaries and the wards of our hospitals.

"They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places
With eyes turned on Deity."

This article should not be concluded without the statement that very much of the cleanliness, good order, and general efficiency for which the New York Hospital was famous, was due to the

fact that the visiting and inspecting committees of the Board of Governors appointed from their own number, whose duty it was to inspect the hospital once a week, to confer with the medical officers and superintendent, did their work thoroughly and well, although it must have been at the expense of their private affairs. The house staff often met the venerable, but active President of the Board in his rounds about the wards, and were stimulated to the performance of their duty by the zeal with which he did his.

The "doctors' mob," in the winter of 1787 and '88, when the infuriated populace would have torn the hospital to the ground, because of the dissection of dead bodies, which they supposed was carried on within its walls, and when they became so infuriated as to stone the venerated John Jay and the gallant Baron Steuben, who were vainly endeavoring to quiet them, is a part of the history of New York, and if properly treated, would require an article of itself. With this exception, the New York Hospital has always been on excellent terms with the people, and enjoyed a deservedly excellent reputation among them. Many a hard-working man has strictly enjoined his family to have him carried to it, in case any serious accident happened to him, preferring the care of its trained nurses and skilled physicians to that which his humble home could afford. May the time be not far off when it shall arise from its ruins, to again do its beneficent work.

LEFT WOUNDED ON THE FIELD.

"LEFT Emmetsburg at 7 A. M.," says my pocket-diary of 1863, under the heading of Wednesday, July 1.

We had been marching northward about two weeks from our quarters at Acquia Landing, had crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, and well knew that we were in pursuit of Lee, who had made one of his splendid feints, got away under cover of it a good two-days' march ahead of us, and was in Pennsylvania. Full many a rumor reached our ears, of Harrisburg sacked, of cornfields burned, of devastation and Vandalism, but how much to believe and how much to reject, we could not tell. We had received no New York papers (on which regimental officers always relied for such information) since we started; and except at Army, or, perhaps, Corps Headquarters, precious little is generally known of the why and the wherefore, the cause and the effect of the marchings and counter-marchings of a large army. Generalities we could, of course, guess at, or hear about; that we were up in Pennsylvania in pursuit of the "Army of Northern Virginia," we were well aware of; that we should not go much farther without a "big fight" we could easily imagine; but just where Lee was, or what battle-ground he would select, or how many days hence the collision would occur, we had no conception of.

Nor did we seriously bother ourselves about it. Our Colonel, brave fellow, had fallen in the awful *mélée* at Chancellorsville; our Lieutenant-Colonel was in command, and I was his Adjutant. There were no other mounted officers in his regiment, and we had enough to do to keep the command in good order, and ready for the hard work we knew was sure to come, without trying to find out the when and the where.

Colonel — and I were on very intimate terms. We had each been in

service since early in the war, and each had joined this regiment (a new one) after a probation in the field; he under McDowell, I under gallant Kearny, which had made us veterans as compared with the other officers, none of whom had seen service until within the last few months. This had always made us good friends; and we had, from the first, shared our meals, slept under the same shelter-tent, and been officially and personally as closely allied as ever two officers could be. The Colonel let a good half of the duty fall upon me, and reposed great confidence in my discretion. My position in the regiment was a pleasant as well as a responsible one.

We marched along leisurely enough, making about two miles in the hour, and then enjoying our ten-minutes halt, as is usual when there are no orders before the marching. Nothing was farther from our thoughts,—at least to us uninitiated fellows,—than the prospect of an immediate engagement. To be sure, we had broken up at three that morning, and by eleven or twelve o'clock had got within six or eight miles of Gettysburg—name unfamiliar, then, familiar since to all the world—but it was not till about two or three in the afternoon, that we heard the booming of guns ahead, and began to prick up our ears at the probability of an approaching action.

The booming went sullenly on, bearing no definite tidings, for half an hour or more, when our Brigade A. A. G. (little aware, poor fellow, that before sundown his life-blood would be ebbing out) rode down the column with, "Keep your men well in hand, Colonel, and close them up—there's fighting to do ahead!" and passed on with the message to the regiments in the rear.

Now is the time to watch the countenances of the men. Here one whose

face may be a shade paler, but his eye is none the less lustrous, nor his lips less firmly knit, as he weighs his inclination with his duty. Beside him lags a dead-beat, who five minutes hence will complain of sore feet, and make every excuse, and look for every chance to drop out and straggle; not far off, the bragging fellow, whom you would dub a lion from his words and a hare from his deeds; who will talk loud, and vent his gasconade on every side, but who will be as far to the rear in the coming broil as he can get, by sneaking or deliberately running away. The boy, fair-faced and small, scarce eighteen years old, that trudges behind him, whistling to keep his courage up and drown the remembrance of mother's kiss and sister's smile left far behind at home, a pigmy compared with his file leader, and probably often a sufferer from the bully's coarseness and ill-nature, is yet an unconscious hero. *He* will be in line when the braggart is skulking in the rear; he will do the work which the dead-beat avoids; he will march on with sore and blistered feet; he will stick to the ranks till he is shot down and crippled. At such a time it is easy to tell who is to be relied upon, and who to be spotted as a shirk or a coward. As a rule, for a volunteer company, give me the well-bred lad of less than twenty. Easy to manage, relying upon his officers for guidance and example instead of his own discretion, less conscious of danger, too young to be bound by any habits, the boy will generally out-march, out-work, and out-fight the older man; and you may be sure that in a tight place he will stick to you gallantly, and if you will only *lead*, he will *follow* through thick and thin. I do not refer to the old, trained soldier; I only speak of volunteers.

We had been keeping up the accelerated pace, probably two miles and a half an hour, for some little while, when several staff-officers, one by one, came down the line to urge us on, and every now and then stopping to answer an inquiry about the news. Once told, it

soon got abroad. "The First Corps has had an engagement some five miles on, at Gettysburg, and Reynolds has captured a whole rebel brigade!"

"Bully for Reynolds!" is the universal comment.

Then, a few minutes later, comes another rumor: "General Reynolds killed!"

"Close up, men! Captain, keep your men well together!" is the instinctive comment on this.

By this time every one has forgotten any symptoms of fatigue which may have been creeping over him, in the exciting anticipation of an approaching fray. Every one's blood flows quicker, every pulse beats louder, every nerve is more sensitive, and every one feels that he is living faster than he was half an hour since.

Nor this from faint-heartedness. The bravest men will feel a certain dread on going into action, at least every man who has a high-strung nature and a gentle blood. I have seen men whose *sluggishness* never left them, even in the deadliest struggle; who had no dread because no appreciation of danger. I have seen men who were continually saying they would rather fight than not, who were on their muscle continually, "spoiling for a fight," as they say over in Erin; but my humble experience, gathered on some scores of hard-fought fields with the old Third Corps, has taught me that such men are generally unreliable, and that they do not make good officers. Some of them may do for a charge on a battery, where ten minutes will do the work; but for your steady, cool leader, who will neither lose his head in the flurry of an action, nor let slip a good opportunity from sheer inertia, commend me to the man who has the nerves to feel his danger, and the nerve to do his duty.

Ever and anon there was a lull in the firing ahead, and then it would break out again with fresh vigor. We hurried on without the hourly halts; but for fear of bringing the men into action too tired to be effective, no double-quick was ordered. Finally, early in

the afternoon, we hove in sight of Gettysburg. Passing on through the town, with much ado preventing the men from dropping out to get the tempting drinks of water, ladled out by women and maidens at nearly every house, we reached the outskirts of the place, marched into the fields, and were drawn up into double column in the place pointed out by the proper staff-officer.

We then had a few minutes to ourselves. The men were allowed to rest in line, and each one sat or lay down in the most comfortable position just where he was, some reclining at full length and closing their eyes, some merely squatting down to discuss a hard tack and the situation, while the first sergeants called the roll.

The Colonel and I sat under an apple tree (our regiment was in an orchard), and speculated upon the coming encounter, and its probable results. He was a married man; I not, as yet. He had been wedded to his fiancée some eight months before, on the very day he started to join his regiment, and had left her immediately after the ceremony and informal breakfast, a wife by only half. They had been married so that, in the event of his being wounded, she might have the right to go to him, and nurse him through his sickness. Our talk was naturally more or less of our dear ones at home, and each committed to the other messages and directions, often given before, in case of mishap.

We were both members of the Episcopal church. The Colonel was an upright, conscientious Christian, who did his whole duty not only with military precision, but with scrupulous fidelity to himself; and I verily believe that no soldier was ever more upheld in a strict path of duty by his sincere religious feeling, than our good Colonel. In some things, I used to think, he carried his religious scruples too far, but in the main I always saw the benefit of his piety.

As he and I sat apart from the rest of the officers and men, and somewhat secluded from their observation, the Colonel said to me in the midst of our

conversation: "Adjutant, we are going to have some hot work shortly,—let us ask His protection." I readily assented, and we knelt down under the tree, and uttered, each in his own heart, a prayer to the God of Hosts. It was a sincerely unaffected act, prompted only by the solemnity of the occasion, and, I feel sure, had its good effect on both of us.

Not long after, the firing, which for some time had been hushed, broke out again about a half a mile on our left, where the First Corps was still holding its own, despite the loss of its gallant leader. The ground was open, and we could see the opposing lines of infantry pouring, now a scattering, now a more concentrated fire of musketry into each other's ranks. Occasionally, a regiment would show signs of wavering, then again would rally with a cheer and return to its former steadiness, the while the mounted officers rode along the lines, and the staff and orderlies galloped to and fro between the front, and the Commanding-General in the rear.

"Fall in!" rang along our own line, from regiment to regiment, as the tune of skirmish firing was suddenly taken up in our own front. But there needed no command for that, as three or four of the cracking rifles ahead sufficed to tell us that beyond the woods the enemy's skirmishers, preceding their advance, had suddenly encountered our own. Quickly formed, we were marched in line of double columns at deploying distance, forward through the fields, tearing down the fences in our way, or climbing them in confused ranks, and re-forming on the other side. Our whole division thus advanced some three or four hundred yards, when we were ordered to halt and deploy, the brigades in reserve remaining in column. On deployment, we stood, as far as we could see over the level ground to the left, and extending to some woods on the right. How our flanks were protected we could not see, though we could readily imagine. All we expected was that there was work enough cut out for us in front, and we concen-

trated our whole attention towards that point.

And now for a ludicrous event—for such will happen at all times. My favorite horse—"Fenny Grey"—I had been obliged to send into Washington for a rest, as she had completely run down by hard work and little or no feed in the Chancellorsville campaign; and, in her stead, my friends had sent me a little brown mare, which I nicknamed "Dimple." Now Dimple was a very nice little beast of Morgan breed, and very serviceable; but she had never, as yet, smelt gunpowder. From the time we had come within sound of the cannonading, Miss Dimple had been getting more and more excitable, and by the time we arrived within the immediate range of the enemy's artillery, when an occasional shell would whiz above our heads, or explode near by, I had had extreme difficulty in managing her, and attending to my duty beside. And the skirmish-firing had capped the climax, so that when we were advancing in columns, the little wretch, scared by an explosion altogether too near for her sensitive nerves, bolted with me out to the front, far beyond our line, and in disagreeable proximity to where I knew the enemy to be, creating a peal of laughter, at my expense, through the whole brigade, in which she and I were well known; and completely shocking my sense of propriety and military punctilio. But worse was to come. The next close explosion (before the occurrence of which I had reduced her to terms, and again taken my place on the right of the regiment) set Miss Dimple off "*en carrière*" in a diametrically opposite direction. This was insufferable, it looked so very like running away, which, in a physical point of view, it in truth was. This "bolt" occasioned another laugh, at which I began to get nettled. But fortunately, on again rejoining the regiment, Dimple covered with foam, and, I fear, bearing some severe punctures from my heavy spurs on her pretty flanks, I saw that all the mounted officers of regiments in our division were dismounting

(a by no means unusual, but, I think, vicious habit before going into action); and I, nothing loth, though at the same time disapproving of the principle, gave over Dimple to a stray drummer to take to the rear, and resumed my duties on foot.

As to this habit of dismounting in action, I consider it a very bad one. It is good in one way, for it saves many of the superior officers from being disabled, thus preserving their utility in their respective commands; but unless, when behind breastworks, or in a decidedly defensive attitude, it is much more apt to do harm by showing the men that their officers are seeking to protect themselves, than good in saving them from wounds. A mounted officer can do more to keep his men steady, than if he were on foot. However, the instinct of self-preservation is generally sufficient to induce one to dismount, if he sees the example set by competent authority.

And so here I was on foot, in rear of the right of the regiment, shouting encouragement to the officers and men, and trying to keep the line steady, for already our skirmishers had been driven in by the enemy, and came falling back towards us, exchanging an occasional shot as they retreated.

Passing through our ranks to the rear, they soon discovered to our view the rebel sharpshooters, who, in their turn, were soon withdrawn to make way for the advance of the rebel line, which was ordered to attack us and drive us through the town.

A moment or two of breathless anxiety and impatience, and the irregular line of butternut and gray hove gradually in sight—their officers all mounted, waving their swords and cheering on their men. It had been hard, hitherto, to make our men reserve their fire. In a new regiment, there are always a few nervous fellows, who are sure to pop off their pieces long before there is any thing to aim at, and unless great care is taken, and the men constantly cautioned, half the rest will follow suit, and waste their ammunition, courage and

morale, in worse than fruitless firing. And now, of course, there was the usual proportion of stray shots, each followed by a volley of oaths from the delinquents' superiors, and not a few by a sound rap over the head, administered to the offending son of Mars by a testy file-closer.

The danger of a premature general firing came, however, speedily to an end; for when the rebel line had arrived to within some two hundred yards from our own, the command was given, and a spirited fire by file rattled down from the right of each company.

This in no way checked the enemy's advance, but it drew their fire; and they continued slowly to push on, keeping it up in a desultory manner as they drew near, while ever and anon, as the smoke would clear away, in some spot, you could see their officers rushing to and fro in excited endeavors to keep their men braced up to their work.

At about a hundred yards' distance they halted, and as their fire became more steady, it began to have more visible effect upon our ranks. Every five or six seconds some poor fellow would throw up his arms with an "Ugh!" and drop; then pick himself up, perhaps, and start for the rear. Another would drop flat on his face, or his back, without a sound; another break down, and fall together in a heap. Still another would let drop his gun, and holding his shattered arm, would leave the ranks; or, perhaps, stay by to encourage his comrades. One brave boy near me, I remember, shot in the leg, sat there loading and firing with as much regularity and coolness as if untouched, now and then shouting to some comrade in front of him to make room for his shot; while some scared booby, with a scratch scarce deep enough to draw the blood, would run bellowing out of range; or some man, who had completely lost his head in the excitement, though mechanically keeping his place in line, would load his musket and deliberately fire in the air.

Before ten minutes of this work were

well past, a good quarter of the men were lying about dead or wounded, or were limping back to the surgeons; but still the firing went on, neither side showing symptoms of wavering. Under the never-ceasing encouragements of the officers, generally taking the form of "Give 'em —, boys!" or, "Knock spots out of them, boys!" or, "Rake — out of 'em, boys!" this familiar synonym for heat creeping into almost every admonition, our men, though with thinned ranks and ghastly wounds staring them in the face on every side, kept unflinchingly up to the mark.

After about thirty minutes of this withering fire, the rebels made a charge. It was not a charge on the double-quick, but a simple advance, firing as they came on. At the same time a rebel battery, which somehow had crept up on an eminence to our right, some half mile distant, began to pepper us with grape and canister. This was very annoying, for although the fire of a battery is much less deadly at a distance than musketry close at hand, the noises are so much more appalling that men will get uneasy under a harmless shelling quicker than under a murderous fire of small arms. And this battery was unfortunately almost in rear of our flank.

But our line preserved its steadiness, nevertheless, until the rebels had approached to within sixty or eighty yards, when it showed signs of becoming unsteady. We officers redoubled our exertions, shouted, waved our swords, swore, struck the men most inclined to give way, went to almost every extreme, but with no avail. Our line had already fallen back twelve or fifteen yards, we could see the division on our right in full retreat, and there was no disguising the fact that we were fairly driven off the field.

Just at this juncture, while rushing about, ordering and entreating, gesticulating and threatening, I was knocked clean off my feet by an excruciating blow (so it felt) on my right foot; our line passed over me in retreat, and I found myself in the disagreeable posi-

tion of being between two fires (neither side having ceased their fusillade), and with redoubled prospects of being taken prisoner. The whole thing was done so quickly that I had no time to get any of our men to carry me off, and having no desire to be shot again, with "discretion is the better part of valor" on my lips, I lay down where I fell, among the dead and wounded, until the rebels, after a rousing yell, ceased firing, and advanced in pursuit of our retiring men. Then I sat up again, the rebel line passed over me, and I was captured.

A moment after, a rebel straggler, unkempt and powder-begrimed, came along seeking whom he might devour, and seeing an officer sitting before him in the hated blue coat, demanded my arms. As no one but an officer had a right to disarm me, I told him to "Go to — ;" improper language, I confess, but pardonable, perhaps, on this occasion. But instead of minding my admonition, he raised his gun, as if to club me. Luckily for my brain, however, as I was grabbing at my revolver, an officer on General Gordon's staff, as I afterwards ascertained, happening to notice my dilemma, gave a shout to my would-be immolator, which arrested his blow, and, on his turning about and ascertaining its source, had the effect of sending him about his business with a "D—d Yank, anyhow!" and I was saved from a broken crown. The officer rode up to me, demanding my arms, which I reluctantly surrendered, especially the sword—a gift, and a very handsome weapon. However, it was the fate of war. The officer told me the attacking division was Gordon's, asked my Corps, and before I could ascertain his name, with a view of subsequently recovering my sword, he rode away about his duties.

I then set to work to examine my wound. Cutting off my boot and stocking, I found that a Minié ball had gone through my ankle-joint. This was not my first wound, but in neither of my prior ones had bones been broken, and I had no idea how painful such a shot could be. Tearing up my handkerchief,

I made a compress for each side of the wounded ankle, using my canteen-water to moisten it, and bound it up with a bandage I had long carried in my pocket; then, with the aid of a sergeant of our regiment, who had been captured, and a Confederate tatterdemalion, who was disposed to be accommodating, and, I dare say, glad to go to the rear instead of the front, I limped away on one foot, holding the cumbersome limb out before me.

My progress was not speedy, but any change was pleasant; for the place where I had been shot was literally strewn with killed and wounded, and, withal, a worrying little skirmish was still going on between advancing reb. and retreating Yank., just far enough away for fifty per cent. of the balls to whiz round our heads in undesirable proximity.

Still, in about an hour, by dint of frequent rests, I had limped some quarter of a mile to the rear, into a grove of trees, through which ran a good sized stream. At the side of this I took up my stand (figuratively speaking), and pressing a drummer-boy into my service, by the aid of a tin cup and considerable urging of the youngster, I kept my wound in a cool and uninfamed state by dripping an almost constant stream of water upon it. And to this habit, in which I persevered all day and most of the night during the five days I was without medical treatment, I ascribe the fact that very little sign of mortification ever showed itself.

Before arriving at my brook-side resting-place, I had passed over the spot where the rebel line had been posted during the engagement, and I perceived, with a grim sort of satisfaction, that apparently more gray jackets were lying about than blue jackets in the place I had just before left; which was a partial, though perhaps inhuman, reward for the laborious drills in which I had participated during the previous nine months. But, in the main, my animosity had merged into selfishness, and all my thoughts, for the time being, were concentrated upon the ankle.

I had sat but a few moments by the brook, when an officer rode up, dismounted, and entered into conversation with me. He knew my corps by my badge, but was anxious to know as much of the movements of the rest of the army as possible. I knew little, and was conveniently ignorant of that, in my talk with him; and soon tired of pumping, he asked me if I would as lief give him my spur, as his jaded animal needed its incentive as much as forage. I complied with his request right willingly, as a spur was likely to be of little use to me now.

While on this subject, I may as well relate the singular adventure which befel my other spur, which I had cut off and thrown aside with my boot. It was a large Mexican spur, with two inch rowels and jingling pendants, the sort of spurs any one in search of "style" is apt to indulge in out in the field. Its well burnished brass, as it lay on the ground, had caught the eye of a stray reb, who picked it up, and carried it off as lawful booty. He had not gone far, dandling his prize, before he came across Colonel —, who had likewise been wounded and left on the field, but although within twenty rods of each other, owing to the number of casualties in our immediate vicinity, neither he nor I knew of the other's mishap.

The Colonel at once recognized the spur, and asked the man where he had found it. "About forty or fifty yards over thar!" quoth he, "on a boot—the cursed Yank was shot through the foot, damn him!" The Colonel at once demanded the spur as the property of his adjutant, and backing up his demand by the judicious display of a green-back, possessed himself of the article, which he subsequently returned to me. He thus knew I was shot, and rested not till he had reestablished communication with me.

I had frequent visits from lesser Confederate officers, generally of the medical, commissary, or quartermaster's departments, and many really agreeable talks with them during the remainder of the day, at my station by the brook.

Most of them I found courteous, good-natured, and intelligent; few of them assuming, and the majority decided gentlemen. All were very confident of success in this move, sure that it would result in a peace favorable to the Confederacy; their usual argument being that the Northern Democrats would soon see an end put to the war, and an honorable peace secured to their brother-politicians South. Any dissent from this view was apt to be treated as shortsighted and biased, so that I soon learned to keep my opinions on the war-question to myself. But I have no cause to complain of my treatment by Gordon's Brigade. It was uniformly kind and considerate, and fully justified the high reputation the brigade enjoyed throughout the rebel army for its good discipline and material.

About 8 p. m., through the kindness of a rebel surgeon, I was carried into a neighboring house, and given a much more comfortable place than I had a right to expect, a bed and mattress. This was an entirely unlooked-for luxury, and duly rejoiced over; but when the surgeon in charge assigned one of our captured men, François by name, to me and my comrades as nurse, my delight knew no bounds. I considered myself made.

One of our General officers, a division commander, lay in the next room to me (my bed was in a little room, where I was all by myself), severely shot through the body. His chance of life seemed very slim; but, like a brave man, he resolved he would not die, unless it was an absolute consequence; and as a reward for his valor in health and in sickness, he subsequently got well. I have often known such recoveries from sheer force of will; and I have known men with slight wounds that ought not to have kept them on the sick-list three weeks, worry themselves into the grave, *for fear* they were going to die. I only once caught a sight of the General, as they were bringing him into the house on his stretcher, and as we could neither of us move, our communication was limited to messages through the medium of François.

The surgeon completed his kindnesses by giving me a morphine pill (a very precious thing in rebellion), but had no time to examine my foot, as so many more severely wounded men were to be attended to. But the pill was a great boon, and under its drowsy influence I managed to get several hours' sleep during the night.

As morning dawned, an occasional gun gave notice of another impending clash of arms. It made us prisoners feel uncomfortable in the last degree; nor were we made less nervous by a report brought in by François, shortly after sunrise, that our house was in direct range of the Union batteries, which he could see posted on the hills beyond the town. Of all things apt to make you ill at ease, is being wounded and under fire; and when the fire happens to be that of your own forces, the nervousness becomes painful in the extreme. François' report proved to be only too correct, as was soon after verified by the many shells which burst in the immediate vicinity of our hospital, and the three which went through it.

These last were missives from our friends, which could well have been spared. One of them set the house on fire, and only by considerable exertion were the flames extinguished. The other two contented themselves with scattering the plaster and such inmates of the house as were capable of being scattered, *pars quorum non fui*; and one of them brought the ceiling down upon my bed, much to my astonishment, discomfort and pain.

I have said above that I have cause only to remember my treatment in rebel hands as courteous and kind. I except one case. About noon of July 2d, I had managed to pump out of the owner of the house the weighty fact that he had a small barrel of corn-meal and some half-dozen ducks hid away in the garret, sole relics of his "teeming flocks and granges full," for which, prior to the rebel occupation of his farm, he had "thanked the bounteous Pan." By earnest entreaty, and prompt payment of his starvation-price, I induced him

to transfer his right, title, and interest in a portion of this meal, and three of these ducks, to me. I had at the time been fasting some twenty-four hours, was reduced by the loss of blood, and felt in great need of some nourishing food. On obtaining the precious edibles, with which I hoped to make glad the hearts of my comrades as well as my own, I committed them to the care of François, with orders to cook them without delay, and serve them up *à la militaire*, which means, generally, on a more or less clean board. Soon ascended from the kitchen below the savoury smell of roasting duck and browning corn-cake; and I need tell none who have fasted as long under similar circumstances, how savory it was.

But in the delicious odor lay the danger. Not alone to our nostrils did it ascend, but it attracted to the spot a couple of straggling, voracious butter-nuts.

"Yank., what the hell you got there?" suddenly saluted the ears of startled François. Too late to hide even a portion of the viands, poor François stood rooted to the spot.

"Who the hell does them ducks belong to?" inquired the spokesman of the party.

"To a wounded officer up-stairs."

"Confed. or Yank.?"

Here was an awkward casuistic dilemma. Possibly, under all the circumstances, François would have been excusable in positive equivocation, if not absolute falsehood; but not versed in either of these useful arts, as soldiers are generally too apt to be, he unhesitatingly answered:

"Union!"

"Well, damn him, give me the ducks then."

And amid entreaties, protestations, and appeals, the ducks were borne away, leaving poor François not to be comforted, and we hungry mortals above, dinnerless, and without a chance of dinner.

This piece of foraging, even considering the source—a pair of *butternut stragglers*—I have always felt to be

meanness personified. Perhaps I am biassed. But to take food from a wounded man, be he friend or foe, must require a pitifully small nature.

François felt worse than I did; and shortly after endeavored to retrieve himself by bringing me some broken hard-tack, which, though on a searching cross-examination, I elicited to have been gathered from the haversacks of sundry dead men hard by, I nevertheless ate with such relish as my physical condition and the not very great sweetness of the morsel allowed.

My diary of July 2d contains little. I was too weak to write much. I had lost considerable blood, and felt listless. Among the jottings occur: "*Long, weary day*,"—"Wound very painful,"—"Wonder how long before my ankle will get well again."

This last is curious. I might have known that with the ankle-joint shot all to splinters, I could never have any thing but a stiff foot, even if I could keep the foot at all; but all my life I had been a great runner, jumper, gymnast, cricketer; my legs had always been the best part of me,—not so much in the handsome as in the useful line; and I never once dreamed that all these habits were of the past, and that in the future I should limp along through the world—a cripple. I can give no idea of the heart-swelling shock I felt when told I must *lose* my leg. I do not remember that I ever had any thing so entirely crush me for the moment, as this unlooked-for bitter news.

On Friday, July 3d, I was evidently still more listless, partly from inaction, but mainly from the drain on my system occasioned by the loss of so much blood and the constant pain. I had had no medical attendance whatever; surgeons were few, patients many. Only "Rebel Commissary" is jotted down in my diary. But this recalls a pleasant reminiscence.

About 3 P. M. of that day, a Confederate officer came into my room, sat down, and began talking with me. Suddenly he stopped, and said:

"You look as if you wanted some-

thing to eat and drink. Have you any one here to wait on you?"

I called François, to whom the Commissary gave a hastily scribbled note on a page torn from my diary, telling him where to go and bring what was ordered therein. In some twenty minutes, François returned with a tin-cup of hot coffee, and three or four nice buttered rolls. Little did I ask where such delicacies came from. I only thanked the Commissary, and did immediate justice to his bounty. A brighter spot in the whole of my life I do not remember than this little courtesy.

The Commissary told me that our forces were getting badly beaten, despite their good position on the hills.

This I took *cum grano salis*. He also told me that they expected the Union army to retreat during the coming night, in which case there was no doubt the war was at an end. I did not pretend to argue the case with him, but I nevertheless had my own notions on the subject. Most of our conversation was on other topics. We had both been students at Heidelberg, and found no lack of pleasant memories to chat about. Since then I have cherished a warm friendship for this gentleman, though his name has escaped my memory, and I have no idea where his lot may be cast.

Under Saturday, July 4th, I find only the word "ambulances" noted in my diary. This I remember to have been the information, scarcely credited at the time, that some Union ambulances had driven up the road within quarter of a mile of the house. François said he had seen them; but I feared he was mistaken. To be sure, there had been an almost universal cessation in the firing, the rebel pickets had been withdrawn to near our house, and large masses of the enemy's troops had left the vicinity; but so little idea had I that the enemy would leave us behind, that I could scarcely credit such good news. I was not aware that they could not carry off one out of five of their own wounded, for lack of transportation.

And when on Sunday, the 5th, we woke up to find that the rebel army had actually left, that we had won a great victory, that the enemy was in full retreat lest he should be cut off before he could cross the Potomac, who shall depict the joy which made warm our hearts and shone in our faces? We were recaptured, victorious, not doomed to starvation in Libby or Andersonville. Happiness was not our condition—we were in the seventh heaven.

But this ends my subject. I need not tell of my being carried into town, in the same ambulance with the Colonel, who, when he had found where I was, rested not till he had got me beside

him again; of our procuring a private room in Gettysburg, through the kind instrumentality of a friendly General officer; of the lovely care of our good hostess; of the Colonel's pretty wife coming to rejoice over his safety; of my suffering amputation; of my being carried home; and of my living to know that a one-legged man is not necessarily a *cripple* in its worst sense;—all this I need not tell. My story ends when I was recaptured; and I doubt not my reader has already found out that I was one of the luckiest, take it for all in all, of the poor fellows who, during the war, were so often "left wounded on the field."

LAVINIA:

PART III.

THROUGH HEAT AND DUST, TOWARDS NOON.

VIII.

LAVINIA carried her point. That is, she went to the Centre and opened a school there. There was no lack of children. The country was running over with Smiths, and Gobers, Tisdales, Coits, and Caldwells. They all knew Benjamin—they all knew about Lavinia. A year ago they invited her to come to the Centre and teach their young folks, and she was now more than glad when she found herself among them. She had arrived at that stage of civilization when it appears to the individual the all-important thing to secure his own mental advantage. The Centre afforded better facilities than the Ridge. She had no domestic responsibilities that she could perceive. Her work was along the line of choice.

She heard from the Ridge people now and then. Letter writing became the torment of young Ben's life, and there was no escape for him. His father decided that it was almost worth while to give up Vinny to have secured this opportunity for improvement to the boy. But many a hot tear blistered the

scrawled pages which found their way from the Ridge to the Centre.

Occasionally Mr. Kearney addressed a note to Lavinia, such missives as were sure to provoke a smile, sometimes a sharp rejoinder. His comments on Mrs. Flynn *née* Myres, she could not quite understand, and did not in the least like. Sometimes he had news to communicate concerning the United States Consul to the Mediterranean, and the letters thus freighted were welcome indeed.

Once a month, Lavinia spent Sunday at home. Usually, she saw both Mr. Kearney and Jasper on these visits. Mr. Kearney, she perceived, would not die of chagrin on account of Miss Myres' silly act. She had been warned against Mr. Kearney by a man as wise as Mr. Brooks. Was there need of such warning? Lavinia saw that he was a brilliant youth. Sharp as a sword, glittering as an icicle, and at heart as cold. He liked comforts. No other person seemed to appreciate them as keenly; he had much gratitude to express when

made comfortable. Mrs. Tisdale set a good table, and the few whom Benjamin liked were welcome to the good cheer. Benjamin liked Mr. Kearney, and it was easy for him to make Mrs. Tisdale his friend. She liked cheerful, unpretending people. Kearney was cheerful, and often made the old house ring with laughter. His fastidiousness he kept to himself. Often young Ben and young Flo were completely enchanted by him.

When Lavinia came home he had much to say about Mrs. Michael Flynn, and her return to Highland Towers, from her bridal tour. But Lavinia shrank from what seemed to her diabolical merriment at the expense of bride and groom. She was severe on the young lady who had presumed so far on the fondness of her father as to introduce into his house a son to whom he could give no welcome. Kearney liked to argue with Lavinia on that point, and she could see the line of policy he had adopted; it was to patronize the bridegroom, and make himself essential to the family peace. He was often at Highland Towers, as during the summer he was mainly occupied in laying out Highland Park, a tract of land adjoining the Towers, which Mr. Myres intended to dispose of by the morsel when the land should be brought into a condition that would demand highest prices.

Once when Lavinia went home, she found her little sister just returned from spending the day at the Towers with Mrs. Flynn. Mr. Kearney had taken her up in the morning, and brought her back at night, and the girl was as happy as a bird over the wonderful day.

Lavinia was more disturbed, thinking of that visit, than she would have been by many an apparently more important event.

It was generally noticeable, in fact, that Lavinia went back to the Centre, much less refreshed than might have been expected. She admitted to herself that she would probably succeed better in the performance of her duties if she

remained quietly at her post till the long vacation. Yes, undoubtedly, if she, as the exception to woman-kind, was called upon to consider her own interests mainly in this world.

From one of her Sundays at the Ridge, Lavinia returned to her work with this piece of knowledge. Mr. Kearney continued to superintend Riverdale, Highland Towers, and Highland Park, but he had also become involved in another and more important interest. Jacob Whitestock and he had formed a partnership, and set up a saw-mill to be run by steam.

He told Lavinia that he considered himself committed to success and the family compact, now that he had gone into business with her cousin, and she felt that she need not warn him against Jacob. A friendly alliance which would involve mutual sacrifice, might as well have been talked about by two cimeters. Lavinia wondered what Jasper would say to this.

Of course, any man who was able to do it, had a right to introduce the aids to labor into any neighborhood, though the interests of others might thereby be jeopardized. If Jasper Caldwell chose to use water power, that was no reason why another man should abstain from the use of steam. If Jasper shrank from carrying on operations in the spirit of the time, what could he expect but that he would lose in the race? Lavinia was indignant at her own impatience when she considered the state of things. She perceived that it was the old, narrow-minded, selfish spirit of her race that made her think with a frown of Jacob's enterprise!

A year had passed away, when Lavinia sat one afternoon in her school-room, after the children were dismissed, reading a letter which had that day reached her from the city of the Consul over the sea. A single reading like that, and memory would never lose one precious word. Happy moment! sweet hour of rest! A happier moment, a sweeter hour, Lavinia would perhaps never know.

She had arrived at the last loving

word, when Jasper Caldwell drove up to the door.

Hearing the sound of wheels, Lavinia went out, thinking that perhaps some one had stopped to pick up a lingering boy or girl, and there was Jasper, as cool and collected as if he had merely driven up to her father's door to inquire after horse-feed.

She would have felt some alarm had he not looked smiling and happy. Still she was disturbed. Why had he come? There was, moreover, something in Jasper's self that was not perceptible when she left the Ridge. He looked as a man does when he begins to go down; though he had made his best appearance in coming to the Centre, something she missed, and not now for the first time, though now with more disagreeable certainty; something of his old integrity, uprightness, and manfulness. He was not taking that stand against the flesh she had expected him to take. Evidently, he was getting discouraged. Her heart sank. Perhaps she ought not to have gone away from home! It was the first time that the suspicion had found a voice. She had not now allowed it, but voice it had found.

"Are you ready to go home, Lavinia?" he asked, dropping the reins, but retaking his seat. "I'm in luck to find you here."

"Not quite," she answered, yet with the expectation that his next words would be, "You must."

"You will say yes in a minute, when I tell you that they need you."

What has happened?" she asked. "I am sorry," she thought.

"Nothing alarming. A sprained ankle, and that's all. Your mother slipped down a step of the cellar stairs. She thought she could get on without sending for you, and has tried it too long. It'll be a good while before she gets about again, they say. Your father sent me for you."

"I must go then, of course. Tonight?"

"That's what they reckoned you would."

"Then I will lose no time here. Drive

me over to Robert Gober's, and they will send word around for me about the school. I can go as soon as the horses are rested."

Jasper looked pleased. He expected this prompt action. He thought he understood Lavinia well enough to calculate that, pleasant as she found it to be away from home, she would return instantly, if there was need of her.

Late in the afternoon, she was seated beside him in the green waggon, and he was driving over hill and dale toward the old brown house.

And as they went, they talked of many things. The deep blue sky was flecked with dazzling white clouds which shimmered like the sea. Sweet briars were in bloom on the roadside, and bird and bee and butterfly found joy therein. The fragrance of blossoms was on the air. The horses which Jasper drove took their own gait, and over the road went the young man and the young woman, unmindful of the beauty around them; a barren waste might as well have stretched to right and left. Jasper had Lavinia there beside him, and Lavinia had Jasper. And these facts, which signified so little, might have signified so much!

"They are going to carry all before them with their steam mill, those two fellows are," said Jasper; he had been telling Lavinia about Whitestock and Kearney.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Keep on a little longer. Then, I suppose, I must quit. If I had borrowed money, and set up as they have, I could keep my old customers. But there's no reason why I should. I have seen misery enough come of getting into debt."

"So you mean to retire before advancing civilization, like the Indians?"

"I suppose so."

They both laughed at that. Then said Lavinia, and her voice seemed to indicate a spirit lifted up above the region of profit and loss, debt and credit, "I will tell you what I heard grand'ther say—it was since the wed-

ding, when he had so much to say to you about mills. He was talking with Jacob. Jasper, somehow, I almost hate Jacob."

"He's getting to be a great man, though," said Jasper, quietly.

"Great man! He never will be that, for he has'n't it in him. He only knows how to make money. Jacob said to Gaffer there was money to be made out of a steam mill. But Gaffer said to *him*, 'The man to make money in that business is the one that puts in labor—not money.' Money, he said, was easy to put in, but might be dreadful hard to get out."

"But they will break me down, Lavinia, unless they break themselves down."

"If I were a young man, I wouldn't talk about being broken down by any thing short of sickness or accident," said Lavinia. Then, as if she repented her hard words, "Jacob has his hand in too many things already. Besides, he has married a city girl who will spend all the money he can make. The worst with him is, he don't know where to stop. He is so set up with what he has done, that he's beyond caution. He's a Whitestock, and money is his god."

"It is the god of this world, I'm thinking."

"I don't want to think so. The worst thing about living is, Jasper, we get to seeing things so bare."

"If we have money, we can put a gloss on, though," said Jasper, so occupied with his own thoughts as hardly to enter into Lavinia's mood. "I am close on to borrowing the money I need of Mr. Pell. He as good as told me yesterday that I could have it. Would you? Six per cent., five thousand dollars as long as I want it. I had rather talk the business over with you than with any man I know. Would you take it, Lavinia?"

"Wait awhile, and see what becomes of that steam mill. If you borrow money, you will be bothered the minute you begin to pay interest. Keep on as you are for awhile, Jasper."

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"Well," said he, with grave acquiescence.

IX.

It was evident that Jasper would take Lavinia's counsel. As evident to her as to himself. A thought came to her here which was ennobling. She considered: "Perhaps it was not on my account at all that Jasper was permitted to save my life. It may have been for his own sake." And then she felt herself more truly his friend than ever before.

The boundaries of this unselfish thought were enlarged, when, arrived at home, she went into the kitchen and saw little Flora going about, her forehead knitted with the perplexities of a housekeeper, and saw the cost at which the comfort of the house had been secured since her mother's disablement. Nor could she be insensible to the exclamations of joy with which her arrival was hailed. It was a very humble sphere into which she stepped, and if she failed to find the harmony of its relations at once, she was not the first of the philosophers of whom this might be said.

At the first favorable opportunity she asked her father how Jasper was getting on, as if she did not know!

"Jasper is making a cursed fool of himself," was the answer; and when it appeared that Lavinia did not understand him, old Benjamin made himself more intelligible: "Jasper has got to drinking. He's going to the devil."

And that was the charge with which Lavinia met him when she saw him again.

"What is there so delightful in drink," she asked, "that you are willing folks should say you are going to the devil on account of it?"

"Who has been lying to you?" he replied, so surprised by her words that he evinced no wrath.

"Nobody, I am afraid."

"Then you want to see how I can take an insult."

"That is not true. You said once that you cared for me. I thought it was a great compliment, but now I am doubt-

ful about it, if you care for liquor too. You know what I think of a man who is the slave of any thing of that kind. I don't know what kind of friend I should be to you, not worth speaking of, if I didn't tell you outright what I think. You saved my life, Jasper; haven't I a right to try to save your's?"

Jasper turned and left her without a word. He was not a more stout-hearted man than one Peter, who, when he found that he had betrayed the noble spirit within him, as well as the Holy Spirit of his Saviour, in secret "wept bitterly."

Lavinia would soon have found, had there been no house to look after, that there was a reason why she should seek her work under her father's roof.

Ben and Flora needed her, and she now began to bestow upon them that attention which never was withdrawn from any object till she had encompassed the hidden heart of it.

One day, as she followed her father along the edge of a luxuriantly covered clover-field, into which the happy cows were about to be turned, she said:

"They are making a great deal of money, father, by their fruit-gardens and orchards."

"Yah. They be. Who?" The question followed the apparent admission so rapidly, and with so manifest a suspicion that he had admitted too much, that Lavinia smiled.

"Culver, for one. You never went into it. Kept right on in the old way, father."

"I remember them maulticaleses—and the sorgho—never got bit yet, Vinny, with any o' them new-fangled notions. Never will."

"Not if you can make a fortune? You're the only poor man in the family, father, remember."

The old man turned the little blue eyes, sunken so deep beneath his heavy brows, upon Lavinia; he was evidently surprised. The money-question was not one he ever discussed with his wife and daughter; for, in the first place, what did they know about it?

He hesitated in his answer, but finally replied as if she had been a son, and not a daughter; for Lavinia he had long ago decided was most uncommon for a girl.

"Riches don't travel by that road. It's all stuff. There's Fred Bayard, now. You see what come of his peaches and cherries. He's got five acres of 'em planted down there, in the neighborhood of them copper works. They're going to die, every root and branch of 'em. He got one crop, a thousand dollars' worth, then they set up them copper biler works, and every time there comes a southeast wind, it whips round that 'ere corner, and it's going to clean him out. There wasn't a bud come to nothing last year—and this year, Lord! the leaves is so scass you can count 'em. Na—na—there ben't nothing of that kind you can put into ground that won't be kerried off by some pesky creeture. Crops keep along about so. You won't starve on rye and corn."

Lavinia took these statements and meditated on them. A day or two after, she said to her father:

"I want to rent that two-acre lot of yours for five years. The meadow with the cedar hedge around it."

"What for?"

"To make an experiment in."

"Where's your money?"

"What do you charge?"

"You can't have it."

"Then I shall have to rent of somebody else."

When Lavinia spoke in that way, her father felt the weakness of his own will in comparison with the strength of hers.

"What is it you be after, Vinny, just tell me that?" he asked, looking straight at her, which he rarely did.

"I am going to plant an acre of strawberries and another of pears, when I can afford to buy the trees."

"What for?"

She looked at him before she answered, "For fun." She dared not tell him the hope which had of late strengthened her heart.

"Pretty dear fun," said he. "But—

see here—you don't ask me for much, Vinny. You may have it! I'll stand back on the matter of rent till you get your profits in. Think you'll make your fortin' afore young Kearney does?"

"I am sure of it, father."

"I do' know. He's keen."

"And if I do not, it is neither here nor there."

But old Benjamin was not so easily persuaded of that. And he did not himself object to Kearney—perhaps because they agreed so well about the gentlemen's places which were so rapidly obliterating the farmlands of the neighborhood, and the old landmarks.

So it was that Lavinia set to work. She bought plants sufficient for an acre, and Ben bought her in the preparation of the ground, and in setting out the precious roots.

"Do you know what all this is for, Ben?" she asked, when he took the line in his hand to go with it to the other end of the first bed they had prepared. "I expect every plant will bring forth tenfold, and it's all to help make a man of you."

This announcement took the lad by surprise. He was a little disconcerted, and in his dismay dropped the line. Lavinia picked it up and gave it to him in a way that ensured its firmer hold; but he said, notwithstanding:

"I am going to be a farmer, and keep sheep."

"You know sheep can't be kept in this neighborhood," Lavinia quietly answered. "Don't you remember how the dogs worried that poor little flock of Mr. Jameson's, and how he had to give it up?"

Ben was slow to admit that he remembered. He did not want to remember any thing, except the beautiful little white lambs which he had seen on the grassy slope near the creek. Ever since that day, he had been firm in the determination that he would have his farm and his sheep.

"I can go where there ben't any dogs," he said obstinately.

"Don't say ben't."

"Father does. I guess I ain't any better than father."

"I wish you were one millionth part as good. There, hold that string straight. Father looks like the pictures of Daniel Webster, only a great deal better; he would have been as great a man if he had had advantages. That is what you are going to have, Mr. Ben, if I can secure my end. But I don't know that you ever heard of Daniel Webster."

"I guess you'd better not talk that way, Vinny," said the boy; and there he was, like potter's clay, to be moulded as she pleased.

"Hold the string straight," she said more gently. "See what capital plants they are, Ben; they gave me the best they had, because they knew they must, I suppose. They saw that I knew what I was buying. That is a great help, to know what you want, and let others understand that you do. For there are a great many cheats about, after all. A good many, Ben, who make their living by taking advantage of others."

"Say, Vinny, what be you planting for? Tell me in earnest."

"What are strawberries good for, Daniel the Second?"

"To eat;" but as he answered, Ben's face flushed. Lavinia saw it. Was it the token of ambition kindled at last?

"Yes," she said with more spirit. "And to sell. Ours are going to be sold. Next year a few. The year after, a good many. We will gather them ourselves. We shall have to buy a great many little baskets, and send them to market, and then—"

No wonder she hesitated, finding herself about to reveal the dearest wish of her heart in plain prose. "By-and-by, when you're too old to go to school to me any longer, you will be sent off to college, where they will charge a great deal for what you learn. Then you will come back, and after that you will never be able to say, if you fail to be all that you should be, that you had no advantages. I am going to undertake a piece of business that will secure to

you all the advantages that any young man in the country can have."

"Will I know more than father knows?"

"Father knows a great deal that isn't down in the books. I think you may be as wise, for you are his son. You and I have a great deal to do, Ben! But oh, it's delightful work. You remember you didn't know a thing about Rome till I told you, and only think, all the time there was that great city going on three thousand years old, and so mighty! You don't want to shut your ears to all that is known and talked about; so you must learn all that can be known about—every thing."

Poor little Ben! he loved and revered Lavinia, and he was not dull. She enticed him to stand beside her and look in the direction she was looking till the vision she beheld was also seen by him.

When the time came for gathering the first fruits, Ben was so far compromised that he took the management of the in-coming crop upon himself, and his sales amounted to one hundred dollars. Lavinia said, "Now we will have the pear trees."

The plan was so manifestly all arranged in her mind from beginning to completion, that it was not strange he took a certain satisfaction in knowing it, and in believing that all would result according to her wish.

The father said to the mother, "Lavinia knows what she is about. She is a strong staff!"

Ben was now twelve years old. At sixteen he would be ready for college.

Lavinia was not his only teacher. The young minister who had charge of the church was to instruct him in Latin, Greek, and the higher mathematics, and would be paid for his services from the strawberry-crop.

How the fair things of God's creation are linked together! The sweet fruits of earth, and the treasures of knowledge, harvest of Ages!

X.

This young minister, the Rev. Mr.

More, has his church, his wife, and his child, and was settled quite to his mind, for the present. Of course, the future would give a larger sphere to him.

Little Flo had made herself the intimate friend of baby More during Lavinia's life at the Centre, and had also become useful beyond telling to the mother of the child, though sometimes honest Mrs. Tisdale would become exasperated, and declare her doubt as to the sense of bringing up a girl merely for the pleasure and accommodation of other folks.

Her displeasure was converted into sympathy, however, when this baby died suddenly of croup, and the only restriction put upon Flora's movements then were, "Don't get in other folks' way. Be sure they want you."

Flo had no doubts as to whether she was wanted. "Flora," the minister would say, when she went to the quiet little house, determined in some way to serve the beloved mourners, and to mourn with them, no more to be kept out than sunlight or air, "Flora, can't you think of something we can do to interest my wife, and draw her thoughts away from her loss?" The answer she endeavored to give to such words drew the young girl into a more intimate alliance with the minister. And this was the school in which her character was developed. It was heart, not intellect, that had culture here. Would the minister's house offer better influences for the second daughter of Benjamin Tisdale than Riverdale had given his first? Mr. More went to the Riverdale region, it seems to me, solely on account of Flora Tisdale, and yet, when he left the place, he would only remember her as an uncommonly pretty child.

Flora was even a greater wonder in her father's house than Lavinia; she had so much grace, such charming sprightliness, and was so demonstratively affectionate.

Her father looked upon her with amazement. Had his old wife gone back to her girlhood, and been transformed into this fairy-like image of

herself? So alike, and yet so unlike, were the two, he was always getting a glimpse of the old girl in the young. He was as proud of Flora as he was of Lavinia, yet he would have been slower to own his satisfaction in that little gay thing.

"You might just as well give it up, Lavinia," Flora would say. "I am a disgrace to my teacher, and I know it. Ben is clear out of sight with his mathematics, and Mr. More advises me to stop. At least, he don't advise me to go on. I know I bother him, and where *is* the use of our throwing away money?"

"If you will only be patient, and conquer the first difficulties."

"That is just it! Those are the very ones I can't conquer. I always give them up. When did you know me to have a will of my own?"

"I never knew you when you hadn't. You are bent now on getting rid of all this discipline which you know you need."

"Don't I forget things as fast as I learn them? Just ask me now when Washington was born, or any thing like that! I tell you, Vin, as long as I have you and Ben for my treasure houses, I don't care for any thing else. I shall always answer that I don't know, but Vin does, to every thing that comes up. Now do let me go."

"Go where?"

"Into the garden, orchard, Mr. More's birdcage, as he calls the parsonage, anywhere away from those books! It's wicked, of course, but I *am* wicked, and I do hate the sight of them worse than I do Mr. Kearney."

"What do you mean by that, you silly girl?"

"I mean I hate him for the way he talks. Lavinia, does he want to marry you? Really?"

"I hope not."

"I heard him say he always did what he liked. I thought if he was going to like to do that, I would—I would—do *any thing*, almost, to get him out of the way."

"If mathematics are hateful to you,

Flora, they would serve you most kindly. They would crowd such silly thoughts as these out of your mind. I had no idea there were such in your head."

"You won't have him, then?"

"I shall no sooner have him than he will have me. I am ashamed of you, for asking such things. I wouldn't answer; but if I held my tongue, nobody knows what foolish thing you would be thinking next."

Flora, with her hands clasped above her head, waltzed out of the room, and was heard the next moment busily talking beneath the window of Lavinia's chamber; and half an hour later, practising church tunes with Mr. More. Between the Mores and the Flynns, the girl seemed likely to obtain her balance.

Lavinia expressed some disappointment, and not a little anxiety, about Flo to her minister, when she saw him again.

"Miss Lavinia," said he, "do not feel disturbed about the child. If you should take her to any city boarding-school to-day, they would be surprised at her acquirements. There is hardly a subject talked about to which she does not listen with intelligent interest."

"That is just it. She has a smattering of every thing, and no real knowledge of any thing."

"And unless she gives herself up to books entirely, it is impossible she should have. Flora is made for society. You surely would not, if you could, put that bright young girl to work in the way you have, very wisely, put your brother. She is made for—for—" he stopped, conscious of the steady eyes upon him, and ignorant of the value she might attach to gains which he esteemed of worth—"for the unbounded influence a good and a beautiful woman may exert wherever she goes," he continued.

Could he have known the relief, the satisfaction his words brought to Lavinia! Smith, Gober, Coit, and Whitestock might boast their possessions, but let Ben be a scholar and Flora a lady,

and her heart's desire was met. To secure these results, she was content to toil, wait, die.

XI.

One day, Mrs. Kearney, the mother of Aaron, returned from a journey which she had made to a noted physician, and, having written a letter to her husband who had gone abroad on a mission, she packed her trunks and telegraphed her son that she was coming to visit him.

It was of no consequence where she lodged—any quiet farmhouse would seem like Paradise to her. She longed to see Riverdale with her own eyes; all this she explained in the letter written to her son after she had despatched the telegraphic message. She was not feeling quite as well as usual, and thought it a mark of old age and weakness that she missed his father so much.

The letter, so playful in the sound of it, was written with sad misgiving, and with grief. She who wrote it knew that she was on the verge of the grave, and she looked back on what she called a succession of failures. "A failure in the body," she had said of herself twenty years ago, "let me see what can be done with the spirit," and it was not to the saving of her own soul that she had since then valiantly and constantly applied herself.

The physician with whom she had consulted had told her that for the disease which afflicted her there was no remedy—she must die. How soon, she asked. Answer was impossible, it might be in six months, or in one. Violent aggravations of the disease, which could not be predicted, might end life abruptly. She must avoid excitements. All this Mrs. Kearney had learned when she addressed that telegram and that letter to her son.

On receiving these despatches, which he did on the same day, Mr. Kearney went over to talk with the Tisdales. He was as certain that he should succeed in finding place for his mother under their roof as he was that it would be quite as well if she would only turn her face and steps in some other direc-

tion. He did not want her there. The best that he could hope was that she would soon tire of the region.

He found Lavinia with her father and mother, and appeared before them with the letter in his hand, and as he was really in haste, would not sit when invited to do so.

"You have asked me several times about my mother," he said, addressing Lavinia. "It looks as though she might have an opportunity of answering the question for herself. I have just heard from her, and she desires me to secure a comfortable room for her, and board for a little while." Then, turning to Mrs. Tisdale, "Can't you help me find it, dear woman?"

"The comfortablest room in our house is Lavinny's," she answered, looking toward her husband, not her daughter.

"The heft of the work would come on Vinny, too," he said, his eyes downcast.

It was enough for Lavinia to remember what Mr. Brooks had told her about the mother of Mr. Kearney the night before they left Riverdale.

"She would not wish you to make one change on her account," said Aaron. "If she saw she was in any body's way, or making any trouble, she would be off at once. That is my mother."

"Of course, if she comes, she must take us as we are," said Lavinia. "I know we can make her comfortable, if that is what she wants."

Little Flo in the shed overheard these words and blushed. "What does Lavinia say things that way for? I couldn't," she remarked to herself.

"Then I may bring her here? Thank you! thank you all! You are the best friends in the world. I will write that she may come on Wednesday. Shall I?"

"If you please," said Lavinia.

"Our sister is nearer right than we are," said Kearney to Flora, whom he passed in the shed door. "She is to be depended upon under all circumstances. Why should she say she will be delighted to have my mother here? How can she know that she will be?"

So clearly had he interpreted the expression on Flora's face. The words brought a fiery color to the girl's cheek. It was not until some time after that she was surprised at his having divined

her thoughts so well. The blush arose from the fact that he should have addressed such a remark to her—a remark which was evidently intended for her ear alone.

COLLEGES AND COLLEGE EDUCATION.

THE maxim of education now generally adopted by the world is that of the ancient king, who, when asked what boys should be taught, replied: "That which they will need to use when they become men."

But this wise maxim is accepted by many in a sense that destroys its real value.

If we held to the caste system, that children are always to follow the pursuits of their fathers, and move in the same sphere, it would, perhaps, be consistent and wise to make their training mainly professional. But the very theory of our government demands a broad culture for all our young people. The time comes when they must choose their special pursuits, but all that is needful to fit them for the duties of citizenship they should enjoy in common. Liberal culture on this principle may not secure so many good human machines for certain kinds of work, but it will increase the number of able men, which is far more important.

Any system of education that dwarfs manhood will in the end prove a failure. Any system that seeks to make man a more efficient producer, without preparing him to enjoy in the fullest manner the fruits of his labor, is not only foolish, but cruel; for it robs a man for his lifetime of the best rewards of his efforts.

We hold that the purpose of education is to make men and women happy; to increase the sum of enjoyment in every individual, and thus in the race. One of its first steps, of course, is to fit the child to secure a living,—enough to eat, to drink, and to wear. This living must come through the labor of some one. So far as it is possible, the living

of each one should come through his own labor. But while it is not desirable that men should be able to live all their lives without work, it is of the highest importance that they be able to live without constant, exhausting, physical labor. In order that civilized nations, with compact populations, may live well, and may have leisure for enjoyment and mental culture, education must enable men both to increase their products with a given amount of manual labor, and to use those products to the best advantage.

That part of education which enables one to secure honestly the means of living,—that which compensates in man for the lack of instinct, which Nature has kindly given to the brute, is important; but only as the foundation of a building is important—because without it no superstructure can rise. If we stop here, our systems of education will be like cities of caves and cellars, compared with the palaces of Florence and Paris. The highest education is that which respects man as man; which not only lifts him above the animal, but exerts its influence in developing powers which mere animals do not share with man. Pure intellect is to be trained to deal with abstract science, and with the problems of the heavens. Taste must be cultivated to appreciate and enjoy the beautiful. And, still further, the social and moral faculties must be developed in the light of history, and by the study of man himself, and his relations to the universe and to God.

Until we have provided for such teaching, we have no more secured the highest education, than we have built a city when we have marked out streets and laid foundation-walls. This field

of thought must be entered to some extent in the very beginning of education. But here especially is the true field of college education in distinction from all professional or technical training. College education, in its highest form, is intended, not so much to enable the student to secure a living, as life is, but to make life better worth the having.

Are our industrial schools the true models for combining scholarly studies with the practical application of science to productive labor? We welcome them to the work they have undertaken. They represent an idea which must be carried out in some way. But the highest results can always be reached by a division of labor. It will be long before any industrial school will be able to do for the scholar what can be done by the college; or for the artisan, what can be done in the workshop. But these schools will educate thousands who would not otherwise be educated, and especially will they do much to destroy the antagonism which has seemed to exist between learning and manual labor.

Industrial schools, then, are great blessings. The danger is that many will expect them to do work which they never can do, and that they will, therefore, be pronounced failures before their true place is understood. Many of them will probably fail at first in attempting to do too much. While the old colleges have been introducing Agriculture, Practical Chemistry, Mining, Engineering, and kindred studies, in compliance with the popular demand for practical education, we find most of the industrial schools attempting to make such liberal provision for college or scholastic studies proper, that in many cases, so far as the range of studies is concerned, it makes little difference whether a student enters an industrial school or a college. He can, by patching together the optional courses, make out about the same course of study in each.

Perhaps there is no help for this, in the present transitional state of educa-

tion in this country. But we are losing vastly, absolutely wasting our means, especially in our attempts at industrial education, while so many colleges are attempting to teach every thing without having the means of thoroughly teaching any thing.

If any institution could secure money enough, it might offer adequate instruction in every department of knowledge. But our oldest colleges, with millions of productive capital, and vast sums invested in buildings, libraries, and cabinets, are calling wildly for millions more to carry on their work.

It is foolish, then, to expect that our numerous smaller so-called "colleges" and "universities," with their petty endowments can satisfactorily execute under their present system the tasks they propose.

If for any reason it is desirable to establish different schools at the same place so as to form a true university, there is no objection to it; perhaps there may be some advantages in doing this, if money enough can be secured to properly support each department. But with a few thousand dollars we lay out our universities, and succeed, in many cases, in making a sort of retail country-store, where can be found, indeed, a great variety of wares, but mostly out of date, high-priced, and of poor quality.

This is a free country, and people must be allowed to do very foolish things, if they will do them at their own expense. If men are ambitious to give fifty or a hundred thousand dollars to found a poor college or university, while other institutions in the same State are without adequate funds or a respectable number of students, they cannot be prevented from indulging their fancy. It is better that they should do this than not give at all.

The evil of feeble colleges must accordingly be left alone, so far as private endowments are concerned, unless reasoning will avail against them. But the case is different with institutions aided by the State. The State is bound to see that every institution receiving

money from the people shall do its own work, and do it well. But it must not demand bricks without straw. It is bound to perfect the public school in the best manner before it attempts to go farther. If the State has funds that can only be applied to the support of a university, it is in justice bound to so control them and increase them, if need be, as to make the institution what it claims to be. It is a serious question, however, how far the State can now go with profit in supporting and controlling higher institutions of learning. The means of obtaining what is known as a common English education should be supplied by every State, so that every child within its borders can obtain it, if possible, without going from his own home. So much every interest of humanity, as well as the safety of the State, demands.

Next in importance to this first educational duty of the State, of providing for the intelligence of its citizens, may, perhaps, be placed the duty of providing such education for them as shall best develop every source of wealth belonging to the nation. This, however, must be done indirectly rather than directly. The State may contribute to the advancement of science, because such advancement is of equal interest to every one of its citizens, in that they can all take advantage of it if they choose. The State may also do any thing that shall diffuse science, especially practical science, equally among the people. Next to the common school, then, the State should aid the industrial schools, as institutions tending to quicken and render efficient every productive power in the nation. Our soil must be better cultivated, our mines of coal and metal must be successfully worked, engineers must span our rivers with bridges, tunnel our mountains, and build vessels that shall defy wind and tide. All this the State and the nation may indirectly favor by the diffusion of knowledge. This is favoring all the people, not one section of country or monopoly at the expense of others. The government, in doing

all this, is only expressing the will of the people. They are willing to be taxed for the common school, for the industrial school, for every thing necessary to fit the man for citizenship, that shall keep him from being a burden or a danger to society, and for every thing that shall increase material wealth. Beyond this, it is doubtful if we are prepared to go on founding institutions in our State or national capacity, except in those cases where funds have already been given under such conditions that the States have no right to use them for the common and industrial schools.

But our systems of education must go far beyond this good work, if we would enjoy the best fruits of civilization.

As a preparation for the whole life, education needs to look beyond that busy period, when the whole of the active powers are absorbed by laborious employments, and to prepare the man for retirement, for old age, and for death. The truly educated, from the author of *De Senectute* to the best scholars of our own time, have found something higher in mental culture than material wealth can give. Whether they have secured this through the aid of the college or not, they show us in their attainments what the college ought to aim to give. An education is at the present day called for which shall put the business man and the working man on the road to acquire something, at least, of this culture, for the sake of enjoyment and improvement and usefulness in the latter part of life, after its hard-working years are over.

The complaint was long since made against the college that it simply fitted one for a life of letters, or to study one of the learned professions, while in the case of those devoted to the common business of life its training would not compensate for the time and money spent. This charge was in the main true. The college did not attempt to give professional or business education; but it did prepare for the former, though not for the latter. Now a demand has of late years arisen for a higher education for business men; an

education that should rank with college education, but with special reference to the applications of science to the production and management of material wealth.

As colleges had been the fountains of all learning when science and labor had little or no connection, it was expected that they should still be the fountains of all learning when the applications of science to labor became infinite in number and marvellous in perfection. This was demanding that the college, in addition to its old curriculum, or, in place of it, should include in itself a whole university of professional schools. Under this pressure, the college course has been much more modified than improved. Instead of meeting the just demand for education in practical science by founding the proper district schools for the purpose, and then perfecting the college to meet the highest demands of intellectual culture, the college curriculum was crowded with additional studies, and students were sent out, mere smatterers in science, not fitted either for industrial or for professional pursuits. They and their friends were consequently dissatisfied with the colleges. The attempt at practical education in this way was putting new wine into old bottles.

Fortunately, a wiser plan began to prevail. Harvard, Yale, and other institutions found men wise and liberal enough to establish scientific departments. Congress has given public lands for the same purpose. And now, if the people will wait, no doubt we shall in time have a system of industrial schools as complete as the common schools now are. These schools will be all that many will desire. Where there is money in abundance, such courses in literature can be joined with the scientific studies so that little more can be desired. But in most cases, the industrial school will be wasting its means by attempting, in addition to its scientific work, to do all that properly belongs to the ordinary college. The two classes of institutions should occupy distinct fields. Now is the time to reform, or rather to restrict, the

old college course of study, and to put the simple college in its true place as an educational power, and make it better than it has ever been.

Will the State support and properly control such an institution devoted to the highest intellectual culture without any reference to the business or profession the student is to pursue? If this can be done at all, it can be done only under such an organization as is found in Michigan, and some other States, where the university embraces such a liberal provision for the industrial sciences and professional schools, that the simple college can be joined with them and become prominent by apparently being subordinate.

But all State institutions are in a state of unstable equilibrium. All persons in the State feel that they have a right to interfere in their management, because all are owners. There will be conflict between rival systems of education and plans of organization. Politics will contaminate them with its harpy-like touch. We cannot expect that many State institutions will escape the danger of direct legislative control and the blighting effect of continual warfare, until there is more agreement among the people than there now is, as to what knowledge is worth most, and what organization is most desirable for our higher institutions. Of the whole fleet of educational craft that are now ready to unfurl their sails under the impetus of State and national bounty, the large majority will be completely shattered, or so broken and refitted before they reach safe waters, that their best friends will hardly know them. Until their success is secured, we can hardly expect the State to support and properly control the simple college, because there are so many people who believe that its work is of little value.

This would certainly be unfortunate, if we were dependent upon the State for the best things that can be done. But it is one of the blessings of a government like ours, that while it may not do so much for the people as though they were children, as monarchies do,

It leaves them like men to do vastly more for themselves. The best things for the race and for the government have not, in this country, been commenced by the government, but by the foresight, the energy, and wealth of private citizens. After the good is seen, the people will come to its support. Our government represents the people, and it cannot continuously carry on any work not sanctioned by the majority. But there must be, in every nation, some men wiser and better than the majority. These men cannot always rule. It is not needful that they should, so long as the government leaves them free to act, and protects them and their property in all they desire to do for the good of the world. If the best men cannot rule in the State, we can have our best literary institutions ruled by the best men, if we choose. Every State in the Union will grant liberal charters to colleges if rich men will found them. It will exempt the college endowment from taxation, will give the whole control of the money, as well as every thing that relates to the rank of the college and its course of study, to the men selected by the founders. It will remove the college entirely from the sphere of politics, covenanting only, as it ought, that nothing shall be done there detrimental to the State. All this every State in the Union will do. If its Legislature does not feel at liberty to take public money to support any particular institution, any body of men can have just what they want by giving the money. If this does not show perfection in society, it is the condition of stable progress.

Now we have but to leave to the government or the people, as a whole, the burden of sustaining the common and industrial schools, and to look mainly to private beneficence to sustain the simple college. We cannot afford to have these fountains, which have flowed so long and so freely for the public good, sealed up. Our colleges in the past have been almost entirely supported by private benefactions. The same is true of many of the best preparatory

schools in the country. We hope this will still continue to be the case. We hope that rich men will still continue to give, so that the best education shall always be within the reach of the poorest child in the land. Our highest institutions thus, without being a burden to the people, become our most efficient agencies in securing equality of privilege for all.

It was well that the Lawrences, Shetfolds, and Cornells should do what they have done for practical science. But the work which they have commenced has such immediate practical results that the whole people will soon be ready to carry it on at the public expense.

But we must have some institutions in which money-making shall not be the controlling element in every course of study. The history of practical science even shows this necessity.

Most of our colleges, as now conducted, are not schools for thinkers and investigators. They are simply schools for boys. As such, they have done an excellent work, and in most cases they have accomplished all they could, considering the many disadvantages under which they have labored. The danger is, that the customs established by necessity, will continue long after the necessity has passed away. Most of the work now done in the first two years of the college course in languages and mathematics, is such drilling in the elements as belongs to the preparatory school. So painfully evident is this in some colleges, that students, who have fitted in our best preparatory schools, find that they have lost, instead of gained, by going to college. The test for entering college is a certain amount of book knowledge; certain specific things are required, because the students are to be classed in studies already commenced. To dispute the wisdom of this strict classification, or, the principle on which it is made, is considered as heretical by some, as it once was to believe that there were more than seven planets. We believe in some class system in every institution, but

think a much better system can be reached than we now have, by making a wider range of studies.

Every college faculty must feel, when the examinations are ended, and the Freshman class comes to its first recitation, that this classifying, according to the amount of Latin and Greek read by the student, is, in the language of naturalists, an artificial process, very much like the old botanic system of classifying plants according to the number and modifications of the stamens and pistils, which brought into the same class pine trees and melons, Indian corn and castor-oil beans. It is found that some members of every class are better fitted to grapple at once with the common studies of the Senior year, than other members will be when they have spent three years in college,—that some are better educated the day they enter as Freshman than others will be when they graduate. They are compelled to go on four years together because they happened to know about the same amount of Latin and Greek when they entered. In this way, young men with brains and manly judgment and aspirations, are compelled to keep step with dunces and boys until they are disgusted. Many of the requirements of college life are absurd for the former, although needed for those who ought to be in the preparatory school, or in almost any place but college. The annoyance of dunces and fast young men of sixteen, are like smoke to the eyes and vinegar to the teeth to one who is in college for a purpose. The real student submits to the nuisance, because it is the best he can do.

What is the remedy? This is no easy thing to devise. It may take us long to discover the true remedy, and when it is discovered there may be many things to delay its application. Institutions of learning are proverbially conservative. They will naturally oppose any change that shall diminish their rank or income. Still, we may hope for a gradual change in the right direction in institutions already established, and that more judgment will be

shown in organizing others in the future.

The first improvement that we suggest is, that each school shall confine itself to a definite field of labor, according to its means, so that it shall furnish the very best of what it pretends to furnish. This improvement has already begun in the graded schools, in some places, and in some of the scientific schools. Let the public schools extend their course of study so that it shall embrace every thing required for entering the best industrial schools. Let parents send their boys to school where they can be cared for as boys. But let no more boys be sent to college, as many now are, without any proper conception of why they are there, and without any fitness for the place. Let us have some colleges, at least, of so high rank, that all in them must be there of their own accord.

If the preparatory schools, both public and private, were improved, as they might readily be, the college course need not be lengthened. What we especially want is, more time on the studies that make up most of the Junior and Senior years, in our best colleges. The aim of our colleges is right, but they attempt to do too much. When they leave a part of their work to the preparatory school, and another portion, which they have been attempting with poor success, to the industrial school, there will be time enough for them to deal with their higher studies.

Now that practical science is provided for in the industrial schools, the natural result will be for colleges that are not under immediate State control, and have means enough at present, or in prospect, to sustain a single institution with able men, to rise from the grade of preparatory schools for boys to that of colleges for men who can govern themselves and who are seeking knowledge for some other purpose than as a mere multiplier of dollars and cents. They can do this by striking out much that they now teach in the beginning of the course, as well as what properly belongs

to the industrial school, by less technical requirements for entering, insisting only upon this one essential qualification, that every man entering shall be fitted in all respects, in age, in learning, in manly qualities, in practical knowledge, in judgment and spirit, to profit where students are simply aided, but not driven. Let the college be the place where young men shall really enter upon the investigation of subjects as they will be compelled to investigate them in after life, but with the aid of competent teachers, which they cannot have at hand through life.

Is it said that a young man fitted to enter upon such a course of study is already fitted to make his way in the world? Certainly he ought to be. Does he think it would be a waste of time for him to enter upon such a course? Then let him not do it. Let him enter the busy world at once, doing all the good he can, and getting all the enjoyment he can from it. We wish all would do as well. The college of which we speak is not for those who think their time would be thrown away in it, so that they must be kept there, as many boys are now kept in college. It is for those who hunger for something better in education, than they can now find except in scattered fragments. We have no sympathy with those who undervalue the work already done by our colleges, or who would abolish them, if they cannot at once be moulded to suit the demands of those who claim to have new light. We believe that the leading idea in our best colleges is the true one for them. They have been compelled to do many things which they had no desire to do, from lack of funds, from the low grade of preparatory schools, and from an honest attempt to meet a demand of the times, which they are not fitted to meet, and never can be. We now have our public schools of all grades, so that the masses cannot lack for learning. We have schools for science, so that every material interest will be cared for. We have schools of Law, of Medicine, and of Theology, of almost every shade of

belief, and we have the simple college, which of late years has been losing its definite character. Its true work has been a matter of angry debate, the institution appearing in a multitude of characters to satisfy all parties. Now it has been merely a higher academy with all its petty rules for boys, but often without its efficient instruction; and again it has donned the working garb of the Miner and Chemist in its futile attempts to teach practical science. So far as it has succeeded in doing this, it has withdrawn students from its legitimate work.

All this time, to the honor of the college be it said, it has been struggling amid all this din, and clamor, and false show, to give something of that higher education of which we speak. It has done much. The time has now come when the best colleges can be true to themselves. No longer compelled to divide their energies, let them be concentrated on this one grand effort, to give the best conditions for mental culture to the best minds in the world, who choose to seek culture for its own sake, or for that higher good to the race than material wealth alone can give. All wealth, all practical science, and all production are but the conditions of the highest mental and moral culture, as the physical system of man is but the condition for his intellectual and moral nature. We are not arguing in favor of breaking down all small colleges. We would make our largest colleges better by making them smaller, through a higher standard. There are undoubted advantages in having colleges united to form a university; but whether collected in one place or separated, we believe in small colleges, if they are rich enough, to do their work as they ought. The more the student comes in contact with a real educator the better. He will gain more strength by coming into real intellectual conflict with a great man, than he will to be shot at from the ablest lecturers for months.

We have too many colleges now only because they are too poor, and thus

have too strong inducements to give a low type of education. As schools preparatory for professional study, most of them may still continue to do excellent work without extending their course of study, and perhaps better by striking out a portion which has lately been added in the attempt to give such an education as can be given only in scientific schools. We need but a small number of colleges for such students as desire to give to literature and general science the time which others devote to industrial education or professional study. But such students are as much needed for the elevation of our literary standing in the world, and for their influence even upon the lowest forms of education, as engineers and miners are needed to develop our national wealth.

Many of the smaller colleges cannot essentially change until there is a great advance in the public schools, and a greater demand for a higher education than they are now giving. We would not on this account abolish them if we could, as so many seem eager to do. But we think they are bound in justice to themselves and the community to cease attempting to combine in one course of study what belongs to two or three distinct schools. They have had little money, but that has not always been judiciously expended. They have spent money for things which the fashion seemed to demand. If one college had a cabinet, the rival college must have another of the same kind, if possi-

ble, costing time and money, though oftentimes of no more educational value than a stone wall, or the specimens in a grocery store.

Some of the colleges will hold out for a time attempting to teach every thing, but the thoroughness of the industrial schools in science will soon show the weakness of the others. We feel sure that the present demands of education will soon sharply define these three classes of institutions, whatever names they may claim—High Preparatory Schools, Industrial Schools, and true colleges. The professional schools are well defined now. Their aim is definite. The high preparatory schools may call themselves colleges; and the true colleges may be the outgrowth of what is now called the post graduate course. All these grades of schools are really needed, and their elements are mingled in our present schools. These elements need to be separated and so re-combined, that the character and work of each class of institutions shall be clearly defined and have a definite relation to other classes. What is really needed is sure soon to come, in some form. Such schools may be joined together, and with professional schools give us the American University. But what we especially call for in the interest of sound learning, is a saving of educational funds and labor by a better division of labor, or greater definiteness in the aim of our institutions, and for an advance to a higher grade on the part of the best colleges.

THE EARTH IN TROUBLE.

THERE is no mistake about it; our mother Earth is in serious trouble, and her wisest children are at a loss how to account for her sudden restlessness. There are all the signs of feverish excitement—great heat, strange utterances, and violent convulsions. A summer so hot as to become unusually destructive to human life has been followed by an unnaturally mild winter all through the temperate zone of the globe, and even the instincts of the brute creation seem to have been at fault for once. Terrific upheavings have terrified man, now breaking forth through the craters of active volcanoes, and now raising huge portions of firm land by fearful earthquakes. Is it a wonder that when our mother Earth is so evidently in trouble, her children also should be sorely troubled, and thoughtful minds should look once more for the speedy coming of the end of all things? When the Apostles themselves expected to witness the coming of the Lord, and a Luther could firmly believe in the near approach of the Last Judgment, we may well bear patiently with credulous Millerites, sitting in their white robes high up on broad branching trees to ascend the more promptly to heaven, and with all the sorrowful minds who in our day yearn, with the whole groaning creation, for speedy redemption!

Nor can we withhold our sympathy from those who describe, with feelings of indelible awe, what they suffered at the time of their first experience of an earthquake. While a bright sky and brilliant sunshine are flooding the exuberant beauty of a tropical landscape with gorgeous lights, and all Nature seems to enjoy in perfect peace the luxury of happy existence, they suddenly felt rather than heard a low, rumbling noise, which seems to rise from the very lowest depths of the earth. And all

living beings, men as well as animals, are of a sudden filled with a strange anticipation of evil coming, vague, but sickening, and unconquerable by any effort of will. Before the mind can well judge of the strange and unwonted sensation, there comes long, subterranean thundering, clap upon clap, rolling nearer and nearer, and at each successive shock the heavens and the earth seem alike to shudder at the fearful approach of an unknown power. Every thing is shaken to the foundation; glasses and crockery-ware sound as if frolicking spirits were playing with them; bells are set ringing by invisible hands, doors open by themselves, and no one enters, the houses begin to groan and to crack in all their joints, and lean, like drunken men, first to one, and then to the other side. Tall steeples sway giddily to and fro, and lofty arches in cathedrals and churches press out the keystone and come crashing down, burying thousands of terrified men, who had come to the sacred building to invoke help from on high, when all upon earth had left them helpless. All who can escape rush forth from beneath treacherous roofs, but out there it feels as if even "heaven's vault should crack;" the danger is not over, for the very soil beneath their feet swells and sinks like the waves of the sea, huge chasms open here and there, and dark abysses swallow old and young, rich and poor, without distinction and without mercy.

At last the soil begins to subside into the wonted quiet, and at the same moment, a tall, conical mountain—sometimes in sight of the panic-struck multitude, and sometimes at a distance of hundreds of miles—opens a wide, gaping mouth near the summit, and a power, which human ingenuity has as yet found no standard to measure, sends forth a magnificent bunch of bright

flames, mingled in strange anomaly, with streaming vapors, rocks ground to atoms till they resemble ashes, and vast masses of a glowing substance, which are flung, jet after jet, till they seem to reach the welkin. And, high up in the air, the fiery bouquet, grandly beautiful in spite of its terrific nature, spreads out into an immense canopy, an ocean of clouds dark above, but shining in incomparable splendor below, where the fire from the crater illumines it in richest glory, while flashes of lightning play unceasingly to and fro, and the half molten rocks rain down upon the earth, bursting and breaking like masses of brittle dusky glass. At the same time a torrent of ashes falls like a burning rain of withering fire upon the wretched landscape, and in an instant the whole region, for miles and miles all around, is covered with a weird shroud and sinks for ages into death-like stillness!

But troubled Nature has not exhausted the efforts yet, by which she seeks relief from the mysterious suffering which she seems to undergo in the dark recesses of the earth. From the crater's brink, or from a sudden opening in the sides of the mountain, there comes gushing forth a broad stream of fiery lava, and hurries, as in furious madness, down the steep sides, carrying the torch of destruction to the forests, which in a moment flare up in a bright blaze, to fertile fields, changing them instantly from lovely pictures of peace and promise into desolate deserts, to lofty walls and solid mansions, which crumble and fall at the magic touch, never to rise again, and finally to the silent sea, into which it rolls its fiery waves with a fearful hissing and screeching, bringing even here death and destruction to all that lives and moves in the life-teeming waters.

And, as if the measure of horrors was not full yet, and overburdened Nature must give vent in new forms to its unbearable burden, the heavens darken, till night covers the earth, and a deluge of waters descends in vast sheets, flooding the fields that had barely begun to

breathe once more freely, and mingling in horrible friendship with the masses of black ashes, so that the dark, hideous slime rolls in slow, but irresistible waves, over town and village, and fills cellars and rooms and streets and the very temples of the gods with its death-bringing horror. And not unfrequently the sea rushes up to meet in fatal embrace the waters from the clouds; trembling under the weird excitement and coming up in fierce, spasmodic jerks as the convulsions of the volcano near by shake it with sympathetic violence, it breaks down the ancient landmarks that have held it in bounds for countless ages, and retreating after a while with overwhelming violence, it bears the few survivors from the fury of fire into the fatal abyss of the ocean.

Amid such horrors the bravest of men loses heart, and with all his heaven-appointed powers he feels like a helpless infant. The brutes of the forest, the lion and the panther, forget their nature, and come from their dark dens to join in strange, new-born friendship, the flocks of peaceful cattle, and to seek with them, driven by an irresistible instinct, the shelter of human habitations and the protection of man. Eagles and vultures come down from their unseen paths in the clouds and their lofty eyries, and sit, marvelling and trembling, by the side of pigeons and common fowls in paradisaical peace.

It is this unique and uncontrollable sensation, felt when the material world makes for a moment its full dominion known and claims our earth-born nature as its own, which has, no doubt, led, from of old, to the almost unvarying creed of men, that the world will come to an end by fire. The Chaldeans, it is true, coupled the power of water with that of the burning element, and believed that the world would be destroyed by fire, when all the stars should meet in the constellation of Cancer, and once more by water when they meet in the constellation of Capricorn. The Parsees, worshippers of fire, have a similar doctrine, according to which the

world will last twelve thousand years, after which Ahriman, the Evil Spirit, will set it on fire by means of a comet, and, after a thorough purification, recreate it with Ormuzd, the Spirit of Good. Even the Orphic poems, of which nothing is left beyond a few quotations and allusions, are said to have sung of the end of winter in a great deluge, and of the end of the world's summer in a great conflagration. It is well known, on the other hand, that the Mosaic Genesis, based, perhaps, largely upon the impression produced by the annual inundations of the Nile, admits of only one creative principle, that of water, which "brought forth" all things living but man, and hence laid the foundation of that system which is still warmly defended by the Neptunists of our day.

It is interesting to observe how, in a similar manner, the Greek Heracitus drew his views from his observation of volcanic symptoms, and based upon them his theory, that the world not only owed its origin to fire, but was to be periodically purified and renewed by vast conflagrations. Fire was, to him, the only unchanging and everlasting element, and to its benign influences he was disposed to ascribe all that befalls our globe under the direction of relentless Fate.

Nor can it be doubted that the same impressions led originally to the almost sublime conceptions of the lower regions, which we find in Hellenic legends. It is well known, that they placed their Tartarus far down in the bowels of the earth, and represented it as an enormous abyss filled with eternal fire; the very position of the entrance to this lower world, in Southern Italy, points to that connection, as the active volcanoes of that region had, no doubt, originally suggested the whole conception. Far down, below those favored plains, they imagined the realm of Pluto, and looked upon Mount Vesuvius and Mount Etna as the colossal chimneys, giving vent to the smoke of the fire at which the Cyclops were forever busy forging the lightnings of Jupiter. How deeply

rooted these fantastic and yet beautiful notions were in the minds of nations, we may judge from the fact that two hundred years after the rise of our faith the Roman historian, Dion Cassius, could still soberly speak of enormous giants rising from Mount Vesuvius, and scattering, amid the appalling sound of infernal trumpets, ashes and rocks over the blooming fields of Campania and the fair cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum! Our own Christian faith, finally, teaches us of the final destruction of our globe by the same terrible agent, when "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and all the works therein, shall be burned up."

If it is strange to see how universal this fire worship is, which ascribes to this element, above all others, the power to create and to destroy our world, it is not less striking to observe to what eccentric views the same conviction has led both ancient and modern inquirers. Thus Aristotle even was fond of imagining that the earth might be a living being, which changed like man, on the surface, only at much longer intervals. He knew perfectly well, that certain portions of land would gradually be covered with water, while parts of the sea would be laid bare and change into fertile lands; he knew equally well the origin of volcanic islands, and describes correctly the sudden rise of Hiera, in the Pontus, which was born amid a fearful upheaving of the earth, its bursting open in the shape of a great crater, and the subsequent lifting up of a high mountain. All these phenomena were, to him, evidences of the inner life of the earth, which, he thought, manifested itself mainly by fire. Strabo went even beyond him, and while ascribing, with his illustrious predecessor, all earthquakes to the efforts made by masses of heated air within to break through the crust of the earth, he discerned the correct origin of great changes on the surface, and, for instance, saw in Sicily only a portion of the mainland, which had been detached from it by a violent volcanic upheaving.

The Romans did nothing for the better knowledge of Nature; their thoughts were exclusively given to the Empire, and social problems monopolized their attention. For centuries, therefore, natural science made no progress, and earthquakes were readily ascribed to rebellions in the demon world below, and volcanic eruptions to the impatience of chained spirits. Then came the rule of Neptune, when Vulcan was dethroned for a time, and all the great symptoms of life, which our mother Earth gives forth from time to time, were explained by the agency of water. Descartes was the first philosopher bold enough to leave the beaten track, and to plead once more the cause of fire; he openly declared his conviction, that the earth had once been a fiery meteor, like so many others, fragments of that original solid matter, which had been set in furious motion by an Almighty hand, and when heated by the terrible velocity with which it revolved in infinite space, divided into suns and stars. His doctrine was, that the crust of the earth had afterwards gradually cooled off, but that in the interior there was still a vast central fire, which every now and then spontaneously bursts forth in eruptions and earthquakes.

The greater philosophers of later ages followed in the wake of Descartes, without adding strength to his arguments or facts to support his theory; it was only when the three great naturalists, Pallas, Saussure, and Werner, collected a number of carefully-made observations, that speculation was changed into conviction, and brilliant suggestions were tried and proved in the alembic of stern logic.

They did not change the original theory, but established it on a solid basis. They found, what we still believe, that the sea of liquid fire beneath the thin crust of the earth, on which we dwell with fancied security, is in a state of perpetual excitement, and hence continually presses or rises against the surface. When it touches it, we have an earthquake; when it is sufficiently ex-

cited to break through the crust, it forms a volcano.

According to the most recent theories, however, another new element has been added to these explanations of the inner life of our earth. We have learnt that it is not fire simply, which produces these agitations, but the same power which raises the waters of the ocean at regular intervals. It is well known that the tides are the effect of the attraction exercised by sun and moon, and that they are highest in the form of spring tides, when sun and moon combine to attract the waters. It is believed, now, that the liquid matter in the interior of the earth obeys the same laws of attraction, and rises and falls with the outer liquid, as the crust of the earth is, relatively speaking, a mere thin covering, unable seriously to diminish, much less to check the powers of attraction exercised by the two great heavenly bodies. This view is confirmed by the fact, that earthquakes are most frequent when the tides are highest. Volcanic eruptions are, of course, effects of the same commotion below; they only save vast regions of land and water from being thus convulsed, by offering an open vent to the gases developed below.

All this newly-acquired knowledge, however, does not yet help us to avert the fearful destruction which generally follows the outbreaks of the hidden power within the earth. In vain do we see vast plains laid waste forever by the death-bringing substances ejected from hideous mud-volcanoes; in vain do towering mountains rise where formerly the eye swept over level lands as far as it could reach; in vain, even, do we descend to towns which once overflowed with life and exulted in their splendor, and which now are sad and silent, buried for ages and ages below the surface of the earth. At each new return of the terrible calamities attendant on such convulsions, we stand anew aghast, and feel how utterly helpless we are, how utterly ignorant even of Him, who "laid the foundations of the earth," and who alone knows "whereupon are

the foundations thereof fastened, or who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

So we have felt again during the present year. For our mother Earth has been in great trouble during the last twelve months, and perhaps it may not be amiss briefly to record here the symptoms, which make us aware of the terrible commotion, which has apparently destroyed the peace ordinarily reigning within our globe.

Earthquakes have taken place in the West Indies and in South America, such as belong to the most terrific catastrophes recorded in the annals of the earth's history. Since the day on which Lisbon was swallowed up with thousands of helpless victims, and the calamity at Lima in 1746, since the South American coasts were devastated in 1797, and Caracas was utterly destroyed in 1812, no such overwhelming misfortune has befallen that doomed locality.

The air, we are told, had been for several days so hot and oppressive, that experienced natives foretold a volcanic eruption. On the 16th of August (1868) news was received in Valparaiso, that in several ports of Chili the sea had risen and overwhelmed the coast for fifteen miles, so as to wash away houses and magazines, and to land vessels high and dry far inland. Three days before the earth had begun to heave, and regular earthquakes had taken place at Callao, returning at intervals of five minutes. Enormous crevices opened, houses fell, churches crumbled to pieces, and men and brutes alike were frightened by the unseen enemy. The whole West coast, as far as high up in Peru, was thus shaken, and at various places the sea had made inroads upon the firm land. At the very first shock a number of towns in the interior were levelled with the ground, and ancient cathedrals, that had stood like unchangeable landmarks for hundreds of years, were changed into heaps of ruins and rubbish. More than thirty thousand human beings perished in a day, and the loss in material and mer-

chandise is beyond all calculation. An enormous spring tide followed the earthquake, and overwhelming the frail bulwarks of a low coast, flooded the land far into the interior. Large vessels were thrown from their anchorage, and landed far up the country. A second gigantic wave, stretching a hundred miles north and south, rose from the ocean, and fell with crushing power upon the ill-fated coast. Three war steamers were thus destroyed at Arica alone; among these our own ships, the *Waterloo* and the *Fredonia*, the latter with nearly every soul on board. An English steamer, the *Santiago*, escaped by a marvel. She was apparently secure, riding on two powerful anchors; but suddenly a concussion was felt, which made the large ship twist and turn as if she were made of India rubber. All the passengers were tossed up to the height of two feet, and then fell flat down; at the same moment the heavy cables snapped as if they were thin wires, and the vessel was swept by a receding wave into the sea. Fortunately, they had steam up, and tried to gain the offing; but the next moment a second wave came, and drove her irresistibly towards the rocky shore. All faces were deadly pale, and the captain gave up all hope. But oh, wonder! the wave lifted the ship high up, and safely carried her on her gigantic shoulders across the rocky barrier, letting her gently down into an adjoining bay, from which she could subsequently escape into the open sea! Where the town of Chala stood, the ocean now floats heavy vessels, and Iquique was destroyed first by an earthquake, which lasted uninterruptedly for four minutes, and then by a wave of sixty feet height, which suddenly approached the land like a solid wall, and then fell, crushing all that it found in its way, together with more than a hundred men. Arica was so utterly destroyed, that even the places where certain prominent houses had stood, could no more be found; and the unfettered fury of the waves had lifted up heavy guns, and borne them scornfully from an island battery far

out at sea, to distant inland hills. But the concussion itself extended far beyond the usual limits. Most powerful, as was natural, in the centre of the commotion, the volcanic region near Arequipas, where the famous group of snow-covered volcanoes form so striking a feature of the landscape, it was felt for a distance of six hundred miles, both of latitude and of longitude. Electric lights were seen in the air at different places—an entirely new phenomenon, not hitherto observed in connection with such events—and even the famous Tambo d'Apo, a house of refuge on the very summit of the Cordilleras, was so violently shaken as to crumble into dust.

It appears, however, upon a careful sifting of the evidence, that after all, the earthquake itself did less harm than the sea. The enormous waves which disobeyed the command, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed!" carried utter destruction wherever they touched man, or the work of man. Houses and churches, fields and forests, all were literally swept away, islands disappeared, mountains were levelled, and dire desolation imprinted on the scene of abundant prosperity. But the worst was, as ever, the passion of man, unchained at a moment when the fury of the elements seemed likewise to be unfettered. Accident in some cases, fell purpose in many more, set fire to buildings, and soon large portions of the doomed towns were ravaged by fire and water alike! The excited populace fell with savage eagerness upon the stores of liquor exposed in cellars and warehouses, and soon hell itself seemed to be let loose. The scenes enacted in some of the unfortunate towns are beyond the powers of description; men beastly drunk lay by the side of those they had murdered, and the demoniac powers of the earth, set free by an unknown hand for a moment, seemed to have roused with fearful success the demoniac instincts in the heart of man.

These terrible occurrences were soon followed by similar calamities in the

northern part of our Continent. An enormous spring tide, on the 15th of August, terrified the people on the Californian coast, rising to a height of over sixty feet, and washing away fields and gardens for miles. The earthquakes of Peru seemed gradually to have worked their way northward; for in the middle of October, heavy commotions were felt, and on the twenty-first a violent earthquake shook San Francisco. The eastern part of the city was sorely tried; many houses fell, others cracked from the foundation to the roof, and hardly one could be found that had not suffered some injury. As the shocks continued, all business was suspended, and a few cases of death soon caused universal consternation. Half of the population ran into the streets, but here also danger and death even lay in waiting; for in several districts the earth opened, and jets of water leaped up to a height of several feet, while in other places the ground suddenly sank several inches. All the clocks stopped at the moment of the first shock, and the telegraphic wires were so much injured that no communication could be had for some time. The City Hall was a complete ruin; the courts could not sit, and the prisoners were sent to the county jail; the patients at the navy hospitals had to be removed, and the Mint was closed, until it could be fully repaired. Here, also, the shocks extended to a very unusual distance far inland; and as they were felt at sea by sailors, who for a moment thought the vessel had touched a submarine rock, so they amazed miners in the interior, who expressed naïvely their indignation at such "indecent behavior of the old Earth."

The Pacific Ocean had a large share of the fearful commotion which caused such sad destruction on the adjoining continent. Already in March a hundred earthquake shocks had been felt in the volcanic island of Hawaii, connected with an unusually violent eruption of the far-famed Mauna Loa. Here also the earth opened in many places, and a tidal wave, sixty feet high, rose over the tops of lofty cocoa trees, and swept

houses and gardens, cattle and human beings before it with irresistible violence. A terrible shock prostrated houses and churches, while the crater of the great volcano was vomiting fire, rocks and lava, and a river of red hot lava flowed for nearly six miles to the sea, destroying every thing before it, and forming a new island far out in the ocean. In April, still more violent shocks occurred, during which the swinging motion of the earth was so dreadful that no person could stand, and old and young were made deadly sick. At the same time, tall hills were upheaved, and the tops detached, being thrown down into the valleys below, while out at sea new islands arose, several hundred feet high, and emitted for days a column of steam and smoke.

A few months before, similar phenomena had been noticed in British East India. Earthquakes were felt, though only slightly, in various districts of the northern provinces, and what was most curious, they seemed to be strictly limited to a narrow line running northeastward. In one region, near Chindwana, an entirely new feature was superadded to the more familiar horrors of such catastrophes. Each shock was preceded by a heavy detonation, as if a whole park of artillery had been practising in the neighborhood. Special agents were despatched to observe the phenomenon, which the natives had reported for several months already, and they heard the same noise, and felt immediately afterwards the usual vertigo produced by slighter earthquakes.

Europe has escaped these disasters, with the exception of such slight shocks as were felt, at intervals, in the United States also, but without producing any other impression than that of a very unusual state of commotion in the interior of the earth. Premonitory symptoms had shown themselves already in the preceding year (1866) in the Azores, when violent earthquakes shook the islands, and the sea rose, between Terceira and Graicoas, amid terrific detonations, and cast up jets of water to an enormous height. In June,

stones began to be mingled with the vapors, and the amazed spectators beheld the ocean in commotion, throwing up enormous blocks of stone amid dense vapors, and emitting so strong a sulphurous odor, that it could be borne only with difficulty near the shore. It is probable that the old world was saved the fatal effects of violent earthquakes by the readiness of Mt. Vesuvius to give egress to the rebellious powers from below. The ancient volcano had, early in the year 1868, already given signs of increased activity, and whilst the flow of lava had ceased, the last-formed cone began to give out thick black clouds of smoke, in which brilliantly glowing masses of rock were occasionally seen. On the first day of October the marvellously ingenious instruments devised by Lamont, began to indicate a disturbance below the soil, and a displacement of the surface, and the volcano became noisier than before. A small cone opened next, at the side, from the summit to the base, and lava issued forth, covering the former summit of Vesuvius. It was here, for the first time, that the renowned director of the Seis observatory, Palmieri, observed the periodic nature of these volcanic eruptions. Each day, the lava would cease to flow at certain hours and begin anew after a short interval; twice a day, also, the active cone would make an increased noise, and throw out its projectiles with greater violence. The correspondence thus shown between the volcanic ebb and tide and that of the sea, was still further illustrated by other changes in the flow of lava, by certain phenomena occurring at greater intervals, which careful observation proved to take place in unflinching sympathy with the motions of the moon.

In November, the mountain became highly excited. The stream of lava grew to larger dimensions. It was not, as is commonly imagined, a glowing, fluid mass, but appeared like a stone wall, from twenty to thirty feet high, consisting of vast blocks of stone, which were partly black and partly

glowing deep red, and this wall was borne on high by the liquid, burning lava underneath, and pushed continually forward by the immense weight of the fiery mass, that issued forth from the cone. Aided by the slope of the mountain side, it advanced visibly some two or three feet a minute, threatening death and destruction to all that stood in the way. A traveller, Mr. Boernstein, gives an animated description of a characteristic scene in its fearful progress. He had ascended the mountain as far as the *Casa del prete*, the priests' house, which was on the point of being overwhelmed by the stream of lava, now nearly four hundred feet wide.

It stood in the centre of a noble vineyard. The furniture, and all that could be saved, had been carried away; the old priest, in a roundabout and shorts, with nothing but his velvet skull cap to designate him as a priest, was hard at work, with the help of a few men, to pull up the stakes, to which the vines were fastened, in order to save them at least for fuel. His black dog was continually running towards the house, barking anxiously, and then returning to his master, barking at him and pulling at him, as if he wished to warn him against the impending danger. For the terrible wall of hidden fire was within a foot of the parsonage. It was empty and deserted; only a pet cat was sitting comfortably on the sill of the upper story, to which an outer staircase gave access. The priest had just cast a last sorrowful look at his house, against the thick stone walls of which the lava was slowly rising higher and higher, and in his heart was bidding farewell to his home, where he had lived ever since he had been a priest. His eye fell upon the cat. "Save the poor creature!" he cried, and one of the men hastened up the steps; but the cat, frightened by the strange face, ran swiftly into the house, and at the same moment, the stream of lava, overtopping the house by several feet, fell over forward and poured a sea of flames upon the flat roof. The man on the steps leaped with a desperate effort to

the ground, the priest and the by-standers crossed themselves, thick, black clouds of smoke poured forth from the windows,—and a few minutes later the whole stately building had vanished, and a huge mass of glowing blocks of lava was steadily flowing over the place, that knew it no more.

At night, the stream presents a glorious sight. Dark in broad daylight, it now appears an ocean of fire, slowly advancing with irresistible power, and from its waves, as high as tall houses, there fall continually huge glowing blocks with a fearful crash, and roll down the precipices with terrific thunder. If it approaches a tree, there is a moment's delay, and immediately the leaves, dried by the fearful heat, blaze up like a thousand lights on a huge Christmas tree; then the trunk flares up in a pillar of fire, and the crown sinks into the fiery sea. From time to time the glowing mass of the lava stream heaves and rises; suddenly a loud explosion is heard, and an immense column of bright fire shoots high up to the heavens—pent-up gases have freed themselves and exploded in the fiery heat. Or the stream falls into a well; the water is instantly converted into steam, and a white pillar of hissing vapor rises on high.

While Mount Vesuvius was thus relieving the Earth in trouble, certain phenomena of smaller dimensions, but perhaps of greater interest even, were engaging the attention of the learned world. In the first days of the year 1866, the inhabitants of Santorin, an island in the Grecian Archipelago, had seen with amazement a part of their bay converted into a sea of fire. It was not that they had not witnessed the like before. Their own home is the result of a sudden upheaving of the bottom of the sea, and from time immemorial their bay has been the scene of fantastic transformations. The ancients spoke with awe of the strange changes that took place there—the island of Anaphi, now called Nanfi, rose at the bidding of Apollo from the lowest deep; Pliny mentions fearful convulsions,

which marked the year 19 of our era, and ever since new islets have appeared and vanished again in the adjoining waters. Now, for nearly a year, subterranean thunders had been heard, and at the time mentioned, tremendous explosions took place, red flames rose to the height of ten and twenty feet from the sea itself, and a few days later, a new island ascended slowly, and grew visibly from hour to hour. The summit had the shape of a cone, and threw out an unceasing supply of stones, slime, and fire. During the following days, more islets presented themselves, and finally joined together by means of the vast masses of half-fluid material, that continued to flow from the crater. These new lands were nothing else but the summit of an immense volcano, which rested with its base on the bottom of the sea, while the summit, now for the first time, saw the light of day.

The power of man to accustom himself to any and every condition, in which he finds himself placed, is strikingly illustrated by the ten or twelve thousand inhabitants of Santorin. For three years now they have been living amid a continuous cannonade, surrounded by a sea on fire, and a volcano before their eyes, which does not cease day and night to throw out fiery projectiles amid heavy detonations. Jets of vapor are sent up to a height of five thousand feet, and a perpetual fire illumines the top of Mount George I., as the new island has since been called. Italian and Austrian engineers and savants from other countries, have been sent there to watch the extraordinary scene, and they report that the new island has risen already to a height of nearly five hundred feet, while it is still steadily increasing towards Santorin. If the work continues at the same rate, the little

kingdom of Greece has found out a cheaper means to increase its territory than the costly and dangerous process of annexation. On the other hand, the apprehension has been expressed, that in the bay of Santorin, the waters of the sea may be deep enough to come in actual contact with the sea of fire in the interior of the earth, and that a fearful catastrophe may yet prove the old Greek doctrine of Hades and its horrors.

Whatever may be the true explanation of all these grave disturbances on our planet, whether we ascribe them, with the Neptunists, to the ebullition of heated waters, which seek an outlet, or with the Vulcanists, to the efforts of a sea of fire to break through the thin crust, and to hasten the day of final destruction, we cannot close our eyes to the fact, that our mother Earth is evidently in trouble. But let us not blame her if blooming landscapes are laid waste, towns overthrown, and human lives sacrificed by hecatombs. The loss is great, the calamity appalling, but it is the price paid by a few for the security of the race. If the craters of volcanoes did not offer an opening to the pent-up vapors in the interior of the earth, and allow the terrific power of confined steam, with which we have of late become familiar in making steam our servant, we would not be able to live on the earth. They are, as already Alexander von Humboldt asserted, the safety valves, which allow the steam to escape, and the heated vapors within to regain their equilibrium with the pressure of the atmosphere, and it is thanks to them only, perhaps, we owe—that we are enabled, by God's mercy, to enjoy our life on earth, although we dwell on a thin, frail crust, over an ocean of molten fire!

THE ECLIPSE.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS. OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

Note by the Editor.—During Mr. Cooper's residence at Paris, he wrote, at the request of an English friend, his recollections of the great eclipse of 1806. This article, which is undated, must have been written about the year 1831, or twenty-five years after the eclipse. His memory was at that period of his life very clear and tenacious, where events of importance were concerned. From some accidental cause, this article was never sent to England, but lay, apparently forgotten, among Mr. Cooper's papers, where it was found after his death. At the date of the eclipse, the writer was a young sailor of seventeen, just returned from a cruise. At the time of writing these recollections, he had been absent from his old home in Otsego County some fifteen years, and his affectionate remembrance of the ground may be traced in many little touches, which would very possibly have been omitted under other circumstances.

S. F. C.

THE eclipse of the sun, which you have requested me to describe, occurred in the summer of 1806, on Monday, the 16th of June. Its greatest depth of shadow fell upon the American continent, somewhere about the latitude of 42°. I was then on a visit to my parents, at the home of my family, among the Highlands of Otsego, in that part of the country where the eclipse was most impressive. My recollections of the great event, and the incidents of the day, are as vivid as if they had occurred but yesterday.

Lake Otsego, the headwaters of the Susquehanna, lies as nearly as possible in latitude 42°. The village, which is the home of my family, is beautifully situated at the foot of the lake, in a valley lying between two nearly parallel ranges of heights, quite mountainous in character. The Susquehanna, a clear and rapid stream, flowing from the southeastern shore of the lake, is crossed by a high wooden bridge, which divides the main street of the little town from the lawns and meadows on the eastern bank of the river. Here were all the materials that could be desired, lake, river, mountain, wood, and the dwellings of man, to give full effect to the varied movement of light and shadow through that impressive day.

Throughout the belt of country to be darkened by the eclipse, the whole

population were in a state of almost anxious expectation for weeks before the event. On the eve of the 16th of June, our family circle could think or talk of little else. I had then a father and four brothers living, and as we paced the broad hall of the house, or sat about the family board, our conversation turned almost entirely upon the movements of planets and comets, occultations and eclipses. We were all exulting in the feeling that a grand and extraordinary spectacle awaited us—a spectacle which millions then living could never behold. There may have been a tinge of selfishness in the feeling that we were thus favored beyond others, and yet, I think, the emotion was too intellectual in its character to have been altogether unworthy.

Many were the prophecies regarding the weather, the hopes and fears expressed by different individuals, on this important point, as evening drew near. A passing cloud might veil the grand vision from our sight; rain or mist would sadly impair the sublimity of the hour. I was not myself among the desponding. The great barometer in the hall—one of the very few then found in the State, west of Albany—was carefully consulted. It was propitious. It gave promise of dry weather. Our last looks that night, before sleep fell on us, were turned toward the starlit heavens.

And the first movement in the morning was to the open window—again to examine the sky. When I rose from my bed, in the early morning, I found the heavens serene, and cloudless. Day had dawned, but the shadows of night were still lingering over the valley. For a moment, my eye rested on the familiar view—the limpid lake, with its setting of luxuriant woods and farms, its graceful bay and varied points, the hills where every cliff and cave and glen had been trodden a thousand times by my boyish feet—all this was dear to me as the face of a friend. And it appeared as if the landscape, then lovely in summer beauty, were about to assume something of dignity hitherto unknown—were not the shadows of a grand eclipse to fall upon every wave and branch within a few hours! There was one object in the landscape which a stranger would probably have overlooked, or might perhaps have called unsightly, but it was familiar to every eye in the village, and endowed by our people with the honors of an ancient landmark—the tall gray trunk of a dead and branchless pine, which had been standing on the crest of the eastern hill, at the time of the foundation of the village, and which was still erect, though rocked since then by a thousand storms. To my childish fancy, it had seemed an imaginary flag-staff, or, in rustic parlance, the “liberty pole” of some former generation; but now, as I traced the familiar line of the tall trunk, in its peculiar shade of silvery gray, it became to the eye of the young sailor the mast of some phantom ship. I remember greeting it with a smile, as this was the first glance of recognition given to the old ruin of the forest since my return.

But an object of far higher interest suddenly attracted my eye. I discovered a star—a solitary star—twinkling dimly in a sky which had now changed its hue to a pale grayish twilight, while vivid touches of coloring were beginning to flush the eastern sky. There was absolutely no other object visible in the heavens—cloud there was none, not even the lightest vapor. That lonely

star excited a vivid interest in my mind. I continued at the window gazing, and losing myself in a sort of day-dream. That star was a heavenly body, it was known to be a planet, and my mind was filling itself with images of planets and suns. My brain was confusing itself with vague ideas of magnitude and distance, and of the time required by light to pierce the apparently illimitable void that lay between us—of the beings who might inhabit an orb like that, with life, feeling, spirit, and aspirations like my own.

Soon the sun himself rose into view. I caught a glimpse of fiery light glowing among the branches of the forest, on the eastern mountain. I watched, as I had done a hundred times before, the flushing of the skies, the gradual illuminations of the different hills, crowned with an undulating and ragged outline of pines, nearly two hundred feet in height, the golden light gliding silently down the breast of the western mountains, and opening clearer views of grove and field, until lake, valley, and village lay smiling in one cheerful glow of warm sunshine.

Our family party assembled early. We were soon joined by friends and connections, all eager and excited, and each provided with a colored glass for the occasion. By nine o'clock the cool air, which is peculiar to the summer nights in the Highlands, had left us, and the heat of midsummer filled the valley. The heavens were still absolutely cloudless, and a more brilliant day never shone in our own bright climate. There was not a breath of air, and we could see the rays of heat quivering here and there on the smooth surface of the lake. There was every appearance of a hot and sultry noontide.

We left the house, and passed beyond the grounds into the broad and grassy street which lay between the gates and the lake. Here there were no overhanging branches to obstruct the view; the heavens, the wooded mountains, and the limpid sheet of water before us, were all distinctly seen. As the hour for the eclipse drew near, our eagerness and

excitement increased to an almost boyish impatience. The elders of the party were discussing the details of some previous eclipse: leaving them to revive their recollections, I strolled away, glass in hand, through the principal streets of the village. Scarce a dwelling, or a face, in the little town, that was not familiar to me, and it gave additional zest to the pleasure of a holiday at home, to meet one's townfolk under the excitement of an approaching eclipse. As yet there was no great agitation, although things wore a rather unusual aspect for the busy hours of a summer's day. Many were busy with their usual tasks, women and children were coming and going with pails of water, the broom and the needle were not yet laid aside, the blacksmith's hammer and the carpenter's plane were heard in passing their shops. Loaded teams, and travellers in waggons, were moving through the streets; the usual quiet traffic at the village counters had not yet ceased. A farm-waggon, heavily laden with hay, was just crossing the bridge, coming in from the fields, the driver looking drowsy with sleep, wholly unconscious of the movement in the heavens. The good people in general, however, were on the alert; at every house some one seemed to be watching, and many groups were passed, whose eager up-turned faces and excited conversation spoke the liveliest interest. It was said, that there were not wanting one or two philosophers of the skeptical school, among our people, who did not choose to commit themselves to the belief in a total eclipse of the sun—simply because they had never seen one. Seeing is believing, we are told, though the axiom admits of dispute. But what these worthy neighbors of ours had not seen, no powers of reasoning, or fulness of evidence, could induce them to credit. Here was the dignity of human reason! Here was private judgment taking a high stand! Anxious to witness the conversion of one of these worthies, with boyish love of fun I went in quest of him. He had left the village, however, on

business. But, true to his principles, before mounting his horse that morning, he had declared to his wife that "*he was not running away from that eclipse*;" nay, more, with noble candor, he averred that if the eclipse did overtake him, in the course of his day's journey, "*he would not be above acknowledging it!*" This was highly encouraging.

I had scarcely returned to the family party, left on the watch, when one of my brothers, more vigilant, or with clearer sight than his companions, exclaimed that he clearly saw a dark line, drawn on the western margin of the sun's disc! All faces were instantly turned upwards, and through the glasses we could indeed now see a dusky, but distinct object, darkening the sun's light. An exclamation of delight, almost triumphant, burst involuntarily from the lips of all. We were not to be disappointed, no cloud was there to veil the grand spectacle; the vision, almost unearthly in its sublime dignity, was about to be revealed to us. In an incredibly short time, the oval formation of the moon was discerned. Another joyous burst of delight followed, as one after another declared that he beheld with distinctness the dark oval outline, drawn against the flood of golden light. Gradually, and at first quite imperceptibly to our sight, that dark and mysterious sphere gained upon the light, while a feeling of watchful stillness, verging upon reverence, fell upon our excited spirits.

As yet there was no change perceptible in the sunlight falling upon lake and mountain; the familiar scene wore its usual smiling aspect, bright and glowing as on other days of June. The people, however, were now crowding into the streets—their usual labors were abandoned—forgotten for the moment—and all faces were turned upward. So little, however, was the change in the power of the light, that to a careless observer it seemed more the gaze of faith, than positive perception, which turned the faces of all upward. Gradually a fifth, and even a fourth, of the sun's disc became obscured, and

still the unguarded eye could not endure the flood of light—it was only with the colored glass that we could note the progress of the phenomenon. The noon-day heat, however, began to lessen, and something of the coolness of early morning returned to the valley.

I was looking upward, intently watching for the first moment where the dark outline of the moon should be visible to the naked eye, when an acquaintance passed. "Come with me!" he said quietly, at the same moment drawing his arm within my own, and leading me away. He was a man of few words, and there was an expression in his face which induced me to accompany him without hesitation. He led me to the Court House, and from thence into an adjoining building, and into a room then occupied by two persons. At a window, looking upward at the heavens, stood a figure which instantly riveted my attention. It was a man with haggard face, and fettered arms, a prisoner under sentence of death. By his side was the jailor.

A painful tragedy had been recently enacted in our little town. The schoolmaster of a small hamlet in the county had beaten a child under his charge very severely—and for a very trifling error. The sufferer was a little girl, his own niece, and it was said that natural infirmity had prevented the child from clearly pronouncing certain words which her teacher required her to utter distinctly. To conquer what he considered the obstinacy of the child, this man continued to beat her so severely that she never recovered from the effects of the blows, and died some days after. The wretched man was arrested, tried for murder, condemned, and sentenced to the gallows. This was the first capital offence in Otsego County. It produced a very deep impression. The general character of the schoolmaster had been, until that evil hour, very good, in every way. He was deeply, and beyond all doubt unfeignedly, penitent for the crime into which he had been led, more, apparently, from false ideas of duty, than from natural

severity of temper. He had been entirely unaware of the great physical injury he was doing the child. So great was his contrition, that public sympathy had been awakened in his behalf, and powerful petitions had been sent to the Governor of the State, in order to obtain a respite, if not a pardon. But the day named by the judge arrived without a return of the courier. The Governor was at his country-house, at least eighty miles beyond Albany. The petition had been kept to the last moment, for additional signatures, and the eighty miles to be travelled by the courier, after reaching Albany, had not been included in the calculation. No despatch was received, and there was every appearance that there would be no reprieve. The day arrived—thronged of people from Chenango, and Unadilla, and from the valley of the Mohawk, poured into the village, to witness the painful, and as yet unknown, spectacle of a public execution. In looking down, from an elevated position, upon the principal street of the village that day, it had seemed to me paved with human faces. The hour struck, the prisoner was taken from the jail, and, seated, as is usual, on his coffin, was carried to the place of execution, placed between two ministers of the gospel. His look of utter misery was beyond description. I have seen other offenders expiate for their crimes with life, but never have I beheld such agony, such a clinging to life, such mental horror at the nearness of death, as was betrayed by this miserable man. When he approached the gallows, he rose from his seat, and wringing his fettered hands, turned his back upon the fearful object, as if the view were too frightful for endurance. The ministers of the gospel succeeded at length in restoring him to a decent degree of composure. The last prayer was offered, and his own fervent "Amen!" was still sounding, hoarse, beseeching, and almost despairing, in the ears of the crowd, when the respite made its tardy appearance. A short reprieve was granted, and the prisoner was carried back to the misera-

ble cell from which he had been drawn in the morning.

Such was the wretched man who had been brought from his dungeon that morning, to behold the grand phenomenon of the eclipse. During the twelve-month previous, he had seen the sun but once. The prisons of those days were literally dungeons, cut off from the light of day. That striking figure, the very picture of utter misery, his emotion, his wretchedness, I can never forget. I can see him now, standing at the window, pallid and emaciated by a year's confinement, stricken with grief, his cheeks furrowed with constant weeping, his whole frame attesting the deep and ravaging influences of conscious guilt and remorse. Here was a man drawn from the depths of human misery, to be immediately confronted with the grandest natural exhibition in which the Creator deigns to reveal his Omnipotence to our race. The wretched criminal, a murderer in fact, though not in intention, seemed to gaze upward at the awful spectacle, with an intentness and a distinctness of mental vision far beyond our own, and purchased by an agony scarcely less bitter than death. It seemed as if, for him, the curtain which veils the world beyond the grave, had been lifted. He stood immovable as a statue, with uplifted and manacled arms and clasped hands, the very image of impotent misery and wretchedness. Perhaps human invention could not have conceived of a more powerful moral accessory, to heighten the effect of the sublime movement of the heavenly bodies, than this spectacle of penitent human guilt afforded. It was an incident to stamp on the memory for life. It was a lesson not lost on me.

When I left the Court House, a sombre, yellowish, unnatural coloring was shed over the country. A great change had taken place. The trees on the distant heights had lost their verdure and their airy character; they were taking the outline of dark pictures graven upon an unfamiliar sky. The lake wore a lurid aspect, very unusual. All living creatures seemed thrown into a state of

agitation. The birds were fluttering to and fro, in great excitement; they seemed to mistrust that this was not the gradual approach of evening, and were undecided in their movements. Even the dogs—honest creatures—became uneasy, and drew closer to their masters. The eager, joyous look of interest and curiosity, which earlier in the morning had appeared in almost every countenance, was now changed to an expression of wonder or anxiety or thoughtfulness, according to the individual character.

Every house now gave up its tenants. As the light failed more and more with every passing second, the children came flocking about their mothers in terror. The women themselves were looking about uneasily for their husbands. The American wife is more apt than any other to turn with affectionate confidence to the stronger arm for support. The men were very generally silent and grave. Many a laborer left his employment to be near his wife and children, as the dimness and darkness increased.

I once more took my position beside my father and my brothers, before the gates of our own grounds. The sun lay a little obliquely to the south and east, in the most favorable position possible for observation. I remember to have examined, in vain, the whole dusky canopy in search of a single cloud. It was one of those entirely unclouded days, less rare in America than in Europe. The steadily waning light, the gradual approach of darkness, became the more impressive as we observed this absolutely transparent state of the heavens. The birds, which a quarter of an hour earlier had been fluttering about in great agitation, seemed now convinced that night was at hand. Swallows were dimly seen dropping into the chimneys, the martins returned to their little boxes, the pigeons flew home to their dove-cots, and through the open door of a small barn we saw the fowls going to roost.

The usual flood of sunlight had now become so much weakened, that we could look upward long, and steadily,

without the least pain. The sun appeared like a young moon of three or four days old, though of course with a larger and more brilliant crescent. Looking westward a moment, a spark appeared to glitter before my eye. For a second I believed it to be an optical illusion, but in another instant I saw it plainly to be a star. One after another they came into view, more rapidly than in the evening twilight, until perhaps fifty stars appeared to us, in a broad dark zone of the heavens, crowning the pines on the western mountain. This wonderful vision of the stars, during the noontide hours of day, filled the spirit with singular sensations.

Suddenly one of my brothers shouted aloud, "The moon!" Quicker than thought, my eye turned eastward again, and there floated the moon, distinctly apparent, to a degree that was almost fearful. The spherical form, the character, the dignity, the substance of the planet, were clearly revealed as I have never beheld them before, or since. It looked grand, dark, majestic, and mighty, as it thus proved its power to rob us entirely of the sun's rays. We are all but larger children. In daily life we judge of objects by their outward aspect. We are accustomed to think of the sun, and also of the moon, as sources of light, as ethereal, almost spiritual, in their essence. But the positive material nature of the moon was now revealed to our senses, with a force of conviction, a clearness of perception, that changed all our usual ideas in connection with the planet. This was no interposition of vapor, no deceptive play of shadow; but a vast mass of obvious matter had interposed between the sun above us and the earth on which we stood. The passage of two ships at sea, sailing on opposite courses, is scarcely more obvious than this movement of one world before another. Darkness like that of early night now fell upon the village.

My thoughts turned to the sea. A sailor at heart, already familiar with the face of the ocean, I seemed, in mental vision, to behold the grandeur of that

vast pall of supernatural shadow falling suddenly upon the sea, during the brightest hour of the day. The play of light and shade upon the billows, always full of interest, must at that hour have been indeed sublime. And my fancy was busy with pictures of white-sailed schooners, and brigs, and ships, gliding like winged spirits over the darkened waves.

I was recalled by a familiar and insignificant incident, the dull tramp of hoofs on the village bridge. A few cows, believing that night had overtaken them, were coming homeward from the wild open pastures about the village. And no wonder the kindly creatures were deceived, the darkness was now much deeper than the twilight which usually turns their faces homeward; the dew was falling perceptibly, as much so as at any hour of the previous night, and the coolness was so great that the thermometer must have fallen many degrees from the great heat of the morning. The lake, the hills, and the buildings of the little town were swallowed up in the darkness. The absence of the usual lights in the dwellings rendered the obscurity still more impressive. All labor had ceased, and the hushed voices of the people only broke the absolute stillness by subdued whispering tones.

"Hist! The whippoorwill!" whispered a friend near me; and at the same moment, as we listened in profound silence, we distinctly heard from the eastern bank of the river the wild, plaintive note of that solitary bird of night, slowly repeated at intervals. The song of the summer birds, so full in June, had entirely ceased for the last half hour. A bat came flitting about our heads. Many stars were now visible, though not in sufficient number to lessen the darkness. At one point only in the far distant northern horizon, something of the brightness of dawn appeared to linger.

At twelve minutes past eleven, the moon stood revealed in its greatest distinctness—a vast black orb, so nearly obscuring the sun that the face of the

great luminary was entirely and absolutely darkened, though a corona of rays of light appeared beyond. The gloom of night was upon us. A breathless intensity of interest was felt by all. There would appear to be something instinctive in the feeling with which man gazes at all phenomena in the heavens. The peaceful rainbow, the heavy clouds of a great storm, the vivid flash of electricity, the falling meteor, the beautiful lights of the aurora borealis, fickle as the play of fancy,—these never fail to fix the attention with something of a peculiar feeling, different in character from that with which we observe any spectacle on the earth. Connected with all grand movements in the skies there seems an instinctive sense of inquiry, of anxious expectation, akin to awe, which may possibly be traced to the echoes of grand Christian prophecies, whispering to our spirits, and endowing the physical sight with some mysterious mental prescience. In looking back to that impressive hour, such now seem to me the feelings of the youth making one of that family group, all apparently impressed with a sensation of the deepest awe—I speak with certainty—a clearer view than I had ever yet had of the majesty of the Almighty, accompanied with a humiliating, and, I trust, a profitable sense of my own utter insignificance. That movement of the moon, that sublime voyage of the worlds, often recurs to my imagination, and even at this distant day, as distinctly, as majestically, and nearly as fearfully, as it was then beheld.

A group of silent, dusky forms stood near me; one emotion appeared to govern all. My father stood immovable, some fifteen feet from me, but I could not discern his features. Three minutes of darkness, all but absolute, elapsed. They appeared strangely lengthened by the intensity of feeling and the flood of overpowering thought which filled the mind.

Thus far the sensation created by this majestic spectacle had been one of humiliation and awe. It seemed as if the

great Father of the Universe had visibly, and almost palpably, veiled his face in wrath. But, appalling as the withdrawal of light had been, most glorious, most sublime, was its restoration! The corona of light above the moon became suddenly brighter, the heavens beyond were illuminated, the stars retired, and light began to play along the ridges of the distant mountains. And then a flood of grateful, cheering, consoling brightness fell into the valley, with a sweetness and a power inconceivable to the mind, unless the eye has actually beheld it. I can liken this sudden, joyous return of light, after the eclipse, to nothing of the kind that is familiarly known. It was certainly nearest to the change produced by the swift passage of the shadow of a very dark cloud, but it was the effect of this instantaneous transition, multiplied more than a thousand fold. It seemed to speak directly to our spirits, with full assurance of protection, of gracious mercy, and of that Divine love which has produced all the glorious combinations of matter for our enjoyment. It was not in the least like the gradual dawning of day, or the actual rising of the sun. There was no gradation in the change. It was sudden, amazing, like what the imagination would teach us to expect of the advent of a heavenly vision. I know that philosophically I am wrong; but, to me, it seemed that the rays might actually be seen flowing through the darkness in torrents, till they had again illuminated the forest, the mountains, the valley, and the lake with their glowing, genial touch.

There was another grand movement, as the crescent of the sun reappeared, and the moon was actually seen steering her course through the void. Venus was still shining brilliantly.

This second passage of the moon lasted but a moment, to the naked eye. As it ceased, my eye fell again on the scene around me. The street, now as distinctly seen as ever, was filled with the population of the village. Along the line of road stretching for a mile from the valley, against the side of the

mountain, were twenty waggons bearing travellers, or teams from among the hills. All had stopped on their course, impelled, apparently, by unconscious reverence, as much as by curiosity, while every face was turned toward heaven, and every eye drank in the majesty of the sight. Women stood in the open street, near me, with streaming eyes and clasped hands, and sobs were audible in different directions. Even the educated and reflecting men at my side continued silent in thought. Several minutes passed, before the profound impressions of the spectacle allowed of speech. At such a moment the spirit of man bows in humility before his Maker.

The changes of the unwonted light, through whose gradations the full brilliancy of the day was restored, must have been very similar to those by which it had been lost, but they were little noted. I remember, however, marking the instant when I could first distinguish the blades of grass at my feet—and later again watching the shadows of the leaves on the gravel walk. *The white lilies in my mother's

flower-garden were observed by others among the first objects of the vegetation which could be distinguished from the windows of the house. Every living creature was soon rejoicing again in the blessed restoration of light after that frightful moment of a night at noon-day.

Men who witness any extraordinary spectacle together, are apt, in after-times, to find a pleasure in conversing on its impressions. But I do not remember to have ever heard a single being freely communicative on the subject of his individual feelings at the most solemn moment of the eclipse. It would seem as if sensations were aroused too closely connected with the constitution of the spirit to be irreverently and familiarly discussed. I shall only say that I have passed a varied and eventful life, that it has been my fortune to see earth, heavens, ocean, and man in most of their aspects; but never have I beheld any spectacle which so plainly manifested the majesty of the Creator, or so forcibly taught the lesson of humility to man as a total eclipse of the sun.

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES.

AMONG the substantives in common use, which have very materially changed their meaning within the last two centuries, we may include the word village. This is a common noun which represents, to-day, an entirely different combination of ideas from those which it conveyed to the minds of our ancestors two hundred years ago. The English village, in the reign of the Stuarts, could boast little of the character of "Merry England" in its outer aspect. Hedges and orchards, a little green, and a Maypole were there, perhaps,—not always, however,—and a lowly church, old and ivy-covered, such as George Herbert worshipped in, may have appeared in the distance. But these were the pleasing touches in a picture where the foreground was entirely

filled up by gloomy and rudely built cottages, too often—as a general rule, indeed—mere hovels, scarcely better than the sheds for cattle. Low, dark, and coarsely put together, with earthen or stone floors, and a bit of casement scarcely large enough to let in the sunlight which the good God gives to all, those dwellings must have looked very little like the homes of free-born Christian men. We know, indeed, and thanks to God that it is so, that actual human affection and simple piety have often carried a glow and a blessing into dwellings as dark as those. But as a general rule, the outer aspect of things, and the inner life of the English village of that period, must have been very cheerless. The sole inhabitants of those low-thatched cottages were persons of

the lowest grade. Only a generation earlier, some of them had been serfs, attached to the glebe. There were serfs in England as late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth of glorious memory. The heavy clouds of ignorance and superstition which covered Europe so densely in the Middle Ages, had not yet entirely rolled away, and these shadows were nowhere darker, or heavier, than over the villages. There were, no doubt, brave and manly hearts, and sweet womanly faces coming and going through those humble cottage doorways, but all active and intelligent spirits invariably crowded into the towns and larger cities. Village life was considered utterly hopeless; it was entirely given up to stagnant ignorance, poverty, and stupidity. Penury and discomfort were the common lot. Even within doors, the few pieces of household furniture of the good wife, the rude bed, the heavy table and settle, and the utensils for cooking, were not many degrees better than the pottery, the bark, and wickerware, and the calabash of the Indian women of Virginia and Massachusetts. Scarce a ray of the civilization of the great cities, of the Castles and Halls of England, penetrated to her villages. In the days of Shakespeare, and Bacon, and Spenser, your Hobbinol and Lobbinol, and Dig-gory, your Mopsa and Dorcas, were all dull and loutish, scarcely knowing B from bullsfoot. All the difference of centuries lay between the burgher of the city and the boor of the village.

And the French villages of the same date were no better. When our Huguenot ancestors fled through Normandy and Gascony, driven to the sea-board at the point of the sabre, before the *dragonnades* of the great Louis and his Jesuit confessors, what was the character of the villages through which they passed? What was the country village of France all the time when Versailles was in its glory? The houses themselves were perhaps somewhat more substantial in strength of material and workmanship than those of England, but they were equally gloomy, dark,

comfortless, and even more filthy. The donkey, the cow, the pig, and the poultry often shared the dwelling with the peasant and his children. The natural gayety of the French character drove the people from such gloomy dwellings abroad into the open air for all their hours of relief. Their recreations were exclusively of a public character; the dance, the merry-making, the village *fête* were all kept up in the open air. And so were their occupations. Even the women and children toiled in the fields. Like the cattle, the peasants and their families were seldom in the cabin, unless at night. The people were naturally industrious, frugal, quick-witted and cheerful. But the sombre villages into which they crowded for safety were gloomy, squalid, and filthy in the extreme. Jacques Bonhomme, the peasant of France, was weighed down by ages of oppression and superstition. In the time of Madame de Sévigné, the good curé of a village in Brittany received from Paris a handsome present of a clock. The news spread through the parish, and the people came crowding to see the wonder. So great was their amazement on beholding the movement of the works, and hearing the sound of the hammer striking the hour, that they fell on their knees and said an Ave. "*C'est le bon Dieu!*" they exclaimed. It was with difficulty the good curé could raise them from their knees. After all, from worshipping the image of a saint to worshipping a clock is but a step—and that not altogether an irrational one. Madame de Sévigné, clear-headed and warm-hearted as she was, only laughed at the story. It should rather have made her weep. But what were the wretched peasants, in their village hovels, to the lady of the Court of the Great Louis? It may be doubted if she had ever crossed the threshold of one of the peasants of her barony of Sévigné. Even to walk through one of those squalid, gloomy, filthy villages, would probably have appeared to her impracticable. And yet she was a good, sincere, warm-hearted Christian woman. But, as in England

or even more so in France, the distance between human life in the village and human life in the towns seemed immeasurable, impassable.

How different is the state of things to-day, and in our own country! Village life as it exists in America is indeed one of the happiest fruits of modern civilization. Our ancestors, familiar with the English and French villages, could never have dreamed of all the many striking differences which would appear two centuries later in the village homes of their own descendants in the New World. The idea would never have occurred to them that the remote village could ever share so freely in the enlightenment and civilization of the capital city. But steam, the great magician, serves the rustic to-day as faithfully as he serves the cockney. Comforts, conveniences, new inventions, striking improvements are scarcely known in New York and Philadelphia, before they are brought to the villages, hundreds of miles in the interior. You find there every real advantage of modern life. Your house is lighted by gas—and, if you choose, it is warmed by steam. The morning paper, with the latest telegram from Paris or London, lies on your dinner-table. The best new books, the latest number of the best magazines, reach you almost as soon as they reach the Central Park. Early vegetables from Bermuda, and early fruits from Cuba, are offered at your door. You may telegraph, if you wish it, to St. Petersburg, or Calcutta, by taking up your hat and walking into the next street. This evening you may, perhaps, hear a good lecture, and to-morrow a good concert. The choice musical instrument and the fine engraving may be found in your cottage parlor. What more can any reasonable being ask for, in the way of physical and intellectual accessories of daily life? And in addition to these advantages of modern civilization shared with the cities, there are others of far higher value, belonging more especially to country life. The blessings of pure air and pure water are luxuries, far

superior to all the wines of Delmonico, and all the diamonds of Bull & Black. And assuredly to all eyes but those of the blindest cockney, the groves and gardens and fields and brooks and rivers make up a frame-work for one's everyday life rather more pleasing than the dust-heaps, and omnibuses, and shop-windows of Broadway. And, happily for the rustic world, the vices, the whims and extravagances—the fashionable sin, the pet folly,—of the hour are somewhat less prevalent, somewhat less tyrannical on the greensward than on the pavement. There is more of leisure for thought and culture and good feeling in the country than amid the whirl of a great city. True, healthful refinement of head and heart becomes more easy, more natural under the open sky and amid the fresh breezes of country life. Probably much the largest number of the most pleasant and happiest homes in the land may be found to-day in our villages and rural towns—homes where truth, purity, the holiest affections, the highest charities and healthful culture are united with a simplicity of life scarcely possible in our extravagant cities. And these advantages, thanks be to God, are not confined to one class. Even the poorest day-laborer in the village, if he be honest and temperate, leads a far happier and easier life than his brother in the cities. The time may come, perhaps, when the cities—greatly diminished in size—shall be chiefly abandoned to the drudgeries of business, to commerce and manufactures during the hours of day, and deserted at night; when the families of the employers and laborers shall live alike in suburban village homes. In the present state of civilization, every hamlet within a hundred miles of a large city may be considered as one of its suburbs. In former centuries, he was a wise man who left the village for the city. To-day, he is wise who goes to the city as to a market, but has a home in the country.

But while this, our nineteenth century, has given such happy development to village life—and especially so in

America—there is, of course, still room for improvement. We have not yet achieved perfection. There are many finishing touches still needed. And many of these lesser improvements are simple and inexpensive in execution, while they are singularly effective in their results.

The general aspect of an American village is cheerful and pleasing. The dwellings have an air of comfort, they turn a friendly face to the street, they are neat and orderly in themselves and in their surroundings; their porches and verandahs, their window-blinds without and shades within, their door-yards and their trees, are all pleasing features forming the general rule, to which the exceptions are rare. But while such is the usual state of things, still in every American village we have yet seen there is room for much improvement. And these desirable improvements are many of them simple and easily brought about, requiring only a moderate fund, placed in the hands of judicious persons—requiring, in short, a local *Society for Village Improvement*.

The work of such a society would vary, of course, with the position, character, size, and actual condition of each particular village. The more characteristic such improvements are, the more closely they are adapted to the particular individual nature of each village, the greater will be their merit. The finishing touches for a village on the prairies, or one on the sea-shore, or one in the Green Mountains, in Oregon, or in Texas, should, of course, vary very greatly in some of their details. But the spirit, the intention, must be everywhere the same. To render the village, in whose service we are working, more healthy, more cheerful, more attractive—to add to its usefulness, its respectability, its importance, its pleasantness—to increase, in short, its true civilization, that is to be our aim. To improve our villages becomes a matter of even greater importance than to improve our cities. A very large proportion of American *homes* are to be found in the villages, and in the smaller towns, which

always preserve much of their original rural character. More than half the population of our largest cities have no *homes*. They crowd into hotels or boarding-houses. They are essentially Bohemians. The largest of our cities, especially New York, the greatest of all, were long ago called mere *Bivouacs*. Half the young men you shall meet to-morrow in Broadway have no homes in the great city. Their legal domicile is in New York; but their true home is still to be found in some village-cottage, where the annual holiday visit is paid to father, mother, and sister. Nay, it is so with many a married couple, who have no better home in the busy city than the boarding-house room, but who take flight, with their little ones, every summer, to the parental home, often hundreds of miles from the Battery.

Hygienic improvement should form one of the first subjects for consideration, by the Village Improvement Society. Where a village is incorporated, its Trustees should of course carry out, or forward to the utmost, every work of this kind. But village corporations, like those of the cities, are often inert. The private speculations of A, B, C, often interfere with progress of this kind. Mr. Green will not subscribe to some particular improvement because his own property will not manifestly increase in value by it. Mr. Brown would assist freely if the bridge or the sidewalk were a hundred yards nearer to his own house. A common movement, a general impulse is wanted; and this is what our Society supplies. A permanent, voluntary society of respectable character, composed of influential persons, acts as a general stimulant to torpid corporations and to unmanageable individuals. By talking, writing, speech-making, and printing, it increases the general activity, even in cases where the corporation should be the regular agent. An ample supply of pure water should be the very first step in our work. Pure water is absolutely indispensable for health, for cleanliness, for respectability—and as a protection against fire an ample supply is far more effectual than

all the salamander safes in the country. Let water, then, be our first object. A good bath-house, under respectable management, either public or private, should be opened. All drains should then be looked after. The proper ventilation of every public building should be brought about, if possible. All pools, or marshes, where stagnant water can accumulate, should be filled up at the earliest day.

The streets and sidewalks, the roads, lanes, paths, the bridges and the wharves—if such there be—should be looked after, and improved to the utmost. Good construction and constant neatness are the points to be especially considered. Where there is a bridge, let it be architectural and picturesque, if possible, as well as safe and durable. Give us a stone bridge wherever you can, and plant a creeping vine or two at the base; a Virginia creeper, a clematis, or a trumpet creeper, would greatly improve the beauty of such a bridge, without injuring the stonework. As regards the streets, trees in greater numbers will probably be wanting in some of them. Choose the right sorts, and plant at proper distances—not so very near as to crowd the branches. Watch over those already planted, and if caterpillars or injurious insects appear, remove them at once. Of course, your streets should be protected by confining all cattle, pigs, poultry, to the grounds of their owners. Fierce war, a war to extermination, must be waged against *all weeds* found growing in the streets, by the road-sides, in door-yards, or in waste places. This is a step which will do more for the neatness of the village, for the good of its gardens, than perhaps any other you could name. Our farmers and country-people in general would seem to have a peculiar weakness for weeds. But it is a miserable economy which shrinks from giving half a day to uproot, or cut down, weeds which next summer may injure a whole crop. The number of noxious weeds allowed to grow in some of the best streets of our most beautiful villages is truly surprising.

Perhaps the neatest arrangement for village sidewalks, excepting in the business streets, is that already found in some parts of the country—a narrow strip of pavement, bricks or flags, with a wide border of neatly-cut grass each side of it, and a double row of trees overhanging the walk. The plank sidewalks must soon disappear, as timber becomes so very valuable. And a sidewalk entirely paved—without the border of grass on each side—is too much opposed to all rural ideas.

And here we would have a word to say on the naming of our village streets. There is work for the Improvement Society in this direction. A Main street there must always be in every village, and as the word expresses the idea, the name is appropriate and natural. But why, pray, should every hamlet have its Broadway? Main street is clearly in much better taste. The names of trees are always pleasing in village streets; maple, elm, chestnut, birch, oak, pine, tamarac, locust, cedar, catalpa, sycamore, and others, have a pleasant sound, and are appropriate wherever such trees are found, either as the natural growth, or in cultivation. The great Quaker, William Penn, seems to have been the first builder of cities who turned to the trees for the names of his streets. The idea may therefore be called American, adapted to the whole country. And these form a class of names of which one never wearies. It is singular that while William Penn made this poetical choice for half his streets, for the other half, cutting them at right angles, his notions were all dry and mathematical; he was the first, I believe, to number the streets from *one* to *one hundred*. This numbering the streets is not much to the fancy of many of us. There may be some excuse for this course in a large city growing so rapidly that people have no time to pause and think on the subject. But in a village, the practice becomes absurd and inexcusable. After naming some of our streets from the trees, let us remember the birds who build their nests in them. It must be a luckless village

indeed which cannot find scores of nests in its streets, to say nothing of its gardens and neighboring groves. Robin, wren, swallow, sparrow, martin, chickadee, thrush, pewee, or phoebe, oriole, the eagle, the hawk, the heron, the woodpecker, the quail, the grouse—these and others of the same kind would be appropriate wherever such birds are found. In the same way, the names of the wild animals, once tenants of the ground, would have the merit of variety, and natural association, with a sort of historic interest. Beaver, bear, stag, elk, deer, moose, would be appropriate for almost any new village. The natural features of the ground, such as lake, river, cliff, rock, brook, hill, spring, offer another class of names. The artificial works suggest others; such as wharf, bank, school, church. And the names of the older families who occupied the site of the village in its earliest days, have an interest of another kind. All these would surely be preferable to numbers one, two, three, or even to Broadway, Pall-Mall, and the Boulevards.

From the streets we turn to the door-yards. Every member of our Village Improvement Society should stand pledged to keep his, or her, door-yard in the neatest possible condition. First banish every weed. Next keep the grass closely cut, and then plant a few pretty shrubs and flowers, as many as you can without overcrowding the space, always leaving grass enough for a contrast, a framework for your flower pictures.

In walking through every village—sometimes at the very heart of the little town—we shall find here and there spots capable of great improvement, at very little cost—some point where a tree or two, with a bench beneath their shade, would form a pleasant resting-place for the weary; at some turn in a road, or a street, or where two roads meet—at some point which offers a pleasing view, on the outskirts of the village—beside a spring, beneath a bank, near a picturesque rock, on the bank of a brook, near a bridge—there

is not a village in the country where several such spots might not be pointed out, capable of great improvement in this way. A few trees planted in a group—not in a row—unless in an avenue—with a bench beneath, and creepers climbing over the trunks and branches of the trees, would form an inviting seat for many a weary creature. In Switzerland, and in some parts of Germany, such benches in the shade are quite common; occasionally, they stand near a cross, or some modest monument on which a line or two from some poet, or a verse from Holy Scripture, has been engraved.

Every village should, of course, have its Green, or playground, or common, or playstow, or pleasure—any thing but a park, unless you can show your fifteen or fifty acres—where old and young, the grave and the gay, lads and lasses, fathers, mothers, and children may meet together on a summer's evening to breathe the fresh air, and chat with their neighbors. Such a ground need not be large. Even one acre well laid out, and in a good situation, with groups of trees and shrubbery, with winding walks and benches for rest, may be capable of giving great pleasure to the townsfolk. But, of course, four or five acres would afford much more variety. If possible, let there be a neat fountain, or some simple local monument in the centre, to add to the interest; a monument to some worthy public character of the neighborhood, or a stone recording some local event of general interest.

One of the pleasantest public walks known to the writer may be found in a village of Southern Germany. A little stream, in fact a mere brook, flows near the village. Following the bank of this brook, in all its windings, a broad walk has been made, with a border of turf on either side, varied with groups of trees and clumps of shrubbery, and patches of flowers, and pleasant rustic seats, the whole being included within a narrow strip of ground perhaps fifteen yards in width. On one side lie the open, unfenced fields, on the other is the flowing brook. Along this pleasant

path one may wander for more than a mile, enjoying much variety in the simple rustic views opening on either side. The cost of this charming walk must have been trifling, since the amount of land, fit for cultivation, given up to it, can be scarcely more than a few feet in breadth, the useless bank of the brook being included within the fifteen yards devoted to it. It is kept in beautiful condition at very little expense. The people of those old countries in Europe are so highly civilized in these respects, that they never injure a tree, or a shrub, or a bunch in their public walks. They have too much good sense and good manners for such misdemeanors.

Many Americans are now at Dresden, a city very rich in its public walks and gardens. One of these walks is so peculiar, that we mention it as a happy instance of the way in which even the oldest towns in Europe, more especially on the Continent, have laid out pleasure-grounds within their city limits. The walk to which we allude is simply an old street, running through part of the town, but now turned throughout its entire length into a garden. It is built up with good houses on either side, each house having its ample door-yard filled with shrubs and flowers. Between these door-yards—where one would naturally expect to find a paved street—there is, in fact, a garden. There is a broad gravel walk in the centre, and gravel sidewalks immediately in front of the houses; while trees, and shrubs, and grass, and flowers give to the whole the character of a garden. At the crossings, where other streets cross it at right angles, there are light bars and turnstiles. When it is necessary that a cart or a carriage should enter, the bar is removed. But the houses have access to other parallel streets in the rear, for business purposes. This garden-street is a very pleasing feature of Dresden, and might assuredly be imitated in our American towns.

Wherever spacious church-yards do not exist, there our Village Improvement Society should suggest a quiet, well-kept cemetery, in a retired and

pleasing situation, well shaded with trees and shrubbery and divided by neat walks. Every hamlet and rural neighborhood should indeed unite to form such a resting-place for their dead. Those sad and solitary and desolate family grave-yards, often choked with weeds, seen on our farms, are unworthy of our present civilization, and the very last to be adapted to a state of society in which land is constantly changing hands.

The protection of the birds becomes another duty for the local Improvement Society. The birds naturally form a happy element in all village life. Very many varieties prefer the neighborhood of man: they gather about the village homes from choice. Even in the open country, as you drive along the high-ways, you frequently see half a dozen nests in the orchard, or in shade trees near a farmhouse, while the trees, at a greater distance, are apparently untenanted. Many nests are seen in the streets of every village, but where the laws are most faithfully carried out, there the summer concert will be the richest, and the sweetest, and the fullest, there all weary eyes will be most frequently cheered by the sight of those happy little creatures; there your gardens will be most free from noxious insects, there robin, there blue-bird, and song-sparrow, and pewee, and gold-finch, and oriole, and cat-bird, and wren, shall carol their thanks to you from March to November.

The machinery for carrying out the work of a Village Improvement Society is by no means difficult to manage. Let a well-written, well-digested plan be printed. After a few prominent persons are sufficiently interested—men and women of good sense, good taste, good feeling—then call a public meeting. Offer your plan for adoption, settle your Constitution and By-Laws, elect your officers, and go to work as soon as possible. The broader the basis of your constituency, the greater will your success be, since the larger the number of hands and heads interested, the more will be the work you accomplish. But

it is probable that at the outset there will be, in many villages, great indifference, possibly some positive opposition. Do not heed this. Your object is good, praiseworthy, desirable; move onward, therefore, and begin your work, though it be on a small scale. If you work prudently, before five years are over, the indifference and the opposition will be sensibly weakened; when ten years have passed, the ground will be yours. The whole village will work with you. The good results will be manifest to even the poor blind. Where it is thus necessary to begin with few members, give your attention first to your own doorway and streets—improve them in every way you can; set out trees, plant shrubs, destroy the weeds, put up bird-houses. Go to the Trustees of your village, and get their permission to work on some one of those points capable of improvement, to which allusion has already been made. Choose, for instance, a grassy spot, where two or three streets meet; set out three or four good-sized trees in a group, place a bench beneath them, destroy the weeds, and keep the turf in good condition. Public attention will soon be attracted, and, in the end, public favor must necessarily follow. Every year would increase the number of members and the amount of the fund. It is well in such cases that subscriptions should vary from twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars annually. The children should be interested, as a means of education. And even the very poor and ignorant should be invited to become members, out of good fellowship, and as a step in general civ-

ilization. Only persevere, and you will succeed. Perseverance alone often brings about temporary success, where the object is unworthy. But wherever the object is really deserving and the fruits of a work are good, there perseverance is one of the most effective allies you can desire.

Two or three annual lectures on some subject connected with the work of the Society would be very desirable. Flowers, gardening, shrubbery, trees, the husbandry of woods and groves, fountains, road-making, bridges, sidewalks, pavements, would form subjects, with a hundred others of a similar character. Several public meetings in the course of the year would also be pleasant, meetings where short papers and letters connected with the work of the Society would be read, and short conversational speeches made.

A public ground for summer pic-nics should also be provided, within a short distance from the village—purchased, planted, and improved by the Society, and a general village gathering held there every year, during the pleasant weather.

Whatever calls the attention of our people from mere money-making, or small politics, whatever provides harmless recreation, subjects for pleasing thought, for healthful action—whatever, in short, contributes pleasantly to the physical, moral, and intellectual good of the people, and to a true advance in Christian civilization, must assuredly prove a real, substantial benefit to us all.

SHALL THE RED-MEN BE EXTERMINATED?

NOTES OF TOURS AMONG THE WILDER TRIBES OF ARIZONA, NEW MEXICO, MONTANA, COLORADO, AND THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

[The author of these notes, Mr. VINCENT COLYER, was sent out in February last, with credentials from President Grant and from the U. S. Indian Commission, to learn from actual observation the condition and the needs of the "savages" of our Western domain. His journeys are to be extended to other territories, including Alaska. We do not propose to give his official and routine reports. Our readers will be interested rather in the personal incidents and adventures, which we print from Mr. Colyer's original and unrevised note-book and letters written on the spots described, believing that these will furnish some new light on the immediate problem, "Shall the Aborigines be Exterminated?"—*Editor.*]

I.

Two years ago we received from Hon. E. D. Morgan, then U. S. Senator from New York, a copy of the Report on the Condition of our Indian Tribes, made by the joint committee of Congress at its session in 1867.

This Report could not but excite deep feeling in regard to the way the Indians had been neglected, and shame and indignation at the outrageous wrongs which had been perpetrated upon them by our people.

Comparing opinions with others, we met with so prompt and sympathetic a response, that a public meeting was called, held, and a committee of gentlemen of well-known philanthropic and Christian character appointed to organize a systematic effort to remedy the evil after the manner of the United States Christian Commission of late war-memory.

It was called the U. S. Indian Commission, and one of its first acts was to memorialize Congress to devote more attention to Indian affairs, and appoint a more watchful guardianship over the monies appropriated for the tribes.

In this memorial the name of Lieutenant-General Sherman was favorably commended in connection with Indian affairs, and it was, we think, responded to by the U. S. Senate's inserting a clause in the Indian Appropriation Bill of 1868, placing half a million of dollars to be expended under General Sherman's supervision.

The selection by General Sherman of Generals Hazen and Harney, and giving them control of the two great Indian reservations in the southern Indian territory, and Northern Dakota, with funds ample for the commencement of the great work of restraining and civilizing the wild tribes of the plains, followed soon after.

Meanwhile, circular letters containing condensed selections of the more startling facts contained in the Report at first referred to, and an address to the people, prepared by our President, were published in nearly all the great newspapers of the day, and widely circulated.

Early in January, 1868, the Commission received a letter from Major-General Hazen, dated in November past, asking that one of their number be sent to examine personally, and report upon the condition of the tribes under his care at Camp Wichita, I. T.

The Commission promptly responded to this, and I was selected for the duty.

Obtaining from the gentlemen of the Commission the necessary funds to defray expenses, with the understanding that I was to receive no pay for my services, and securing from General Grant an order providing me an escort and transportation whenever necessary, in the middle of February I started on my journey.

A heavy snow-storm which met me at Fort Leavenworth, a prolonged inter-

view with Major (now General) Forsyth, then in the surgeon's care at that post, suffering acutely from wounds which he had received in his encounter with Indians, and some very loud curses which greeted me as an "Indian Peace Commissioner" by a Kansas official, warned me that I was not on a "pleasure excursion."

At Fort Leavenworth, Colonel Michael Sheridan, the General's brother, informed me of the condition of the Osage Indians. Attention to this tribe had been called by the statements widely published in the papers at the time of the purchase of the immense tract of land, eight million acres, belonging to them in southern Kansas, by a company of speculators.

Information from a most trustworthy, though private source, had informed us, on leaving New York, of the unfair means brought to bear upon the Indians to effect this purchase.

Our telegram, that the Osages had eaten their beef raw—digestive organs included—and that they would henceforth forever be paupers on the Government, being widely published by the Associated Press, attracted general attention.

The Home Committee promptly followed up this stirring notice by a "remonstrance to Congress" against this iniquitous treaty.

I do not know whether we have effectually killed or only scotched the snake, but a wail went up from the land-jobbers in Kansas immediately after, that their "Osage land bill was in a discouraging condition;" so loud, that I trust it is killed. On my return home through Lawrence, Kansas, handbills were posted by the U. S. Land Agent, offering Osage lands to *actual settlers* in "quarter sections," one hundred and sixty acres, at government prices.

If we have thus aided in securing to our industrious poor a chance to get a home at a fair price, and have the money go into the U. S. Treasury instead of the pockets of private speculators, we have not labored in vain.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

I first visited the "half-civilized" tribes along the southeastern border of Kansas and Western Arkansas. The Kaskaskias, Neoshos, and other of the confederated bands, and the Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Chickasaws, and others. I wanted to learn what means had been employed to civilize them, and to see the result. I found them as decent and cleanly in their personal appearance and habitations, their cabins and out-houses as well constructed, and their fences, farming-tools, and stock as well cared for as by the majority of the white people, their immediate neighbors.

They owe their civilization to the missionaries who have most faithfully and efficiently worked among them for the past half century, supported by the liberal contributions of the Christian people of the Eastern, Middle, and Southern States. With the exception of the Osage Mission, which is Roman Catholic, they are all Protestant missions. Presbyterian, Moravian, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian, have all united in the good work.

The Cherokees are the most advanced in education of all the tribes in the United States, though in orderly living, I think, the Pueblos of New Mexico surpass them. Many of the gentlemen at the head of the nation are half-breeds; men of culture and refinement, with whom it is a delight to associate.

The "Reservation" system has in the main proved a success with them, though, like all theories, it may be pushed too far.

To collect a tribe together out of its straggling, roving, savage life, and bring it into a condition where it can be handled, where it can be protected from its more powerful neighbors, and also protect its weaker neighbors from the bad men belonging to it, and to afford teachers and civilizers of every kind an opportunity to work, the Reservation system must be adopted. But when a tribe has advanced as far as the Cherokees have in civilization, a larger and broader policy must be introduced. It

is like the Chinese or Japanese building a wall around themselves, adopting the teaching of Confucius, not of our Saviour.

The war, in its dreadful ravages among them, has done great good to the Cherokees. It has killed the old factions and broken down the middle wall of partition between the half-breeds and full-bloods. All of them now see that they must be united, or the Cherokee nation goes to the wall. The half-breeds are looking more affectionately upon the full-bloods, as the proper field of labor for their most devoted efforts; and both factions are now so poor that there is nothing for the one to be envious of in the other. Even the old animosities of "North and South" have to be abandoned, and a common adversity has made them common friends.

They have a glorious heritage: 1. In a good name, earned by an unselfish, heroic life in the past.

2. In the advantage which that reputation gives them in placing them at the head, or nearly so, of all the Indian tribes of America; and

3. In natural resources of soil, climate, and geographical position.

Their country is superb. Agreeably diversified with hill and plain, well wooded and watered; coal, iron, and fertilizers of the soil near at hand; mild and temperate climate; sheltered from the colder north winds by their hills, and refreshed against the hot air of the south by the many springs and streams which water the valleys; and located on a line where very soon many railroads must meet, their situation is most hopeful.

I next visited the Seminoles. What American of forty years, does not remember the old cry about the Seminoles of Florida—twenty years ago or less. They were called "rattlesnakes—vile reptiles only fit for manure, and to be shot whenever seen." We were told, and our people believed, that nothing could ever be done with the Seminoles, and yet, there I found them living quietly in their neat log-cabins, working their farms, and sending their children

to school, with as much earnestness as their white neighbors. About fifteen years ago they were removed from Florida, and placed where we found them in this country.

Rev. Mr. Ramsey, the missionary from the Presbyterian Board, has charge of one of their schools. It was in vacation, April, when I was there, and he was at work on his farm. The Seminoles gather around him as he ploughs, and watch his straight furrows with the intensest interest. His Virginia rail-fence, run by line, straight as an arrow, attracts their intelligent attention and imitation.

I visited the cabin of "Long John," their chief. He is a splendid specimen of his race: tall, well-formed; cheerful and open face. In the late war he was a sergeant in the Indian regiment on the Union side. On the walls of his bedroom he has a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, which he regards with peculiar affection. He called my attention to it with a most expressive wave of his hand from his heart towards it in reverence and manly esteem. He has an ingenious contrivance for raising up the box from the running gear of his wagon, so that he can substitute the frame of a hay rack in its place. It is all under cover, sheltered from rain. He called my attention to it with evident pride and delight. Mr. Ramsey told me that he was an earnest and consistent member of his church. And yet he is one of those who fifteen years ago were "rattlesnakes, and to be shot on sight, like other reptiles."

The mission among the Creek Indians, I had not time to visit. It is said to be the most successful of any in the United States. The Rev. Mr. Robinson has charge of it, assisted by Mr. Worcester, son of the distinguished missionary, Dr. Worcester, who labored so heroically for forty years among the Cherokees. A daughter of Dr. Worcester also had a school for the colored children at the Creek agency which has done much good.

The colored people have equal rights in all things with the Indians. In this

our red brethren set us a good example; they not only admit them to citizenship among them, but generously share with them all its privileges of free admission to schools, equal use of school funds, and rights to the land and labor.

Driven out of Texas in large numbers under the influence of the old prejudice against their race, the blacks are fortunate in being welcomed so warmly by the Creeks.

I will now continue the story from my letters.

HEADQUARTERS, U. S. A., MEDICINE BLUFF, WACHETA MOUNTAINS.

Indian Territory, March 29, 1869.

DEAR C—:— At last I have arrived at the extreme southern end of my journey, just one month and nineteen days, or six weeks, from the day I left New York.

Major-General Hazen left Fort Arbuckle with me on Friday noon, and camped on the edge of a green field and small stream of water, fifteen miles west, this side of Arbuckle, that evening. As I had a four-mule wagon, loaded with our rations and forage for twenty days, remaining, and three barrels of garden-seeds, hoes, &c., for the Indians, to carry, which moved slowly, we parted company the next morning, and the General came on a half day before me.

The route for this last trip of seventy-two miles was the most desolate and by far the most interesting of any I have yet travelled over. The wild character of the scenery, so barren and in large part so entirely uninhabited; the quantity of game, wild ducks, geese, plover, quail, prairie chickens, swans, wolves, antelope, deer, &c., constantly in sight, made it particularly exciting.

The wolves were very bold, frequently being within easy musket range, and surrounding our lonely camp at night with their watchful cries. The deer and antelope at times were equally near, and the flocks of birds spoken of were in sight every hour.

We had the full moon, and clear beautiful weather; one slight thunder-shower of half an hour being the only exception.

The grass is already beginning to appear, green and refreshing, and the mules are thriving on it finely.

General Hazen has prepared a tent, with fireplace, bed, &c., for my comfort, and I am now writing this under its hospitable roof. Major-General Grierson, of famous history in the raiding line during the last war, commands the military of this department, General Hazen's duties being really only those of Indian agent, &c., and he received me, as did all the other army officers, most cordially.

There are large numbers of Indians here encamped about our tent, and they are some of the most uncivilized and war-like of all our tribes.

The women and men are some of them half-naked, and nearly all are in their native costume of blanket and buffalo robe, with bow and arrow, or carbine with revolvers. They are nearly all mounted on ponies, and seem awkward when dismounted. They are the finest riders in the world, and when seen moving about on their ponies and horses with their bright-colored blankets, are the most picturesque people imaginable. The children are especially interesting, bright and intelligent looking. While I was in the General's tent at dinner, three of the warlike tribe of Cheyennes, the first that have arrived, presented themselves at the General's tent door. He was delighted to see them. They are the first of a band of six hundred that are coming in a day or two. They were each over six feet high, wiry, and tough in their build, and quite dignified and grave in their manners.

How I wish a Horace Vernet were here to fix upon canvas the superb pictures of Indian life around us, equalling his famous "Abd' el Kadir."

I am to go with General Hazen tomorrow to put the first plough and plant the first seed in the new ground of this Reservation.

MEDICINE BLUFF CREEK,

Southern Indian Territory, April 9, 1869.

To-day I had an interview with Little Raven, Chief of the Arapahoes, in the

tent of Major-General Grierson, and got a distinct statement from him as to the entire ignorance of himself and his people, and also of the Cheyennes, about the precise location of the Reservation set off for them by U. S. Peace Commissioners in 1867. It was because the Cheyennes under Black Kettle and the Arapahoes under Little Raven were not on the Reservation, that they, with their tribes, were held guilty, and this was one of the reasons why they were attacked by General Custer at the battle of the Washita last Fall. You may remember that Colonel Wynkoop stated that he thought they were on their Reservation at the time they were attacked. You see now how easily these people are made to sign treaties, of the character of which they are not familiar, and are afterwards so severely dealt with for not understanding.

STATEMENT.

Little Raven, Chief of the Arapahoes, being questioned as to his knowledge of the location of the Reservation allotted to his people and the Cheyennes, by the Medicine Lodge Treaty in 1867, declared, in our presence, that at the time he signed the Treaty, he fully supposed the land on the Upper Arkansas, between Bent's Fort and the Rocky Mountains, was the Reservation, being the same as previously set apart to them in the treaty of 1865; and he believes that the Cheyennes were also of that opinion. Nor had he any doubt about it, until he met General Sheridan at Medicine Bluff Headquarters, 15th of February, 1869, and until to-day he did not know precisely where the new Reservation was located.

Little Raven says he supposes that this misunderstanding arose from the hasty way in which the treaty was made and read to them, and by mistaken interpretation.

(Signed)

LITTLE RAVEN,
Chief of the Arapahoes, *M*, his mark.
B. H. GRIERSON,
Col. and Brevt. Major-General U. S. A.
VINCENT COLYER.
H. P. JONES, U. S. Interpreter.
HENRY E. ALVORD,
Captain 10th U. S. Cavalry.

After Little Raven had got through, a party of twenty-six Southern Cheyennes, with their head chiefs Little Robe, Minnemic, and others, came up, and had a little talk. They are a fine-looking body of men, and when on horseback beat any thing in the way of cavalry I have ever seen.

They tell their version of General Custer's meeting with them.

STATEMENT.

"At an interview had with Little Robe, Minnemic, or Bald Eagle, Red Moon, Grey Eyes, and other chiefs of the Cheyennes, held in the Head-Quarters tent of Major-General Grierson, they gave the following account of their interview with General Custer on the 8th or 9th of March, 1869.

"The Indians were on their way to Camp Supply, and this interview with him turned them back and delayed their progress there.

"The first notice they, the Cheyennes, had of the approach of Major-General Custer and his regiment, was from a Cheyenne woman who had been captured by General Custer in the fight against Black Kettle, on the Washita. She had been turned loose, or ran away, from General Custer some days before. The chiefs went out to see, and met General Custer coming in with two men. He went into Medicine Arrow's tent, and shook hands, and a young man came in and told them that there were a great many troops coming on the war-path, which frightened the women, and they immediately began to saddle up their ponies; but the chiefs went out and quieted them down.

"Thirty of the chiefs and warriors then went over to visit General Custer and his camp. He surrounded them with his soldiers, and told them he was going to keep them. They immediately drew their revolvers, and said that if they were to die, they would die in trying to escape; and they made a rush, and all but three broke through the guard. They were desperate and determined and brave about it, so they were allowed to go unguarded. General

Custer told the chiefs to go and bring in two white women, who were in their camp, or he would hang the three young men. They brought him the two white women, and then expected that he would release the three young men; but he would not do so. Sometimes he would talk good and sometimes bad to them; they could not understand him. He staid near them only a little while, and started for Camp Supply. He told them he wanted them to follow him on to Camp Supply; but he talked so strangely to them, they would not trust him. This over, seventy lodges started for this post. They left the others, about one hundred and twenty lodges, on the headwaters of the Washita; but the interview with Custer was on the North Fork, or a small branch of the Red River. They say that there were thirteen men, sixteen women, and nine children killed at the Washita fight. Eagle Head, or Minnemic, then said that he wanted to speak. He first shook hands with us, and then said that he wanted to speak good only. That three of their men came down to see us, and returning, reported that we had treated them kindly, and wished to see the others, and that they had now come to see us. He said that they were hungry, and wanted some food for themselves and for their people. That they were willing to go up to their Reservation with Little Raven and the Arapahoes, if he and they were willing. Little Raven being present, was asked, and he said he was willing, and would be glad to have them go with them, if the Cheyennes were willing.

"So it was agreed upon that they should go up to the Reservation together.

(Signed)

HENRY BRADLEY,

Interpreter.

VINCENT COLYER, Witness.

To-day General Hazen, Colonel Boone,* and myself visited the farms of the Agency, set the ploughs in motion, and

* U. S. Indian Agent. He is a grandson of the famous Colonel Boone of Kentucky, and said to be an excellent man.

selected the location for the Mission School. The buildings and farms will occupy a beautiful island plateau of nearly two hundred acres of rich bottom land, surrounded by Cache Creek, and one of its branches, fringed with tall trees.

HEADQUARTERS, MEDICINE CREEK,
Southern Indian Territory, April 9, 1869.

Yesterday I visited the Agency of the Affiliated Bands of Indians at the Wachaeta Agency. They number about seven hundred souls, and are the remnants of what were once quite important and intelligent tribes—the Wichetas, Kerchees, Caddoes, Wacoos, and others. Their Agency is located about twenty-two miles north of this post, on the Washita river, in the midst of a beautiful and fertile plain, named the Eureka Valley. All the way up we found the prairies dotted with daisies of blue, purple, pink, and white colors, and other small flowers, some of which were quite fragrant. The valley was covered with new grass, long enough to wave in the wind. Our mules, which have suffered for the want of hay, enjoyed themselves highly in the evening, munching it, omitting their usual practice of taking a roll immediately after unharnessing. The first evening was spent in sketching the ranch and some of the squaws and papooses, and the night was passed in General Hazen's ambulance; our party consisted of the General; Colonel Boone, Indian Agent; a gentleman invited; Mr. Jones, interpreter, and Captain Gray, a witness required by law to vouch for the correctness of the issue of goods to the Indians.

We were up in time to see a beautiful sunrise across the prairie, and after an hour or two spent in sketching the locality, we saw the Indians arriving on horseback.

They came in groups of two or three, and as most of them were attired in gay colors and shining ornaments, and all are superb riders, they made a most picturesque scene.

I kept my pencil busily at work all the morning, interrupted occasionally by the curiosity of the squaws and

paposes looking over my shoulder. They manifested great interest in what I was doing, and with mingled expressions of wonder and delight called each other's attention to it. On another occasion, with the Apaches, I found myself very unpopular while sketching, the art being considered by them as possessing magic, and they declared it to be "bad medicine;" a name they give to all offensive or injurious things. They sent for their medicine man, or doctor, whose skill consists chiefly in performing certain incantations and magic arts, whereby the evil spirit and disease is driven away. When this medicine man, a most ill-favored Indian, arrived, he looked over my shoulder, being watched intently by the other Indians, and declared that it was "bad medicine," spit at it, and soon they all looked daggers at me. Of course I discontinued the work, and ever since then I have been particular, either to make my sketches when they were not observing me, or first explain through the interpreter what I wished to do. When it is thus explained to them, I never have any trouble.

But to return to my story. When the tribes had all assembled, and the goods had been parcelled out to them in five separate lots, one for each tribe, the chiefs assembled together, and General Hazen sent for me. The interpreter, Mr. Philip McCusky, informed us that the chiefs wished to speak to us, and invited General Hazen to commence the talk.

INTERVIEW WITH THE WICHITAS, WACOES, CADDOES, KECHAS, AND OTHERS, APRIL 7, 1869.

General Hazen commenced the talk by informing the assembled chiefs that he was happy to meet them, that the goods which would be distributed among them were not a part of their regular annuity, but were those which had been sent on for the Comanches and Kiowas last year, who burned their store and grain house and destroyed their corn. That he had given them these goods because they were peaceful

and industrious. That he had bought ploughs and garden seeds for them, and employed farmers to instruct them, and would continue to watch over their interests.

Colonel Boone, the Indian Agent, then spoke to them in the same friendly way, and assured them that the Government would do all it could for them.

General Hazen then introduced me to them, telling them that I had been sent out here by a society of good men of much power and influence, and that the new Father at Washington had told him and all other Generals and soldiers, to see that I was protected and allowed to see the Indians. They said, "Good, good," to each other, and waited to hear from me.

I told them "they had many warm and strong friends where I came from. That there were good and bad white men, as well as good and bad Indians. That now the good white men had united together, to take care of the good Indians, and that, relying on the Great Spirit, they would help them. That when the Indians were at peace, prosperous, and happy, we rejoiced and were glad; but when they were at war, unfortunate, or in distress, we were unhappy and much troubled. I told them that our new Father at Washington was their friend, and repeated the words of General Grant's 'inaugural' to them. That we wished to establish schools among them, and asked them if they would send their children to them."

The Chief of the Wacoes, Good Buffalo, then replied, "That he was glad to see our faces. That this was a happy day for himself and for his people. That the Indian was like the white man. The Great Spirit had made them both, only He had made the white man wiser than the Indian. That He had put him on a broader road, and told him to take care of the Indian, and show him the way. That so far they had not found the road. That they were worse off than when they started, but that to-day they hoped to find the road. Long time ago his father took

the white man by the hand, and now they wished to do the same. This land they saw all around them for many miles belonged to their fathers. That the bones of his people lie where the Post is being built. That he hoped his people would never be made to leave this country. That they had been a long time looking for a school-house and a teacher, and were glad to now hear that they were to have them."

Wa-tu-pi, Chief of the Caddoes, then said that he wished to speak. That I "had come a long way to see them, and he was glad. That he was much pleased to see so many chiefs present to hear this talk. The Caddoes, when they first knew the white people, had been helped by them; but that they were now forgotten. His people, like the Wichitas, knew how to plough and plant corn. He hoped I would look and see how poor his people were."

I told him I saw it, and it made me very unhappy.

The Caddoes once owned and occupied the country which now forms the

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

State of Louisiana. At present they have no land assigned to them, and are literally homeless wanderers. What a pity they have not able advocates like Mrs. General Gaines!

The chiefs noticed that I was taking notes of their reply, and asked the interpreter "what I was doing that for." He told them it was to show my friends at home and the Great Father at Washington. They said, "Wano, Wano," "Good, Good." They said they hoped I would put it all down.

I was deeply impressed with the whole scene, and left with a much higher opinion of the Indian race than I have had heretofore.

After the talk the squaws took the goods and distributed a share to each squaw and papoose present. The women and children sat around in a circle, and the squaws with the goods occupied the centre.

About three o'clock we left the Agency grounds, and rode over to the Wichita village, about three miles northeast, up the Eureka Valley.

BREVITIES.

THE FINE ARTS OF SOCIETY. III.—COOKERY.

"He discoursed to me of this *science de guerre*, with a gravity and a magisterial air, as if he was speaking of some weighty point of theology."—Montaigne.

LET it not be suspected by the too acute reader that there is any thing intentional in the order wherein we have discussed the Fine Arts of society. It is a matter of the purest accident, and we should be as loth to offend the delicate sensibilities of the gourmand, as to wound the *amour propre* of the poet. In fact, it is impossible to classify things which have no permanent status. We question whether the beauty and the poet would not agree, at dinner-time, to give their voices for cookery, while there are occasions upon which even the epicure would award the palm to dress or to conversation.

There has been no definition of man so universally accepted, as that which defines him as a cooking animal. Here,

at least, is a point in which he leaves his brother brutes behind. Nothing can more fully discriminate him from the wonderful but inferior capacities of the animals, who rival him in engineering, in house-building, in decoration, art, in government, and in a thousand other ways, and to whom alone belongs the empire of the air. But as far as we are aware, no animal has as yet availed itself of the fine art of cookery. In this point, at least, we are definitely and distinctly separated from our grandfathers, the gorillas.

It is not our purpose to endeavor to give any thing like a history of cookery; to trace the noble art from its original crude forms up to the refinements of to-day; to compare the night-

ingales' tongues and peacocks' brains of the Romans with the subtle creations of a Carême or an Elde; or to endeavor, in the limits of a couple of pages, to define the true and the beautiful as understood in the science of the palate. The last-named *chef* informs us that while we constantly see youthful professors of music, of painting, of dancing, and the lesser arts, it is rarely that we behold a good cook under the age of thirty; cookery not being an art within the reach of smatterers and triflers. A good cook is born, not made, but he needs an immense deal of polishing. Our first authority, Carême, not only came of a cooking family, being a lineal descendant of the *chef* of Leo X., but went through a long and arduous course of study to qualify himself for his high vocation. In the first place, he attended a regular course of roasting, under some of the best roasters of the day, then put himself in the hands of M. Richaut, "*fameux saucier de la maison de Condé*," to learn sauces, then under M. Asne, for the *belles parties des froids*, and graduated with Robert L'Ainé, a professor of *l'élégance moderne*. Such earnest devotion was worthy of the honors accorded to it. Emperors and kings strove for the possession of the accomplished artist, but he gave the preference to Baron Rothschild, because, like a true Parisian, he could not bear to leave his darling Paris.

There has been a great outcry of late about the necessity of women's learning to cook. It was even seriously proposed in the last number of this Magazine, as the sole means of dethroning the tyrannical Princess Biddy; but is it practical? Are women capable of grappling successfully with an art which demands such severe study and so many years of labor? While their quickness of perception and lightness of touch would seem to render them peculiarly fitted for the delicate execution of an omelette or a pâté, have they the depth of thought, the keen discrimination, the unbiassed judgment necessary for the proper preparation and management of a dinner? Can we expect the feeble intellect of woman fully to comprehend

the great subject of WINE? It has been happily said that to dress a salad successfully, we require four persons; a sage for the salt, a miser for the vinegar, a spendthrift for the oil, and a maniac for the mixing. Is it reasonable to expect of woman, in her present condition, the subtle poise of qualities, the unflinching devotion to study, and the immense physical endurance absolutely necessary to a good cook? When she shall have attained the severity of judgment, the cultivated taste, the sublime keenness of perception, the unfailing resources of memory and imagination, the brilliant executive powers, that will justify us in giving her unlimited sway over our saucepans, there will be no occasion for us to deny her the ballot. She will be better qualified for it than half the men.

At present, the art of cookery as understood by woman, is simply another weapon for the subjugation of man. The wretch who is imperious to the attacks of beauty, is rarely capable of resisting a good dinner. Mankind are to be led, not by the nose, but by the stomach. The great observer of our human comedy, De Balzac, says that the supreme of flattery is to tell a man he is handsome. "And why? Beauty, without a doubt, is the signature of the master upon the work where he has impressed his soul, it is the manifestation of divinity; and to see it where it is not, to create it by the power of an enchanted gaze, is not that the highest pitch of love?" Of love, yes, but the heart of man is unfortunately of lesser capacity than his epigastrium, and we can always eat, while it is out of our power always to be in love. Consequently, the foiled beauty, who sees her charms and her coquetry alike wasted on an impenetrable object, needs but to let fly the delicate arrows of cookery, and the victim is instantly at her feet, the bit in his unresisting jaws. How many householders are there, where the head of the family is dexterously ruled by *after-dinner* influence, and where the placid moments of digestion afford a vantage ground for attacks subversive of his future peace? When the hus-

band's favorite dish appears upon the table, rely upon it, he will have to pay for it, either in purse or person. If woman can thus indirectly control us, through a medium of which she is practically ignorant, where were the balance of power if she obtained the full government of the kitchen? Mankind would be ruled then, indeed, and through their most sensitive point, not wisely, but too well.

Cookery, which has long been known as a fine art, threatens to become a science. It is not a problem, whether the coming man will cook, but whether the coming man will do any thing else. German savants have for some time asserted that without phosphorus we can have no ideas (*ohne Phosphor kein Gedanke*), and our own Agassiz follows it up by asseverating that a diet of phosphorescent (?) substances, like fish and eggs, is exceedingly beneficial to the intellectual. Here we have opened to us a wide field for study and research. If phosphorus has the property of stimulating the brain, the savants will please discover for us the exact kinds and qualities of food necessary to produce certain desired effects upon our intellects, the style of diet calculated to bring out our argumentative faculties, for instance, or to develop a taste for poetry, or to increase our powers of perception. Some new Darwin will find a field for all his patience and perseverance in developing this new science of natural selection, and what to have for dinner will become a profounder and more interesting problem than ever.

We stated, a short time since, that no animal shared with man the art of cookery. But in this new science of food, just dawning upon us, the bees have long been proficient. Whenever, by any accident, the supply of queens runs short, they produce a certain bea-tific substance called royal jelly, and by its wonder-working properties, the common grub fed upon it, comes forth a queen, as perfect in anatomy and constitution as any born in the purple. Shall we ever rival the bees? Think of the relief, if a distressed monarchy, like Spain, could feed up an heir to the

throne; if we ourselves could stuff out an ordinary Congressman with such celestial diet as to make a second Lincoln of him! And, of course, we should not stop here. It would be as easy to raise poets as politicians, and philosophy and preaching would become mere matters of feeding, like prize oxen.

In the happy days when this fine art of cookery shall have reached its climax, and become a science, what a new world we shall see! Fathers and mothers will solemnly dedicate their children to a profession or occupation in their earliest years, and seriously and diligently feed them up to it. There will be no light trifling with cakes and candy in those days; every sugar-plum will convey a sentiment, and not so much as a macaroon be eaten without a meaning. Preachers will fortify themselves for their sermons with some special dish, peculiarly calculated for divines, and lawyers prepare their argument upon some viand as clear and lucid as calves'-foot jelly. Poetry will be the crystallized product of daintiest condiments, and romance the natural sequence of the thinnest and lightest of slops. The spasmodic school are said to prepare for their wildest efforts by a premeditated indigestion, but so crude a method will be scorned in the golden days of which we prophesy, and we shall be able to bring out a Swinburne or an Alexander Smith at discretion. Critics will vent their fury then at the injudicious training of their victims, and explain the sad fact of a writer's sensuality by his errors of diet, and the illogical theories of a philosopher, by his abstinence from proper food.

Having got the intellect well under control, the savants will please take up our moral nature, and aid us to the acquirement of all the Christian graces through the direct, and not as now, the indirect, influence of a good dinner. This branch of the subject fully understood and put in practice, the millennium will be in a fair way to immediate realization, while the fine art of cookery will have become the regenerator, as well as indeed the benefactor, of mankind.

LITERATURE—AT HOME.

IF we agree,—and who does not?—with the old philosopher who said that whatever concerned man interested him, because he was a man, we must perforce feel the interest which attaches to Lecky's "History of European Morals, from Augustus to Charlemagne," which has recently been published by the Appletons. Whatever may be our opinion of Mr. Lecky's "History of Rationalism,"—and we confess to a high one, it is impossible to deny that the subject he has chosen in the present instance is worthy of serious consideration; and it must be admitted, also, that he has discussed it with becoming seriousness. That opinions will differ here, as elsewhere, concerning some of his views, is certain; there can be but one opinion, however, as to the ability he has shown in his work,—the extent and variety of his scholarship, and the breadth and impartiality of his method. Since Buckle's "History of Civilization" there has been no such book as this "*History of European Morals*,"—none so painstaking and thorough,—so independent and candid, so rational and just.

Mr. Lecky commences his task with a chapter on "The Natural History of Morals," which strikes us as the least interesting one in his work. Something of the sort was, of course, necessary; for before there can be a History of Morals there must be a received definition of what Morals really are; but we have the feeling that here Mr. Lecky has not done either himself or his subject justice. He may be described, in brief, as a disciple of the Intuitive school, the doctrines of which are certainly more agreeable than those of the Utilitarian school of Mandeville, Hobbes, and their followers, which, in their last analysis, are little save pure selfishness. That some of the elemental principles of morals, if we may call them such,—are inherent in the nature of man, may be true; but that the great body of our morals is the fruit of experience and observation, and has come down to us from earlier generations like the shining torches which were passed from hand to hand in the Grecian games, does not admit, we think, of a doubt.

Mr. Lecky's metaphysics, however, will not 'bite us,' as some one said of the allegory in

Spenser's "Fairy Queen"; so we pass on to his second chapter, which is devoted to "The Pagan Empire." The ground which Mr. Lecky goes over therein has been gone over many times before, but never we imagine, with more profit to those who can "read between the lines." Exhaustive he is not, the space he allows himself being too brief for that: but he seldom omits anything that his argument requires, and that his readers should know. He traces with a firm hand the influences of Paganism upon the morals of the Roman people. For morals they had, and of a lofty order, but religion, in the modern sense of the word, none; since Paganism, from the earliest to the latest times, was merely a public worship of the gods, who were chiefly regarded as the guardians and conservators of the State. When Rome was young among the kingdoms of the earth, the Romans were so jealous of their divinities that they would permit no others to be worshiped throughout the land. But as their power increased, and kingdom after kingdom fell under their dominion, they grew more tolerant, permitting the people they had conquered to worship their native gods, and even worshipping them themselves.

It was not the fault of the Romans, nor of their rulers, that Judaism, for instance, was not naturalized among them, like the mythologies of Greece and Egypt; but rather the fault of the Jews, to whom, the likeness of any graven image was an abomination. So, from a worldly point of view, it appeared to the wisest and best of the Romans, who could not conceive why Christians should prefer to be crucified, burned, or devoured by wild beasts in the arena, sooner than offer a few grains of incense,—in a civic rite,—before the statues of Jupiter.

There were Morals in Rome, as we have said, and good ones, in spite of the lack of religion among the Roman people. There was something lofty in Stoicism; its precepts were noble and they were lived up to by many of the greatest men. The virtues it inculcated were unselfish, their defect being that they hardened rather than softened the heart and the character. Chief among them was patriotism, the one quality above all other that

made the Romans masters of the world. There was also much that was admirable in Epicureanism, and Neoplatonism,—in all the Pagan beliefs of Rome; but they were philosophies, and not religions, and philosophy is for philosophers and not for the people,—so they vanished before the Religion of Christ. That it was needed, or, more strictly speaking, that something like it was needed, as a corrective to Paganism, is the view taken by Mr. Lecky, who, however, sees nothing miraculous or marvellous in the success of Christianity. Admitting his statement of the facts, it is difficult to avoid his conclusions, which, of course, are such as the Christian reader cannot accept.

What Christianity did for the morals of the Romans was, according to our author, to soften gradually if not at once to abolish, much that was cruel and harsh in their habits and institutions. It raised the standard of morals; it imparted a sacredness to human life never before acknowledged; and it proclaimed anew, and carried into practice, the doctrine of universal brotherhood. "The shadows that rest upon the picture," says Mr. Lecky, "I have not concealed; but when all due allowance has been made for them, enough will remain to claim our deepest admiration. The high conception that has been formed of the sanctity of human life, the protection of infancy, the elevation and final emancipation of the slave classes, the suppression of barbarous games, the creation of a vast and multifarious organization of charity, and the education of the imagination by the Christian type, constitute together a movement of philanthropy which has never been paralleled or approached in the Pagan world. The effects of this movement in promoting happiness have been very great: the effect in determining character has probably been still greater. In that proportion or disposition of qualities which constitutes the ideal character, the gentler and more benevolent virtues have obtained, through Christianity the foremost place. In the first and purest period they were especially supreme, but in the third century a great ascetic movement arose, which gradually brought a new type of character into the ascendant, and diverted the enthusiasm of the Church into new channels."

Into what channels the pure and pellucid river of Christianity flowed at last, the readers of early ecclesiastical history need not be told. The further it crept from its divine

source the narrower it became, and the more deeply stained with the soils over which it sluggishly meandered. The Ganges swept into it the ancient mud of asceticism, and the Nile much that was unlovely along its banks. The body of man,—that temple not made by hands, was defiled and ruined by the Fathers of the Desert, who rivalled the Yogis of Hindostan in their brutal and life-long penances. It was a sin to love one's country; it was a sin to love one's family; it was a sin to look upon the face of woman! To abandon a world in which they might have done yeoman's work; to herd together in desert cells, in idleness and filth; to dream dreams and see visions that were more degrading to the character of the Deity than anything in Paganism—was supreme goodness and wisdom in the purblind eyes of these so called Saints. It is pitiable, we see now, but who shall say that we could have regarded it so then?

"We rise on stepping-stones
Of our dead selves to higher things."

The impression left upon our minds by Mr. Lecky's work is, that he considers Christianity to have been on its trial as well as Paganism, and like that to have failed. Not, indeed, in all respects, and for all time, but for hundreds of years, and in many of its most essential characteristics.

That it has yet fully accomplished its mission we do not believe, since century after century adds fresher and brighter chapters to the world's History of Morals.

—The most notable addition to recent literary biography is the solid volume which Mr. John Forster has written about the late Walter Savage Landor, and of which Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. are the publishers. If we have any fault to find with it, it is that certain points of no great consequence are dwelt upon too minutely, while others, in which we are more interested, are passed over too briefly. We know, for instance, all we wish to concerning Landor's difficulties with his refractory tenant at Llanthony, which were the cause of his turning his back on England for the first time; and much less than we could wish of the difficulty in which he involved himself, or suffered others to involve him, in his old age, and which was the cause of his returning to Italy, and the family he had for twenty years virtually abandoned. A mystery was over the last at the time of its occurrence, and it has not been cleared up by Mr. Forster, who, in spite of his occasional reticence, is generally outspoken.

en, and who possesses one merit which is rare among biographers, especially of men of letters, and that is the determination to do his author no more, and others no less, than justice. He is no hero-worshiper, for he knows, no one better, that Landon was not a hero. He paints him as Cromwell wished to be painted—as he was, softening nothing that was harsh, and throwing in no shadow that did not belong to that leonine nature. He admires Landon, as who does not, for his massive intellect, but his admiration is tempered, as it should be, by the remembrance of his many infirmities. To judge justly such a man as Landon demands unusual qualities of mind, and Mr. Forster possesses them, as he showed years since when he undertook to make us respect, as well as love, Goldsmith.

We have not space enough here to present even the most meagre summary of Landon's career, nor would we, even if we had, for we desire our readers to read Mr. Forster's Biography, that they may see for themselves what manner of man it is that he describes, the life that he led, and the kind of books that he wrote. We are especially anxious in regard to this last point, for it is safe to assume that not one reader in a hundred is familiar with Landon's works, and to predict that every thoughtful reader will thank us for directing his attention to them. For think what we may of Landon himself, he was a great writer,—one of the greatest, if, indeed, not the greatest that the century has produced. He was excellent in every thing that he attempted, so excellent that we should hesitate long before deciding whether his prose or poetry is best. If there be a greater master in English, of Style we have yet to read him; and for what is behind his Style,—its intellectual substance, the body of his thought,—it is generally weighty and wise. In scholarship and criticism he is alike profound, and as a delineator of men and women he is surpassed by Shakespeare alone. Shakespeare's plays and Landon's "Imaginary Conversations" are the noblest specimens of dramatic writing in the language. Whatever Landon was not, and certainly he was not a philosopher,—he was assuredly a dramatic writer. We detect his influence in the early work of Browning, who has inherited his master's inability to write for the stage, and we feel it in Swinburne, and other of the young English poets, who are striving in vain to revive a taste for the poetic elements of Paganism. The genius of Landon was essentially Pagan; the most Greek of all the Eng-

lish poets, he suffers the least by comparison with his Hellenic predecessors. The classic dialogues scattered through his poetical writings read like translations from the Greek tragedians,—only there never were such translations,—while his smaller pieces breathe the very aroma of the Anthologies. Outside of Shakespeare there are no such perfect little poems. How delicious is this trifle, in "Pericles and Aspasia":

LITTLE AGLE.

To her father, on her statue being called like her.

Father, the little girl we see
Is not, I fancy, so like me;
You never hold her on your knee.

When she came home the other day
You kissed her; but I cannot say
She kissed you first and ran away!

And this lyric from Landon's later poems:

Often have I heard it said
That her lips are ruby-red.
Little heed I what they say,
I have seen as red as they.
Ere she smiled on other men
Real rubies were they then.

When she kissed me once in play,
Rubies were less bright than they,
And less bright were those which shone
In the palace of the Sun.
Will they be as bright again?
Not if kissed by other men.

If Mr. Forster's Biography can only reach even the small class who delight in such books, we shall not despair of Landon's finding and making readers in this country, and, in time, of a good edition of his works.

—Some of the pleasantest reading in the world is to be found in the books which authors have written about themselves, and also some of the dullest. It depends on who the author is, whose autobiography we take in hand; not so much whether he is famous, or obscure, as whether his personality is an agreeable one. Wordsworth was a great poet, but we are glad that he did not write his memoirs, for, from what we know of his character and mental habits, they would have been pompous and uninteresting. Leigh Hunt was not a great poet, but his autobiography is one of the most delightful of books, it reflects so perfectly his cheery, hopeful spirit. Few authors have been fitted to write their own lives, and fewer still have consented to do so; for before one can be led to write his life he must have convinced himself that it is worth writing. To do this implies a good opinion of himself and his performances, and a willingness to be considered vain;—a charge which no modest and no wise

man cares to have preferred against him. Whether Mr. John Neal is a wise man, and a modest, will be decided by his readers, when they shall have read his Autobiography,—“Wandering Recollections of a Somewhat Busy Life,” which Messrs. Roberts’ Brothers have lately published. For ourselves, we think he is neither, though we say so with reluctance, for Mr. Neal is that respectable personage to whom we are proud to lift our hats—a literary veteran. He started life as an author when it required a world of pluck to do so, and, for his day and generation, he wrote well. There was no Past in American Literature for him to look back to, and for its Future—that was to depend upon himself and his fellows. He did yeoman’s service, when there were more kicks than coppers to be gained, and we ought not to forget it, though most of us, we fancy, are apt to, later laborers in the same field have done so much better than he. His fault was that he wrote too much, and with too little preparation. It was nothing for him to sit down and dash off a poem,—a “Niagara,” or a “Battle of Goldau,” at the bidding of his friend, John Pierpont; and as for novels—we forget how many he wrote, and in how short a time. There was a fatal facility in his power of work, and it never left him, as the number of his writings of almost every kind shows. We have outgrown this rapid stage of authorship, but Mr. Neal does not seem to be aware of the fact; hence the mistaken estimate which he places upon himself and his productions; and hence his Autobiography. It is entertaining in spite of its egotism, perhaps we should say because of it, since it is never offensive, even when it most provokes us to smile. Mr. Neal is an honest believer in himself, and the past life and labors of such a man can not but be interesting to him,—“e’en from his boyish days.” Boy and man he was the same,—healthy, hearty, confident, with a stock of good sense which never failed him, even when he was apparently most quixotic. As the record of a busy though not eventful life, and as a sketch of a curious period in our literary history, Mr. Neal’s “Recollections” are well worth reading.

—From Messrs. Lee & Shepard, we have a worthless book, entitled “An American Woman in Europe,” the scribblement of Mrs. S. R. Urbino. We have skimmed over, in our time, a good deal of twaddle from the pens of travelling Americans, but never anything so vapid as this. Mrs. Urbino has one qual-

ity which, we fear, is not native to the women of America,—a disposition and a determination to see that she and hers get the worth of their money. This is a virtue, we suppose, among people of contracted means, but, like some other virtues, it may be made too much of. At any rate it is not one to be paraded, as it is everywhere in Mrs. Urbino’s book, from which we learn little save what the Guide Books could tell us, in much better language,—except the amount of small change one must pay out for eatables, drinkables, washing, ironing, and other necessities of civilization. There may be thrifty souls who like this sort of thing, but we do not, nor do we believe the average reader does either. Should we be mistaken, however, in our opinion, we commend him to Mrs. Urbino as the personification of a cheap Price Current.

—The author of “The Scout,”

(“The world knows nothing of its greatest men,” has written, and Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have published “The Quaker Partisans: a Story of the Revolution,”—a book that puzzles us, since we cannot decide whether it was written for very young or old people. There is a time in one’s childhood when almost anything in the shape of a story is read with avidity, as witness “Charlotte Temple” and “Alonzo and Melissa;” and there is, we imagine, a similar period,

“In second childishness and mere oblivion.”

But between both we rather prefer meat to milk—in fiction. “The Quaker Partisans” is an old-fashioned, ill-arranged tale, the scene of which is laid in Pennsylvania, about the Brandywine, and the actors of which are a band of fighting Quakers, with the usual lay-figures, about them, in the shape of Whigs and Tories. There is a little love-making, and a little more fighting, mostly of the guerrilla order:—

“Only this and nothing more.”

If this is all that the author of “The Scout” has to offer us, we must decline his company in future.

—Miss Jean Ingelow has written much and well, in verse and prose, but nothing so good as “Mopsa the Fairy,” published by Messrs. Roberts’ Brothers. It is a child’s book, but it will delight “Children of a larger growth,” than those who cluster in the nursery and the school-room. The hero is a little boy named Jack, who is taken into a wonderful country, where he goes through the oddest adventures, alone, and in the company of singular birds, animals, and “wee folk,” upon whom rests

the glamour of Fairy Land. He has a boat that sails of itself whither he wishes; he falls in with queer elfish beings, who go by clock-work, and with a band of diminutive gypsies, and a race of bewitched parrots. He comes to a town with nobody in it, save an old woman, whom he buys for half-a-crown, and who turns out to be a Fairy Queen. He has, at the start, four baby-fairies in his pocket, one of whom, the heroine, Mopsa, grows gradually bigger and taller, until she, too, becomes a Fairy Queen, and leads him on a long quest to the land beyond the purple mountains, where a palace and people await her, and whence he soon returns on the back of a strange bird named Jenny, who is either the immortal Albatross of our grim friend the Ancient Mariner, or one of its lineal descendants. The upshot of all is, that poor Jack finds himself, at nightfall, in his father's meadow, where he had probably fallen asleep in the midsummer afternoon. There is not much in all this, it would seem; but, as Miss Ingelow tells it, it is marvellous. It is as fantastic as a dream, to begin with; and, like most dreams, it shifts and changes, we know not how, or why; nothing in it surprises, though it is full of the most surprising things. A Raven, for instance, eats up one of the baby-fairies whom Jack has incautiously taken from his pocket, and the circumstance is accepted as a matter of course,—and forgotten. The inconsequentiality of the whole story is thoroughly in keeping, and true to the lands of fairy-lore, in which Miss Ingelow is as thoroughly versed as her master,—Hans Christian Andersen. For what it is,—an imaginative little prose-poem, "Mopsa the Fairy" is probably the best thing of the kind in English literature.

—Some well meaning, but over-confident, person, out West, who hides himself under the name of *An American Citizen*, has produced a book entitled "The Living Questions of the Age," and Messrs. Clarke & Co., of Chicago, have published it. The majority of these questions being, as he conceives, of a theological nature, he commences by stringing together a number of isolated sentences from the writings of the late Theodore Parker, whom he demolishes, in true sledgehammer style, by showing, as he assumes, the incongruities and contradictions involved in Mr. Parker's notions of the Deity. Later, he subjects Mr. James Freeman Clarke to the same exterminating process, which, however, in his case, is attended with more gentleness.

He also takes a shy at Carlyle and Emerson, especially the last, whose transcendental utterances, in the "Conduct of Life," arouse his mirth and scorn. He, likewise, refers to two other writers with whom we are not acquainted—Mirabaud, and Compté. He has something to say, too, about Reformers and their Relations to Christianity, which relations, in his way of thinking, are not very near ones. For himself—he is in favor of Capital Punishment, and is *not* in favor of Woman's Rights. Upon those and kindred subjects he writes in a way that may confirm those who agree with him, but assuredly will not convince those who differ with him; for the time is past when doubt can be silenced by mere assertion. To "the living questions" he undertakes to discuss, he gives only the old dead answers; and they are no longer satisfactory.

—Among the questions not touched upon in the volume just despatched, is one which the Rev. Moses Hull considers paramount to all others, and to which he has devoted a book, which he calls "The Question Settled." The question in this instance is the phenomena which, for want of a better name, was christened Spiritualism, and in which Mr. Hull is a firm, not to say an ardent believer. He compares it, as it exists among us, with it as it is reported to have existed in Biblical times, and he gives on the whole, the later manifestation a most decided preference. His book, he says, was composed on a contract with his publishers (Messrs. White & Co., of Boston), inside of eight weeks,—to use his own elegant phraseology; amid the clash of spiritual arms, whatever that may mean; while lecturing, preaching, debating, editing a journal, answering correspondents, &c. "It has been written in cars, in hotels, in boarding-houses, depôts, and sitting-rooms; in fact under the varying circumstances attendant upon the life of an itinerant." We have no respect for books got up under such circumstances, no matter by whom; and, consequently, we have no respect for this one. As for the question of Spiritualism being settled by it, we have only to remark that questions of this magnitude, when so settled,—never stay settled long. If Mr. Hull and the *American Citizen* are desirous of meeting foemen, worthy of their steel (pens), we advise them to encounter each other. And when such Greeks meet, and the tug of war comes,

"May we be there to see."

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART ABROAD.

Monthly Notes prepared for Putnam's Magazine.

LITERATURE.

WHEN caricature is once accepted as truth, the generation which so accepts it must die out, and there is then a chance that the one which follows may be better instructed. The typical Yankee of Punch is an individual never seen by mortal eyes on this side of the Atlantic, and the American dialect, as given in English novels, has never been heard by mortal ears; yet both will run for at least twenty years longer, and any attempt at pointing out their absurdity would be wasted time. In these notes we have already given a few examples of the ignorance displayed by German literary periodicals in regard to American politics. We here add another phase of the caricature, purporting to be sketched from life, but evidently copied from the English lay-figure. The *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslands* has an article descriptive of the foreign students at the University of Berlin, in which the young Americans are thus characterized:

"We also find the same recognition of German advantages [of education] among a people who seem the most incapable of understanding them, since they have so much self-conceit that there is room for nothing else in their natures—the Americans. In the streets of Berlin, of late, their unmistakable nasal English, with the incessantly recurring sounds of '*I guss*' (*sic*!) and '*I calculate*,' has been everywhere heard. We may state, that the *gussers* are from the North, and the *calculators*, mostly sons of the former slaveholders of the South, or the latter themselves, with or without families. The Americans in Berlin are mostly young people, especially students. Up to the middle of May not less than sixty Americans matriculated."

— Several German journals publish the following piece of news: "Since the opening of the Pacific Railroad, a city, called *Corinna*, has been founded on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and already contains several thousand inhabitants!"

— A Greek gentleman, named Butzinas, not long since offered a prize of a thousand drachmas (about \$200, the present drachma

having an equal value with the franc) for a native comedy. The prize has just been awarded to a young author, named Antoniadès, whose comedy, "The Cobbler," ridicules the airs of a modern Greek *parvenu*.

— The first volume of the second edition of the "History of Rome in the Middle Ages," by Gregorovius, thoroughly revised by the author, has been published by Cotta, in Stuttgart, before the appearance of the concluding volume of the first edition, which will not be completed until next year.

— We were mistaken last month in stating the number of new dramatic productions in Germany, this summer, at fourteen. The actual number is *twenty-seven*.

— Spielhagen's last novel, in *five* volumes, is published in Schwerin. The best German critics give it cordial praise. It is autobiographical in form, the hero telling his own story; the leading "motive" appears to be the abstract injustice of criminal laws, and the fallibility of human testimony.

— An author named Ferdinand Stolte, dissatisfied with Goethe's great work, has just published a new Second Part of *Faust*, in four bulky volumes, which have the following sub-titles: I. Faust the Idealist; II. Richard and Celesta; III. Ahasuerus; IV. Faustina. Herr Stolte associates Faust with Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, brings him in contact with the Wandering Jew, and so prolongs the adventures of the hero and Mephistopheles, that, accompanied as they are with dreary didactic passages, few readers will probably reach the end of the four volumes. The same experiment was tried during Goethe's lifetime, and has been repeated several times since. Even so fine a scholar as Vischer was rash enough to suggest a new Second Part, but found no one to accept his plan.

— Baron Hübner, formerly Austrian Ambassador in Paris and Rome, has just completed an elaborate history of Pope Sixtus V. and his times, which will be published in French by Amyot.

— Two or three years ago, the German critics discovered a "natural genius." He was a peasant, living near Bregenz, in Vorarl-

berg—a young man, named Franz Michel Felder, who suddenly appeared as the author of a volume of stories of peasant life. He was warmly welcomed, but received little material advantage from his success. Last Spring he died, of consumption, less than thirty years old. He was employed at the time on an autobiography, which will doubtless soon be published.

—Mr. David Johnston has completed his translation of Dante, which is privately printed in three volumes. The plan of translation is almost precisely the same as that adopted by Mr. Longfellow, and a similar closeness to the text of the original gives the two works a marked resemblance.

—Since Forster's biography of Landor, the most important works which have appeared in London are the Diary of Henry Crabbe Robinson, and Gladstone's *Juventus Mundi*—the latter, an excellent book with a not very appropriate title. "Woman's Culture and Woman's Work," by various hands, Miss Power Cobbe among them, is about to appear.

—The first volume of "Egypt and the Books of Moses," by Prof. Ebers, has just been published in Leipzig. It is a work which exhibits great scholarship, and throws a new light on the customs, observances, and character of the ancient Hebrews, as we find them set forth in the Pentateuch.

—The *Globus* (published in Brunswick, Germany) exhausts human ingenuity in constructing frightful pictures of lawlessness, crime, and corruption in the United States. It is one of the few German periodicals which supported the South during the war, and with a reckless vehemence worthy of Charleston or Richmond. The last number has an article upon "the notorious Baptist preacher, Henry Ward Beecher" (!), who, the editor declares, is the sharpest kind of a "Yankee speculator." For instance: "Recently, he, the Baptist clergyman, was hired at a round sum by the Free Trade League of New York, to preach Free-trade sermons. Up to that time he had been in favor of high protective duties." There is more of the same, too vulgar and profane to translate. Yet the *Globus* professes to be a scientific journal!

ART.

—Herr Richard Goehde, who recently delivered a lecture on the painter Hildebrandt before the German Society of Science and Art, in the University of London, is engaged

in collecting materials for a "History of Water-Color Painting"—a most opportune and serviceable undertaking.

—The excavations in Athens, in the neighborhood of the Bazaar, have been resumed. Already, at the depth of three feet, two colossal headless statues were discovered. On the hem of the rich drapery with which one of them is clothed, is the inscription: "Made by Jason, the Athenian"—a name not hitherto known. At the Piræus, also, some remains of the Roman period have been found.

—The publication of a magnificent artistic work has been commenced in Munich: "Monuments of Italian Painting, from the Decadence of the Antique to the Sixteenth Century: by Ernst Förster." It will be issued in 125 folio numbers, each containing two engravings, with descriptive text. Twenty-five of these will appear annually, until the work is completed. The cost will be about fifty cents (gold) per number, or only \$12.50 per annum, which ought to secure a great many subscribers in the United States.

—The collection of engravings made by Herr von Alferoff, in Vienna, was recently sold at auction; it consisted of 918 numbers, and fetched the enormous sum of \$36,000. Even the etchings of Ruysdael, which the painter produced in a few hours, as a recreation, found ready purchasers at \$250 apiece!

—The Arundel Society in London intend to reproduce their publications by photography, one fifth of the original size, and issue them in five quarterly volumes, at a guinea each. This will place those admirable works within the reach of most lovers of Art.

—This year's exhibition in Paris contains no less than 4,230 works of art. The place of honor is occupied by four large pictures: "Apollo and the Muses," by Bouguereau, an "Ascension," by Bounat, a "Stag Hunt," by Courbet, and "An Inundation," by Leuillier. Another picture by Chenavard, which attracts much attention, is called: "The End of the Religions."

—The painter, Joseph Schlottauer, who died in Vienna, in June, at the age of 80, was originally a carpenter. Cornelius was one of the first to recognize his talent, and some of the finest frescoes of that master in Munich were painted by him. In variety of talent he resembled the old Italian masters. He busied himself also with engraving, lithography, photography, founded an orthopædic institute in Munich, invented machines, built ice-houses, and finally succeeded in applying Fuchs's discovery of "water-glass" to fresco-

painting. The life he lived was not great, perhaps, but it was long, active, and thoroughly useful.

— Mr. Story's statue of George Peabody was successfully cast at the Royal Bronze Foundry in Munich, on the 4th and 5th of July. It is a sitting figure, one third greater than life size, in ordinary morning costume. The German art-critics heartily commend the simple, realistic manner in which the sculptor has performed his task. The statue has been erected in London—we believe, in the centre of the square, around which Mr. Peabody's lodging-houses for workmen have been built.

— Dr. Adolf Stahr, author of the "Life of Lessing," has recently discovered, in a shop in Rome, a new original portrait of the great German author. It represents Lessing at the age of thirty: the picture, which is in good preservation, is excellently painted.

— After the recent revolution in Spain, a great deal of fine old tapestry was discovered in the Royal Palace at Madrid. This has been collected and arranged, with a view to being placed in the Galleries of the Escurial.

— The famous old Venetian palace, known as the *Fondaco dei Turchi*—on the Grand Canal, not far from the railway station—has at last been completely restored, in its original style. The old edifice dated from the end of the twelfth century, and was one of the finest specimens of Byzantine-arabesque architecture in existence. It was purchased of the Manin family, by the city of Venice, in 1838.

— Women in Europe, at least, are not discouraged from devoting themselves to the study of Art. *Professoress* Hermine Stilke, a lady of much talent in the illustration of books, died recently in Berlin. The number of female artists represented in the French Exhibition this year, is 307! English, French, and German female painters receive an encouragement and support which is in excess of, rather than inadequate to, their merits.

SCIENCE, STATISTICS, EXPLORATIONS, ETC.

— LIEUT. WARREN'S explorations at Jerusalem continue to be crowned by the most interesting results. It is evident that the modern city is built upon the ruins of the ancient Jerusalem, the topography and character of which is now partially revealed. More than fifty shafts or passages have been opened, communicating with vast chambers

and reservoirs, in some of which specimens of ancient pottery have been found.

— At last, after three and a half centuries, Urbino is moving. A committee has been formed in that city to accomplish the erection of a monument to Raphael Sanzio.

— M. Cenaldi, French Consul at Larnaca, in Cyprus, following the example of the American Consul, has commenced excavations in the neighborhood of that town, and is already rewarded by the discovery of two statues and twelve statuettes, which belong to the best period of Grecian art.

— King Victor Emanuel has had in Her- culaneum the usual luck of the ignorant. (During his visit, he is said to have asked Chevalier Fiorelli whether Herculaneum and Pompeii had not been buried four hundred years!) Directly under the spot where he struck the royal spade, or pick-axe, to inaugurate the new excavations, a completely-furnished kitchen has been uncovered. The most interesting article found was a cupboard of walnut wood, with drawers, and double doors, very similar to those now in use. This is the first Roman cupboard which has been brought to light. In addition, the kitchen contained fourteen bronze vessels, small terracotta, a glass cup, and a marble faun.

— The excavations at the marble emporium of ancient Rome, on the Tiber, continue to furnish rich returns. The latest spoils are two pillars of African marble, and an enormous block of rose-colored alabaster.

— At the last meeting of the *Société Thérapeutique*, in Paris, M. Martin read a paper, claiming for the common sun-flower (*helianthus annuus*) the property of absorbing miasma, and rendering healthy all districts where intermittent fevers are prevalent. He recommends the cultivation of this plant in the moats of fortresses, on the banks of canals, and in all marshy places.

— The African traveller, Gerard Rohlfs, has returned to Berlin from a very successful journey through Libya and "the parts about Cyrene." After taking photographic views of all the ancient remains in the Cyrenaica, he penetrated southward into the desert towards the oasis of Audjila; then, turning eastward, reached Siwah, where he photographed the remains of the Temple of Jupiter Ammon.

— Capt. Charles Sturt, one of the earliest Australian explorers, who in 1827 discovered the Darling River, died recently in Cheltenham, England. After his last great journey, in 1844, he became blind, and the Australian

Government granted him a pension for life.

— The old Slavonic translation of the Bible has, up to the present time, been in use in the Russian Church. A new translation, into modern Russian, has been commanded, and will be published under the direction of the Synod.

— The work of draining the Fladesö, on the western coast of Jutland, for the purpose of gaining several square miles of arable land, has led to an important discovery. In cutting the canal of drainage, the workmen came upon a mound of bones and oyster-shells, among which were flint knives and axes. Near at hand were several human skulls, of the variety called *dolicocephali* by ethnologists, with very low, narrow foreheads, and broad cerebellums.

— The German journals announce that Emil Palleske, a well-known actor, and author of the "Life of Schiller," has made an engagement to come to the United States and deliver a series of dramatic readings.

— Although the projected monument to Lamartine is only to cost 20,000 francs, the subscriptions are not yet sufficient. Adam Salomon has been selected as the sculptor.

— According to the last report of the Mont Cenis tunnel, 5,594 metres have been excavated on the southern, and 3,990 on the northern side, leaving only 2,572 metres to complete the work. It now seems certain

that the tunnel will be opened to travel during the year 1871.

— The celebrated French painter, Courbet, has, after many experiments, succeeded in inventing a *one-wheeled cart*, or carriage, which is said to run very smoothly and easily. The equilibrium is preserved, partly by the manner in which the horse is attached, and partly by weights in each end of a projecting axle.

— Near the Grecian island of Andros the wreck of an old frigate has lately been discovered, and among the objects fished up are several *breech-loading* cannon of bronze. There is no tradition, even among the oldest inhabitants of the island, of the time when the wreck occurred.

— Under the cellar of an old wooden house, dating from the fifteenth century, at Wolfen, in Switzerland, a vessel has been found containing 8,000 silver coins of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. They bear the stamps of the Abbots of St. Gall, and the cities of Basel, Berne, Zurich, &c.

— Dr. Nachtigal, of Germany, and Made-moiselle Tinné, of Holland, are spending the summer in Murzuk, the capital of Fezzan, intending, after some excursions through the lands of the Tibboos and Tuaricks, in the Great Sahara, to continue their journey to Lake Tsad. Their further plans of travel have not been made known.

CURRENT EVENTS.

[THIS MONTH'S RECORD CLOSURES ON JULY 31.]

I. SUMMARY.

THE month of July was marked by little except wars, rebellions, disturbances, and changes. Revolutions are announced in Uruguay, Venezuela, and the Mexican Tamaulipas. The civil troubles and military movements continue in both Hayti and St. Domingo. The Cuban insurrection does not yet present any decided phase. Much sickness is said to prevail among the forces on both sides, and doubtless the prevention, in the last days of June, by the United States authorities, of the expedition just starting from New York, saved most of its members from death by either yellow fever or cholera. Bolivia has recognized the belligerency of the Cubans. The new Governor-General, de Rodas, has shown none of the brutality im-

puted to him in advance. And rumors have been plentiful of a hopeful beginning of negotiations with the home government for the sale of Cuba to the Cubans, with a guarantee from this country. In Paraguay, there is news only of the continued intention of the allies to destroy Lopez. Meanwhile he is at Ascurra, a position hitherto impregnable, and which the allies have not even been able to reconnoitre, so difficult are its mountains and forests, although their headquarters are said to be within seven miles of it. In Old Spain, there has been a feeble and abortive effort at an insurrection for Don Carlos, representing the old Carlist interest. In France, the Emperor has yielded a step to the party of constitutional government. In England, the separation of Church and State has be-

gun by the actual enactment of the Irish Church disendowment act. In the rest of Europe, there have been no very great phenomena. From Asia, there is news of three new rebellions in China; two by Mohammedan communities, and one by a Chinese secret organization; and in Japan, the Mikado's forces have been gaining considerable advantages over the rebellious princes.

II. UNITED STATES.

July 1. The United States public debt has decreased, during June, \$16,410,132 54, and now amounts to \$2,489,002,480 58.

July 1. The National monument in the cemetery at Gettysburg is dedicated before an audience of some 15,000 people.

July 2. The brig *Novelty* returns to Boston, from Matanzas, with 84,075 gallons of molasses, shipped on a new principle, not in casks, but in bulk, in large tanks, and in excellent condition.

July 7. G. C. Walker, Conservative Republican, is elected Governor of Virginia, over Wells, Radical Republican, by a majority of some 15,000. At the same election, the new State Constitution was adopted by a very great majority, and the separate clauses disfranchising rebels and rebel sympathizers, were rejected by about as great a majority.

July 9. The waters of Lake Ontario, near Troutburg, during the latter part of the afternoon, suddenly rose two feet or more, and then receded. Similar movements continued at intervals until dark. It is said that such a phenomenon took place in the year 1853. The cause is unknown.

July 12. The Romanist Irishmen of New York city violently assault a procession of Protestant Irishmen on occasion of the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, dangerously injuring some of them.

July 12. A committee of eight persons, appointed by the Treasury Department, and with twenty or thirty skilful bank-clerks as assistants, finished handling and counting every coin and piece of paper-money in the New York sub-Treasury, after two weeks' incessant labor. The object was to verify the condition of the Treasury on Mr. Treasurer Van Dyck's leaving office, and Gen. Butterfield's taking his place. The money accounted for was, in gold, \$71,101,000; silver, \$325,000; paper-money, &c., \$31,301,648 29; and Mr. Van Dyck's books were found correct.

July 13. A Woman's Suffrage Convention meets at Saratoga for a two days' session.

July 13. A Chinese Labor Convention meets at Memphis, Tenn., of which Mr. Harris, formerly the rebel Governor of Tennessee, is President. Its purpose is to fix on a plan for importing Chinese laborers for the Southern States; and Mr. Koopmanschaap, a Dutch merchant, established at San Francisco, who has already brought many coolies to California, attends the Convention, and promises to ship coolies if the Convention shall agree to a proper rate of wages.

July 14. A peculiarly horrible railroad accident takes place at Mast Hope, Pa., on the Erie Railroad, about thirty miles from Port Jervis, the engineer of a freight train on a side track having moved the train to the main track just in time to have an express train run into it. The result was the demolition of the trains, the severe injury of a number of passengers, and the burning alive of eight more, who were pinned immovably among the ruins. One of these victims was Rev. B. B. Hallock, a clergyman of New York city. Railroad trains carry no axes nor tools for such occasions, or else these lives could have been saved.

July 15. A State Educational Convention of colored men meets at Louisville, Ky., and adopts a petition to the Legislature for a system of schools for colored children.

July 15. The United States District Attorney, and Marshal, at New York, receive stringent orders to enforce the Neutrality Laws as to all Cuban expeditions, together with special commissions empowering them to call on the military and naval commanders of this station for all the forces and ships necessary.

July 15. The sale of lager beer having for some little time stopped in Boston, under the prohibitory law passed at the last session of the Massachusetts Legislature, is by this time generally resumed, the State constabulary not attempting to enforce the law. Secret selling and use of liquors are said to prevail to an immense extent.

July 18. Laurent Clere, a deaf mute, a pupil of the Abbé Sicard, and one of the teachers of the American Asylum at Hartford, from its beginning in 1817 to 1858, dies at his home in Hartford, aged 83.

July 19. A company of fifty men, intended as a reinforcement to the Cubans, are captured by the United States authorities, while sleeping in a house in a quiet locality at Hackensack, N. J.

July 22. John A. Roebing, a distinguished civil engineer, constructor of the Niagara

Suspension Bridge, and recently in charge of the East River Suspension Bridge enterprise at New York, dies at his son's house in Brooklyn, aged 63, of tetanus, resulting from the accidental crushing of his foot. He was a native of Mulhausen, in Prussia, and came to America about 1831.

July 23. The shore end of the French-Atlantic telegraph cable, *via* St. Pierre, is landed at Duxbury, Mass.

July 23. End of the proposed Cuban expedition from New York, under the well-known and energetic Cuban, Don Domingo Goicouria. This enterprise had been, in fact, effectually broken up by the capture, June 28 and 30, at Gardiner's Island, at the east end of Long Island, of two steam tugs, the *Cool* and the *Chase*, in which the adventurers were to have been taken to their ocean steamer. This steamer, the *Whiting*, had been seized a day or two before. The "fillibusters" themselves escaped ashore to Gardiner's Island, where they remained encamped for some time. On July 15, a United States revenue cutter brought off 123 of them, who were sent to Fort Lafayette, but were dismissed on parole on the 23d. Their two leaders, Ryan and Currier, were not taken, and are said to have fled to Canada.

July 27. An American Philological Convention meets at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

July 30. Hon. Isaac Toucey dies at his house in Hartford, aged 73. He was born at Newtown, Conn., was a successful lawyer at Hartford, was a Democrat from the time of Andrew Jackson, was Member of Congress from 1835-9, Governor of Connecticut in 1846, Mr. Polk's Attorney-General in 1848-9, United States Senator from Connecticut, 1852-7, and Mr. Buchanan's Secretary of the Navy for his whole term.

July 30. Henry Keep, widely known as a railroad manager and financier, dies at his home in New York. Mr. Keep had raised himself from utter poverty and friendlessness to vast wealth and influence.

July 31. The Poughkeepsie Philological Convention, after a profitable and interesting session, and having resolved itself into "The American Philological Association," adjourns.

III. FOREIGN.

July 12. The Emperor of France sends in to the Corps Legislatif a message stating a number of modifications which he proposes to introduce into his system of government. They are: Permission to the Corps Legislatif

to elect its own officers; simpler methods of amending laws; submitting commercial treaties to the Legislature for approval; Legislative control of the national budget; permission to members of the Legislature to become Ministers; and an extension of the "right of interpellation"—i. e., of questioning the Executive as to its doings or intentions. These modifications are the Emperor's concessions to the national demand at the late French elections, and are considered equivalent to the introduction of government through a responsible ministry somewhat after the English fashion, instead of the Emperor's present "personal government," which is responsible only to a revolution.

July 12. There is a riot at Belfast between the Romanists and the Protestants, during the celebration by the latter of the Anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne.

July 12. The Government of Servia has published a proposition to make all citizens equal before the law. This will relieve the Jews especially, who have long been subject to very oppressive discriminations of many kinds in the Turkish principalities.

July 13. Henry Labouchere, Lord Taunton, dies, aged 71. His peerage was conferred in consequence of his abilities as a financier and administrator.

July 13. The Romanist bishop of Linz, in Austria, is sentenced by a civil court to three months' imprisonment for having uttered doctrines subversive of public order.

July 13. The remains of a Spanish Protestant are buried in the General Cemetery at Madrid, before almost 200 Spanish Protestants, and without disturbance. This is the first instance of the kind since the ordinance recently passed permitting it.

July 15. The first general meeting of the Women's Franchise Society is held at London, and is attended by J. S. Mill, Lord Houghton, Rev. C. Kingsley, M. Louis Blanc, and other celebrities. There were addresses, and a resolution in favor of female suffrage was unanimously adopted.

July 17. Lady Duff Gordon, a well-known and sprightly authoress, and a woman of great sweetness and excellence of character, died at the first cataract of the Nile, in Upper Egypt, July 17. She was the daughter of the still better known writer, Mrs. Austin. Her residence in Egypt was for the sake of her health, and her many benefactions and kind offices had rendered her influential and beloved by the people along the Nile.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE.

The Prices in this List are for cloth lettered, unless otherwise expressed.

- Abbey, Henry.** Stories in Verse. 12mo, pp. 128. N. Y. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. \$1.25.
- Abbott, B. V. and A.** A General Digest of the Law of Corporations, Presenting the American Adjudications upon Public and Private Corporations of Every Kind. With a full Selection of English Cases. Royal 8vo, pp. vi., 1004. N. Y. Baker, Voorhis & Co. Shp. \$10.00.
- A Digest of Reports of U. S. Courts and Acts of Congress to July, 1863. Vol. IV. Large 8vo, pp. 617. N. Y. Disney & Co. Shp. \$7.50.
- Adams, W. H. Davenport.** The Story of Pompeii and Herculaneum. 12mo, pp. 282. Boston, D. Lothrop & Co. \$1.25.
- Alden, Dr. Jos.** Catalogue and Circular of State Normal School. 8vo, pp. 16. Albany, J. Munsell. Pap. 20 cts.
- Alford, Dean.** See Testament.
- Alger, Wm. R.** Prayers Offered in the Mass. House of Representatives during the Session of 1863. 16mo, pp. 103. Boston, Roberts Bros.
- ALICE VALE.** See Waisbrooker.
- Allibone, S. Austin (LL.D.)** An Alphabetical Index to the New Testament. (Common Version.) Suitable to any edition, and useful to all Ministers, Teachers, and Bible Readers. 16mo, pp. 75. Phila. Am. S. S. Union. 50 cts.; clo. flush, 40 cts.; pap. 25 cts.
- AMENDMENTS TO THE CODE OF PROCEDURE,** passed in 1869. 16mo, pp. 7. N. Y. Baker, Voorhis & Co. Pap. 25 cts.
- AMERICAN BAPTIST YEAR BOOK,** 1869. 12mo, pp. 144. Phila. Amer. Bapt. Pub. Soc. Pap. 50 cts.
- AMERICAN REVOLUTION** (HIST. OF). See Wilson.
- AMERICAN WOMAN IN EUROPE.** See Urbino.
- ANDREWS, SAM. M.** (TRIAL OF). See Davis.
- ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.** See Mulhall.
- ARTEMUS WARD'S PANORAMA.** See Browne.
- ASTRONOMY.** See Loomis.
- ATHALIAH.** See Greene.
- ATHENS COUNTY, OHIO** (HIST. OF). See Walker.
- Auerbach, Berthold.** Villa Eden. Translated by C. C. Shackford. 8vo, pp. 549. Boston, Roberts Bros. \$2.00.
- AUNT MATTIE.** See Hazelton.
- Avery, H. N. (M.D.)** Handbook for Consumptives; a Practical Guide for the Invalid and Student. 8vo, pp. 34. N. Y. S. P. Hermann & Son. Pap. 50 cts.
- Barnes, Wm.** Poems of Rural Life. In Common English. With 12 Illustr. and ill. title. (Handy Volume Series, No. 6.) 16mo, pp. 158. Boston, Roberts Bros. \$1.25.
- Beecher, Cath. E., and Harriet B. Stowe.** The American Woman's Home; or, Principles of Domestic Science. Being a Guide to the Formation and Maintenance of Economical, Healthful, and Beautiful Christian Homes. Illustr. 8vo. N. Y. J. B. Ford & Co. (By Subscription.) \$2.50.
- BETTIE'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.** 16mo. Boston, H. Hoyt. \$1.15.
- Binker, A. D. (M.D.)** The Mammoth Cave and its Denizens; a Complete Descriptive Guide. 8vo, pp. 96. Cin. R. Clarke & Co. Sewed, 50 cts.
- BIRDS OF NEW ENGLAND.** See Samuels.
- Bishop, Nathaniel H.** A Thousand Miles' Walk across South America, over the Pampas and the Andes. New ed. 12mo. Boston, Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.
- Blunt, J. H. (M.A.)** A Key to the Knowledge and Use of the Holy Bible. 16mo, pp. 154. (London) Phila. J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$1.00.
- Boise, Prof. James R.** See Homer.
- Boume, H. R. F.** Famous London Merchants. A Book for Boys. Illustr. 12mo, pp. 320. (London) N. Y. Virtue & Vorston. \$1.50.
- Bowles, Sam.** Our New West: Records of Travel, including a Full Description of the Pacific R. R., and of the Life of the Mormons, Indians, and Chinese; with Maps, Portraits, and 12 full-page Illustr. 8vo, pp. 524. Hartford, Hartford Publishing Co. (By Subscription.) \$3.50.
- Bowles, Sam.** The Pacific Railroad Open; or, How to Go and What to See. 16mo, pp. 122. Boston, Fields, Osgood & Co. 75 cts.; pap. 35 cts.
- Box, T.** A Practical Treatise on Heat, as applied to the Useful Arts, for the Use of Engineers, etc. Illustr. 12mo, pp. viii, 216, vii. (London) Phila. H. C. Baird. \$4.25.
- Boyce, J. P. (D.D.)** Life and Death the Christian's Portion. Discourse, Funeral of B. Manly, D.D. 16mo, pp. 75. N. Y. Sheldon & Co. 50 cts.; pap. 25 cts.
- BRIDE'S FATE (THE).** See Southworth.
- BRIGHT DAYS OF HERBERT AND MEGGY.** See Hewitt.
- BRIGHT JEWELS FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL:** A New Collection of Sunday-School Songs. Edited by Rev. R. Lowry. Music 18mo. N. Y. Biglow & Main. 50 cts.; pap. 30 cts.; bds. 35 cts.
- Brittan, Harriette G.** Kardoos, the Hindoo Girl. 16mo, pp. 183. N. Y. W. B. Dodge. \$1.00.
- Brown, Edward.** Life Lyrics. 8vo, pp. 189. N. Y. Wm. Wood & Co. \$2.00.
- Browne, Chas. F.** Artemus Ward's Panorama, as Exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, London. Edited by his Executors, T. W. Robertson and E. P. Hingston. With 14 illustrations. 12mo, pp. 197. N. Y. G. W. Carleton. \$1.50.
- Bucklin, Miss Sophronia E.** In Hospital and Camp. 12mo, pp. 380. Phila. J. E. Potter & Co. \$2.50.
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